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Modern Screen

JULY
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MAGAZINE

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Earl
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ANN: "Good heavens, I hope not. What did Dr. Bowen tell you?"

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* * *

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MODERN

Screen

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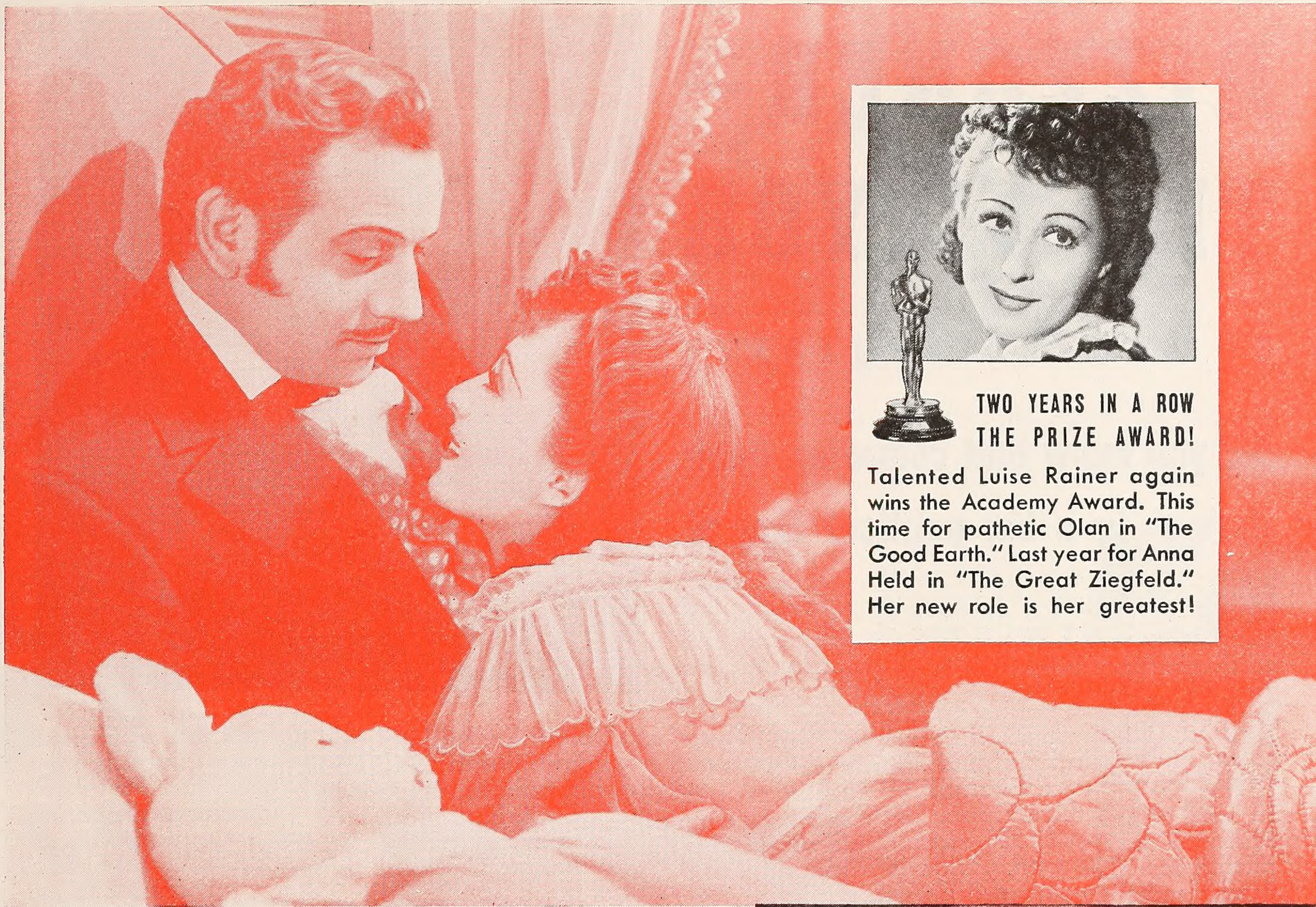
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**TWO YEARS IN A ROW
THE PRIZE AWARD!**

Talented Luise Rainer again wins the Academy Award. This time for pathetic Olan in "The Good Earth." Last year for Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld." Her new role is her greatest!

Luise Rainer as **"THE TOY WIFE"**

...who has youth and beauty and all the world to gamble it in..."life slips too hurriedly by, so sip the cup of frivolity and danger while you may"...you will watch with beating heart this sensational drama of New Orleans' gayest, maddest era in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's glamorous production. In the cast also: MELVYN DOUGLAS, ROBERT YOUNG, Barbara O'Neil, H. B. Warner. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Merian C. Cooper. Screen Play by Zoe Akins.



HIZZONER— THE MAYOR

By GEORGE BENJAMIN

Did you know that comedian Hugh Herbert is a big political figure?

Mr. Herbert writes a column, too. A jack of all trades and master of—all.



DID YOU know that Hugh Herbert is a Mayor? Or, that he's chairman of the Chamber of Commerce?

Yep, there's not a lazy hair in the Herbert head. In fact, besides these "minor" duties, he's honorary editor of the town newspaper, and knocks off a column, too. The town, y'know is Studio City. This doesn't mean the Warner lot either. Nope, it's a growing section all its own, boasting Glenda Farrell as Citizen No. 2, to say nothing of the many other celebrities in residence.

All this Hugh manages after his real job, acting in the movies, is completed. You must admit there's no grass growing under the Screen's No. 1 comedian's feet. For just in case you didn't realize it, our "Woo-Woo" man polled more votes in a recent popularity contest than any other two funnies combined!

Incidentally, Mr. Herbert explained just how he came by that Woo-Woo that's made him famous.

"I didn't really start that Woo-Woo! Oh, my no!" Herbert Amusements, Ltd., stated. "You see, it was actually the extras who made it a go. I was doing a picture with Louis Calhern. We had to do location shots, if the rain stopped. It had been going on for days! Louis and I decided to have a couple one evening. And after—well, shall we say several—we called it a night, never expecting to be called for work next day. But at seven a. m. the phone rang, and they said, 'Report at once!'"

"My, my, that was bad! But, what was worse than our heads was that the scene was to be made on a limb up in a tree, about thirty feet off the ground. Louis and I finally got set, and, no sooner did we take an easy breath than along came a strong gust of wind to do us in! Well, as we swayed back, almost toppling, I said, 'Woo-WOO!' The whole company laughed. Very funny, very funny indeed, they thought! What they didn't know was how we felt. After that, every time I walked on a set the extras would give me the Woo-Woo, so I put it in the act."

Just how Hugh Herbert got started doing comedy proves you can never tell when your lucky break will be a disappointment in disguise.

"When I was a kid I used to usher in a stock house uptown," said Hugh. "I was always observant, even to remembering my customers and where they liked to sit. Before long I was entertaining the scrub-women and stagehands by giving impersonations of the acts. My boss saw me and said if he ever had a spot in the show he'd give it to me. One day he let me paste on a mustache and go on in 'a bit,' but that was enough for my customers to recognize me and give their pal a big hand. Right then and there I took my bows, several of them, to the manager's chagrin."

HERBERT chuckled as he reminisced, "After a few of these 'successes,' I wouldn't go back to ushering. Oh my no! Too far beneath me! Some time later pictures came in, and a girl and I stood behind the screen and did all the voices of the characters. About a year of this and I decided I was big stuff, so I wrote a vaudeville sketch for a fellow and myself. We had an agent and were going to be great; that is, until we drifted apart before our debut. Later on I wrote another for a girl and myself, and we actually played the circuits.

"From this I got an offer to go into a Burlesque. They were to get a new sketch for me, 'til I showed them my own and they liked it. This eventually proved my entree into the legitimate theatre, and I finally wound up on the coast—where all good actors go—Woo-Woo!"

"But to get back to Studio City! I sure like being its mayor. We get things done. Have the streets lighted and paved already. It's a growing, important place, Studio City! Y'know, I get them together for council meetings, and the aldermen do things because they must listen to us. We're strong. Why, I sent out two hundred invitations, and four hundred came once! Great response, great!"

"Oh, yes," Mr. H. answered. "I do a column on our town paper. Use lots of my fan mail as material. Some are very funny, my yes—very funny. One lady wrote me that I reminded her of her dear departed husband, poor guy, (*Continued on page 107*)"

"When your feet hurt...you hurt all over!"



WM. M. SCHOLL, M. D.

SAYS DR. SCHOLL

"The ill-effects of foot trouble are many. Often they are felt in parts of the body remote from the feet—in the form of backaches, neuritis, arthritic or rheumatic-like pain in the knees, legs and feet, excessive fatigue after standing or walking, etc. . . Besides your general health, your looks, earning power, disposition, personality—all suffer when your feet hurt."

Don't neglect your feet! There is a Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort* Remedy, Appliance or Arch Support for your foot trouble, assuring quick, medically safe

relief at small cost. They are the result of 34 years of study, research, laboratory experimenting and clinical testing by this internationally famous foot authority.



CORNS, SORE TOES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads relieve pain; remove corns. Stop cause—shoe friction and pressure; prevent sore toes, blisters. Thin, soothing, healing, cushioning.



CALLOUSES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for callouses, quickly relieve pain, safely remove hard, dead skin. Stop shoe pressure. Very soothing and healing.



BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for bunions relieve pain; stop shoe pressure on the sore spot. Thin, protective, healing, safe, sure. Won't come off in bath.



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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for soft corns between toes, relieve pain instantly; take pressure off the sore spot; quickly, safely loosen and remove soft corns.



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CORNS, CALLOUSES

Dr. Scholl's Liquid Corn and Callous Remedy. 2 drops relieve pain quickly; soon loosen and remove hard or soft corns and callouses with ease.



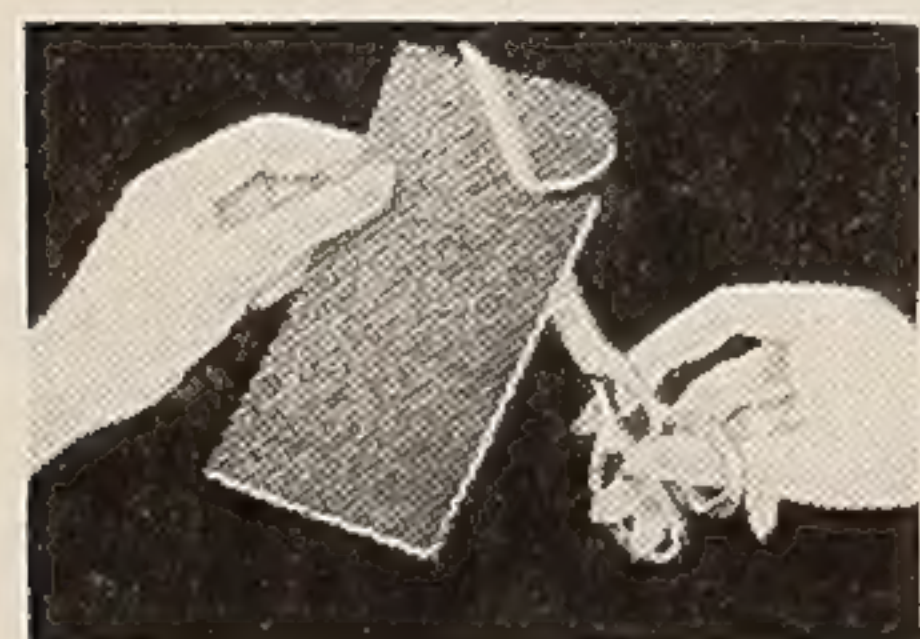
REMOVES CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Corn Salve quickly relieves pain and soon loosens old, hard corns for easy removal. Dependable, economical. Easy to apply.



REMOVES CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Fixo Corn Plasters quickly relieve pain and remove corns. Stop nagging shoe pressure. Easy to apply, stay in place. Waterproof.



EASES FEET

Dr. Scholl's Moleskin, foot plaster for relieving shoe pressure on corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots. Prevents blisters. Cut it to any size or shape.

NOW is the time to get relief—during DR. SCHOLL'S FOOT COMFORT WEEK.

Over 125,000 Drug, Shoe, Department and 10¢ Stores are behind this annual drive to relieve foot troubles. Go to your dealer now and let him show you how easy Dr. Scholl has made it for you to be foot-happy.

Remember—anything you buy bearing Dr. Scholl's name must give you satisfaction, or your money will be refunded.



For **FREE FOOT BOOK** and sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for relieving corns and sore toes, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. MCW, Chicago, Ill.

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Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder relieves tender, hot, tired, chafed or perspiring feet. Soothing, comforting to irritated skin. Eases new or tight shoes.



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Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves feverish, aching, tender, sensitive, tired feet, caused by exertion and fatigue. Safe, sure. Very refreshing.



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Ease-all Stocking Heel Protector firmly but comfortably grips the heel, saves wear of stocking at the heel, prevents blisters. Washable.



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Dr. Scholl's Foot Lotion cools, soothes, invigorates tired, burning feet. Relieves soreness. Delightfully comforting; deodorizing and antiseptic.



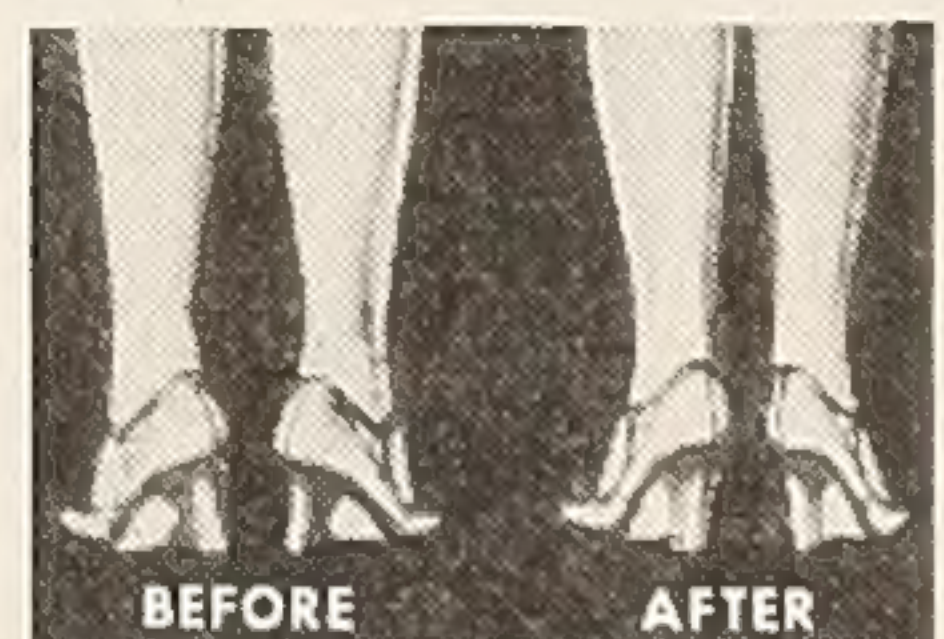
RELIEVES SORE FEET

Dr. Scholl's Bath Salts relieve tired, aching feet. Also useful in bath for relieving muscular aches, pains. Soften water for all toilet purposes.



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Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strates prevent crooked heels, keep shoes shapely. Cushion heel; save on repairs. Easily attached in any shoe. For men and women.



SORE, TENDER HEELS

Dr. Scholl's Heel Cushions make walking a pleasure; provide mild support for the arch. Made of sponge rubber, covered with leather. Easily applied.



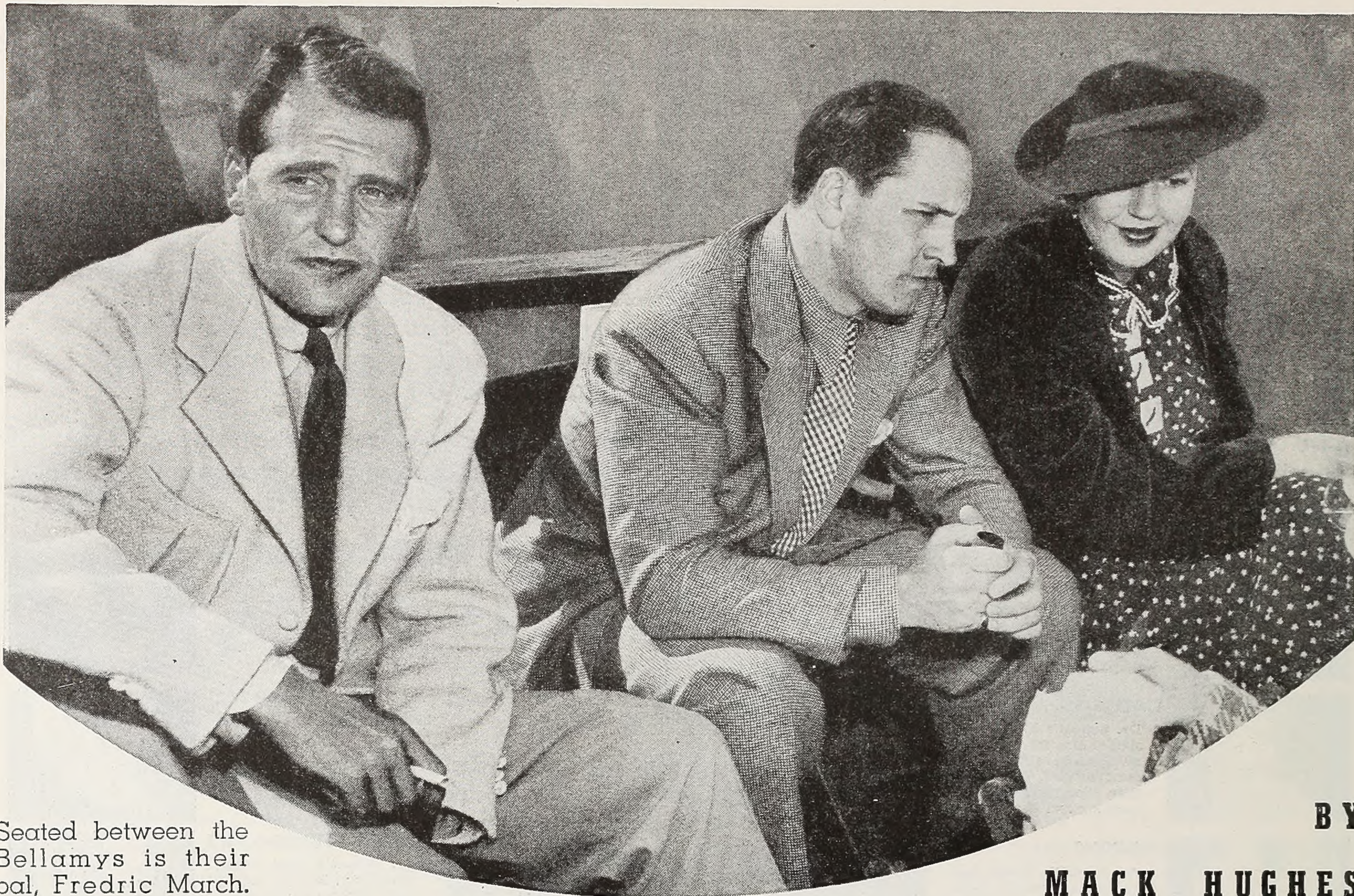
CORNS, BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Felt Pads in sizes for corns and bunions instantly relieve pain of these foot troubles by stopping shoe pressure on sore spot. Easy to apply.



Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Week

*TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Seated between the Bellamys is their pal, Fredric March.

BY

MACK HUGHES

MR. B. GOES TO TOWN

THERE'S NOTHING like it!" exclaimed Ralph Bellamy. "Every movie actor should come to New York at least once a year. It's so stimulating, this town, that no one should be away too long.

"You know, when Catherine and I came east, I was completely worn out from overwork—thank goodness! But, now that we've had three weeks holiday here, I feel like a new person. Not that we've had much chance to rest, for we haven't, what with theatres and old friends to see. It's been three and four o'clock every morning, but even so, I feel far better than I did before we arrived. Now I'm all set to go back and do some hard work."

This seems to be the general opinion of those immersed in the vast business of making movies. Nothing is quite so relaxing as a complete change, particularly when the new scenery is the axis about which things concerning your main interest in life (acting) revolves. For it was from the New York theatre that Ralph Bellamy



"The Awful Truth" is that Ralph didn't want to play in it.

went to join the movie colony.

"At home, you know, when friends gather, there seems no way to escape discussing the picture business. But in

New York that isn't so. There are so many other things to divert one, the opera, commercial business and, of course, the theatre," explained Mr. B.

All things considered, it is only logical that movietown dwellers are primarily interested in movies, for there, everything centers around the picture industry. Everyone seems connected in one way or another with this enterprise. Even, as Mr. Bellamy points out, most of the natives and settlers are in some way or other concerned. Once they've retired and settled in Hollywood, with their life savings, they register with Central Casting for an occasional job as extra.

"So you can understand why they have fourteen thousand people registered for these jobs when there are approximately only three thousand jobs," continued Bellamy.

"Did I say Hollywood was the *only* place where the topic of conversation was pictures?" laughed Mr. B. "Well, since you liked 'The Awful Truth,' I'll give you the low-down on it!

"I had had (Continued on page 105)

Ralph Bellamy takes some bows which he claims he doesn't rate

MODERN SCREEN

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Those gorgeous "Gold Digger" lovelies have taken America twice! Now see what they do to 50 million Frenchmen!



"GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS"



Starring

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ROSEMARY LANE • HUGH HERBERT

ALLEN JENKINS • GLORIA DICKSON

MELVILLE COOPER • MABEL TODD • FRITZ FELD

Directed by RAY ENRIGHT • Screen Play by Earl Baldwin and Warren Duff • Story by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay, Maurice Leo

From an Idea by Jerry Horwin and James Seymour • Music and Lyrics by Harry Warren and Al Dubin • A WARNER BROS. PICTURE

HEAR ... for the first time on the screen—
The SCHNICKELFRITZ BAND

& 4 Brilliant Song Hits
"Day Dreaming" • "A Stranger
in Paris" • "The Latin Quarter"
"I Wanna Go Back to Bali"



MOVIE REVIEWS



★★★★ Test Pilot

In a month full of mediocre films, Metro really startled the Hollywood preview-goers with one of the year's fastest and most exciting screen dramas—one of those rare pictures which actually live up to their advance notices. "Test Pilot" has everything: a swell story, a splendid cast, and powerful air stuff which furnishes some of the most breath-taking moments the screen has ever offered.

Clark Gable plays an aerial daredevil whose business is risking his neck trying out new ships. Boy meets girl when Gable is forced down in a Kansas wheat field, not more than fifty paces from Myrna Loy. They marry, much to the disgust of Spencer Tracy, Gable's mechanic, and Lionel Barrymore, his boss. But Myrna wins them over, and, with Gable and Tracy, makes "Test Pilot" the most virile and—potentially—the most profitable picture of the year.

Gable and Tracy are excellent in their he-man roles, and Myrna Loy is at her charming best. In the supporting cast, Lionel Barrymore deserves praise, as do Ted Pearson, Marjorie Main, Gloria Holden and Louis Jean Heydt. Best scene is the terrific moment when a plane, in a power dive, loses both wings, and the pilot calmly rips off the instrument board, for his records, before he bails out. Victor Fleming directed.—M-G-M.



★★★ Port of Seven Seas

After a deluge of screwball comedies, an honest, well-written and well-played film like this is a welcome and very pleasant relief. Its title is misleading, for it is a psychological drama which uses the seaport only as setting and background. It's only other fault is that it may be considered too talky for some moviegoers; but for intelligent audiences "Port of Seven Seas" is both appealing and charming.

Story concerns the love of Madelon (Maureen O'Sullivan) and Marius (John Beal). Marius leaves for the sea on short notice and Madelon discovers she is to become a mother. She tells Marius' father, Cesar (Wallace Beery), and she tells Panisse (Frank Morgan), an elderly suitor. Panisse, who has loved her for years, marries her, and with the aid of Cesar they find happiness and contentment, until the return of Marius brings emotional conflict.

For Wallace Beery, the role of Cesar offers a fine contrast to his usual slapstick comedy. The roles of Marius and Madelon are effectively played by John Beal and Maureen O'Sullivan, and Frank Morgan, scaling the range from comedy to pathos, turns in the picture's most expert performance. Etienne Girardot and Jessie Ralph head the supporting cast. Directed by James Whale.—M-G-M.



★★ Four Men and a Prayer

Had the director told his cast exactly what type of picture they were making, much better results might have come of "Four Men and a Prayer." Indications are, however, that he was not too sure himself, for his film skips from screwball farce to serious intrigue and back again with almost clock-like regularity. The proceedings left this reviewer, for one, more baffled than entertained.

C. Aubrey Smith, a British colonel in India, has been dishonorably discharged. He returns to England with proof that the incriminating evidence had been forged, and calls his four sons home to aid him in erasing the disgrace. On his first night home he is murdered, and his papers stolen. The picture then centers about the efforts of the four sons to track down the murderer and clear their father's name.

Richard Greene, the young English actor making his Hollywood debut, scores as an excellent leading man type. Loretta Young does what she can with a not too clearly defined character. David Niven plays a comedy role and turns in the picture's best performance. C. Aubrey Smith is gruff and noble as the wronged colonel, and the other two sons are ably portrayed by George Sanders and William Henry. Directed by John Ford.—20th Century-Fox.

BY LEO TOWNSEND



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TO SCREEN SENSATION in a blaze of glorious romance
 and heart-lighting laughter! . . . The play that pierced the armor of New
 York . . . screened in all the punch and drama and excitement
 that kept it running month after month on Broadway! . . . Get
 your hoped-for thrills from the screen this summer . . .
 in the vacation-camp romance that piles up all the
 adventures you've ever dreamed for yourself
 in new places among strange faces! . . .
DON'T LET ANYTHING KEEP YOU AWAY!



GINGER ROGERS AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR.

Having Wonderful Time

WITH
PEGGY CONKLIN · LUCILLE BALL · LEE BOWMAN
RICHARD (RED) SKELTON · ANN MILLER · DONALD MEEK

A PANDRO S. BERMAN Production • Directed by ALFRED SANTELL

Screen play by
 ARTHUR KOBER
 Adapted from his
 New York Stage suc-
 cess as produced by
 MARC CONNELLY



TODAY'S TALKIES



★★★★ The Adventures of Robin Hood

For pageantry, spectacle, romance, and beauty, the new "Robin Hood" is tops in screen entertainment. The Sherwood Forest and Nottingham Castle backgrounds are perfect for Technicolor. Whether it be horses kicking up a spray as they cross a stream, or a great hall full of brilliantly garbed knights in mass duel, the color is a constant delight.

The story has been given a deeper social significance than it heretofore had, and, by emphasizing government greed and the tyranny of power-mad rulers, has been considerably modernized. Robin is now a more purposeful character, whose hobby of robbing the rich to give to the poor is incidental to his desire to rid the tax-payers of their inhuman burden.

Errol Flynn is a magnificent Robin Hood, who dashes about in a most romantic and swashbuckling manner. Claude Rains is splendid as the cruel Prince John, and Basil Rathbone does a superb job as Sir Guy of Gisbourne. Olivia De Havilland is decorative as Maid Marian. In fact the entire cast deserves much credit, as also do Erich Wolfgang Korngold's musical score, and the co-directors Michael Curtiz and William Keighley.—*Warner Brothers.*



★★★★ Dr. Rhythm

The latest Bing Crosby opus offers something rare in film entertainment—a musical with a sense of humor. There is nothing of the pretentious boredom which takes possession of most "big" musicals, and not one bit of self-conscious tomfoolery. A swell cast is perfectly at home with a good script, and everyone has a fine time. All of which makes "Dr. Rhythm" Dr. Crosby's best picture.

The good doctor, who prefers to be known as "the groaner," is most ably assisted by the drolleries of Beatrice Lillie, whose zany antics run the gamut from high satire to low burlesque. Her gipsy dance with Crosby, to the tune of "Only a Gipsy Knows," is one of the funniest moments in a picture loaded with highlights. Other high comedy interludes include a mad water sequence between Andy Devine and an indignant seal, a devastating bit featuring an operating table with merry-go-round proclivities, and a department store scene in which Miss Lillie attempts to purchase "two dozen double damask dinner napkins" from Franklin Pangborn.

Bing Crosby performs with ease and charm, and croons well. Mary Carlisle is pleasing in the feminine lead. Directed by Frank Tuttle.—*Paramount.*



★★★★ To the Victor

Here is a wonderfully refreshing picture whose power lies in its simplicity. There is artistry in its direction, and great beauty in its characterizations. Will Fyfe gives an unforgettable portrayal of the gnarled old Scotsman in whose black heart there is room for no one except his dog, a cup-winning shepherd named Black Wull. The dog's only rival is Owd Bob, who belongs to a neighbor (John Loder). In a thrilling sequence Owd Bob wins the trials. Broken hearted, the old man goes back to his lonely existence, and soon after this, it is proven that his dog, Black Wull, is a killer. The high point of the picture is Fyfe's scene with his dog—when he quietly explains to him why he must be shot. With a tender sort of brutality, without bitterness or anger, he leads the dog into the hills toward death.

There is a pleasant romance between John Loder and the old man's daughter (Margaret Lockwood), and a great deal of action by the antagonistic herders. The supporting roles are handled with understanding and honesty, but the picture belongs to Will Fyfe—with honors to its director, Robert Stevenson.—*Gaumont-British.*

More Reviews on page 80

Pick your pictures by our reviews and you will enjoy them so much more

NEW STARLIGHT FOR HOLLYWOOD

The New Universal proudly presents The American Debut of

DANIELLE DARRIEUX

*The girl whose exquisite beauty...
charm of performance...has made her
the most beloved stage and screen
star in all Europe...The star of the
sensational MAYERLING...which all
America has taken to its heart!*

DANIELLE DOUGLAS
DARRIEUX • FAIRBANKS, Jr.

in

"THE RAGE OF PARIS"

with

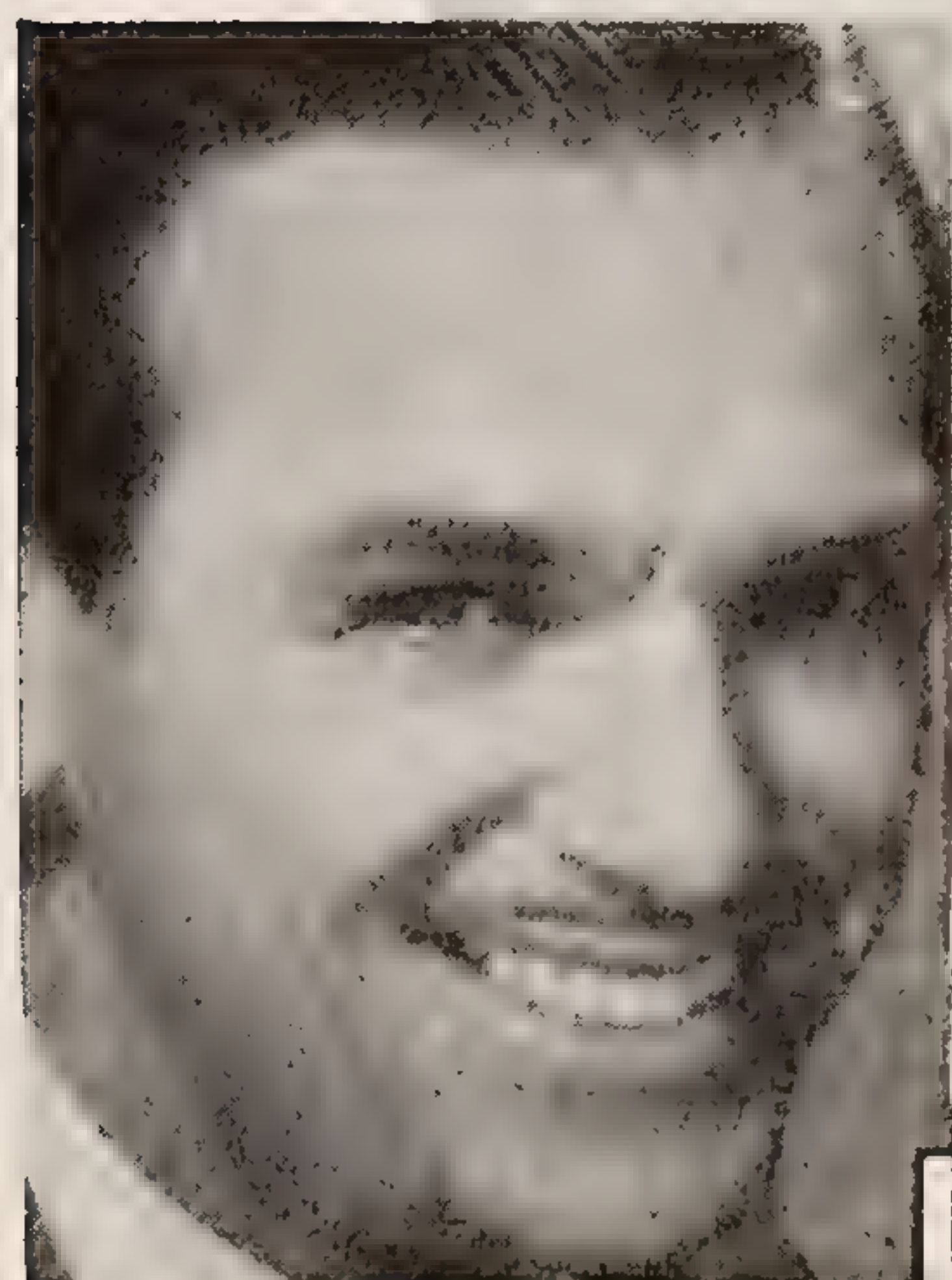
MISCHA HELEN LOUIS
AUER BRODERICK HAYWARD

*Original Story and Screen Play by Bruce Manning
and Felix Jackson*

*Directed by HENRY KOSTER who made
"3 SMART GIRLS" and "100 MEN AND A GIRL"*

Produced by B. G. de SYLVA

CHARLES R. ROGERS
Executive Vice-President in Charge of Production



DOUGLAS
FAIRBANKS, JR.



HELEN BRODERICK



MISCHA AUER

Creature of a thousand new moods of femininity!

"DANDRUFF ITCH?"



Use This Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of the scalp to prevent dryness.

To Accomplish This Is Easy With The Zonite Antiseptic Treatment

Just add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin . . . Then do this:—

1. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. (*This gives hair and scalp an antiseptic cleansing—stimulates scalp—kills all germs at contact.*)
2. Lather head with any good soap shampoo, using same Zonite solution. (*This cuts oil and grease in hair and scalp—loosens dirt and dandruff scales.*)
3. Rinse very thoroughly. (*Your head is now clean—your scalp free from scales.*)
4. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. (*This relieves dryness.*)

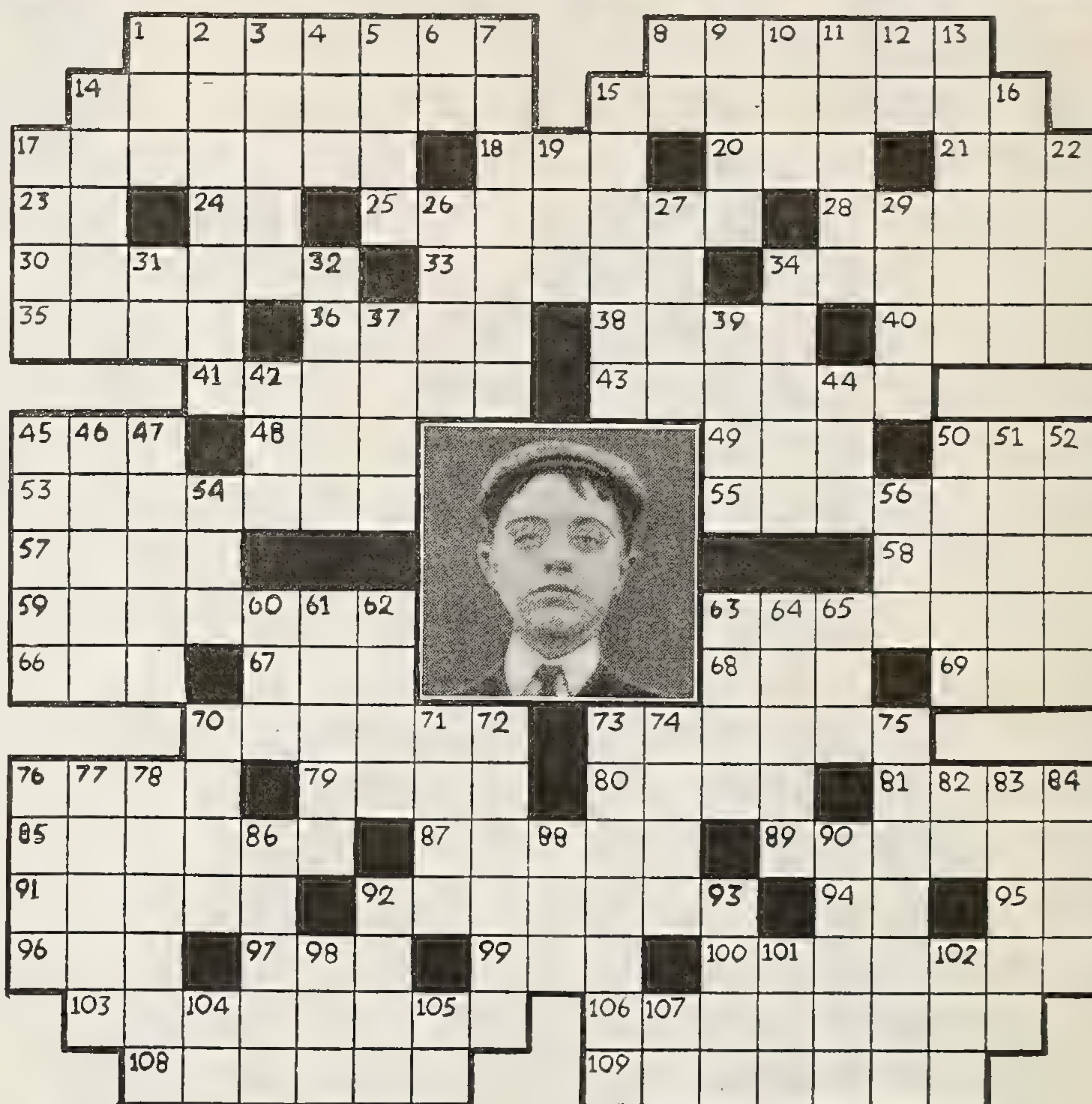
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TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 710 New Brunswick, New Jersey U. S. A.



ZONITE Is
9.3 Times More Active
 than any other popular, non-poisonous
 antiseptic—by standard laboratory tests

OUR PUZZLE



• ACROSS

Answer to Puzzle on Page 91

1. First name of star pictured
8. He was "The Thin Man"
14. Friar Tuck in "The Adventures of Robin Hood"
15. Gene Lockhart's wife
17. Blacky in "Tip-off Girls"
18. Ma --- Wilson
20. "--- Many Wives"
21. Producers Wurtzel and Lesser
23. P --- Kelly
24. State of Alice Faye's birth: abbr.
25. --- Cortez
28. --- Moran
30. Sheds blood
33. --- Gombell
34. Contradiction
35. Consumes
36. Winged parts
38. "--- Since Eve"
40. Mar --- Dietrich
41. Antitoxins
43. Gift by bequest
45. Exclamations
48. Tear
49. Cliff Edwards is Ukulele ---
50. Anne --- rley
53. Film ready to be shown
55. More quiet
57. What Novarro was in "The Sheik Steps Out"
58. English actress, --- Ray
59. She was our star's last wife
63. Oriental
66. Printer's measures
67. Mosquito in "Girl of the Golden West"
68. Court of Common Pleas: abbr.
69. Color
70. Star of "The Divorce of Lady X"
73. Great arteries
76. Norse chieftan
79. Flower container
80. Ben Volt in "College Swing"
81. Split
85. Mrs. John Barrymore
87. A gradual passing
89. What Elissa Landi was in "Warrior's Husband"
91. --- MacMahon
92. Flowering tree
94. Article
95. Public notice
96. Heroine of "Reckless Living"
97. Gum
99. --- ry Crabbe
100. Dwellers
103. Feminine dressing gown
106. Our star's last film was "The --- and the Butler"
108. Tom Logan in "Tip-off Girls"
109. Male lead in "International Settlement"

PAGE

• DOWN

1. "--- Lord"
2. What our star's recovering from
3. Star of "Professor, Beware!"
4. Ginger Rogers' estranged husband
5. Roman highway
6. "Blondes -- Work"
7. Kindnesses
8. State of our star's birth: abbr.
9. ---- Kruger
10. "--- Killed Gail Preston?"
11. Hollywood stars ----- to Yuma
12. Director Mervyn -- Roy
13. Star of "It's Love I'm After"
14. One of Fred Stone's actress daughters
15. Core
16. Mickey in "You and Me"
17. Oliver Hardy's nickname
19. King Richard in "The Adventures of Robin Hood"
22. ---- Talbot
26. Mohammedan priest
27. Selznick's nickname
29. "You ---- Live Once"
31. And: Fr.
32. Hindu women's garments
34. Heroine of "The Lone Wolf in Paris"
37. Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller
39. Roman shield
42. Epoch
44. Sir --- ric Hardwicke
45. Oral plate
46. Egret
47. Bangs
50. Spirited horse
51. Male lead in "Jezebel"
52. Star of "The Joy of Living"
54. "---- Tide"
56. "--- ists and Models"
60. Priestly vestment
61. Female ruff
62. Maureen O'Sullivan's role in "David Copperfield"
63. Natural color
64. The baneberries
65. Watering place
70. ---- Howland
71. City of Sonja Henie's birth
72. Star of "The Show Goes On"
73. Sucks up
74. Oil: comb. form
75. Jerry in "Professor, Beware!"
76. Late actress mourned by our star
77. Male lead in "Everybody Sing"
78. She won the Academy Award again this year
82. Judy Garland will make "The Wizard of --"
83. What the M-G-M lion does
84. Finishes
86. Anneals: dial. Eng.
88. Public Works Administration: abbr.
90. One of Vallee's alma maters
92. Italian: slang
93. Mend
98. Thus
101. Bode: var.
102. S-shaped worm
104. "The -- Getter"
105. Andrea L -- ds
107. Initials of Bruce Cabot's ex-wife

NO DATES IN MARY'S BOOK NO SONG IN MARY'S HEART



She doesn't dream that underarm odor is the reason men pass her by!

Mary is pretty, vivacious, and young—she *should* be as popular as any girl around. Yet the men that she meets always seem to avoid her. Through glorious summer evenings she sits home alone, while men take other girls out on good times!

Too bad Mary doesn't realize that it takes more than a bath to prevent underarm odor—that underarms must have *special* care to keep a girl dainty and fresh, safe from offending.

Wise girls use Mum! They know that a bath takes care only of *past perspira-*

tion, but Mum prevents odor *before it starts*. To avoid all risk of offending friends—use Mum every day and after every bath. With Mum, you'll be *sure* your charm is lasting, you'll be a girl that men always find *attractive*!

MUM IS QUICK! One-half minute is all it takes to smooth a quick fingertipful of Mum under each arm.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is soothing to the skin, harmless to every fabric. You can use it right after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum's sure protection lasts all day or all evening long. No worries, then, about unpleasant odor. For Mum makes underarm odor *impossible*!

IT TAKES MORE THAN A BATH—IT TAKES MUM

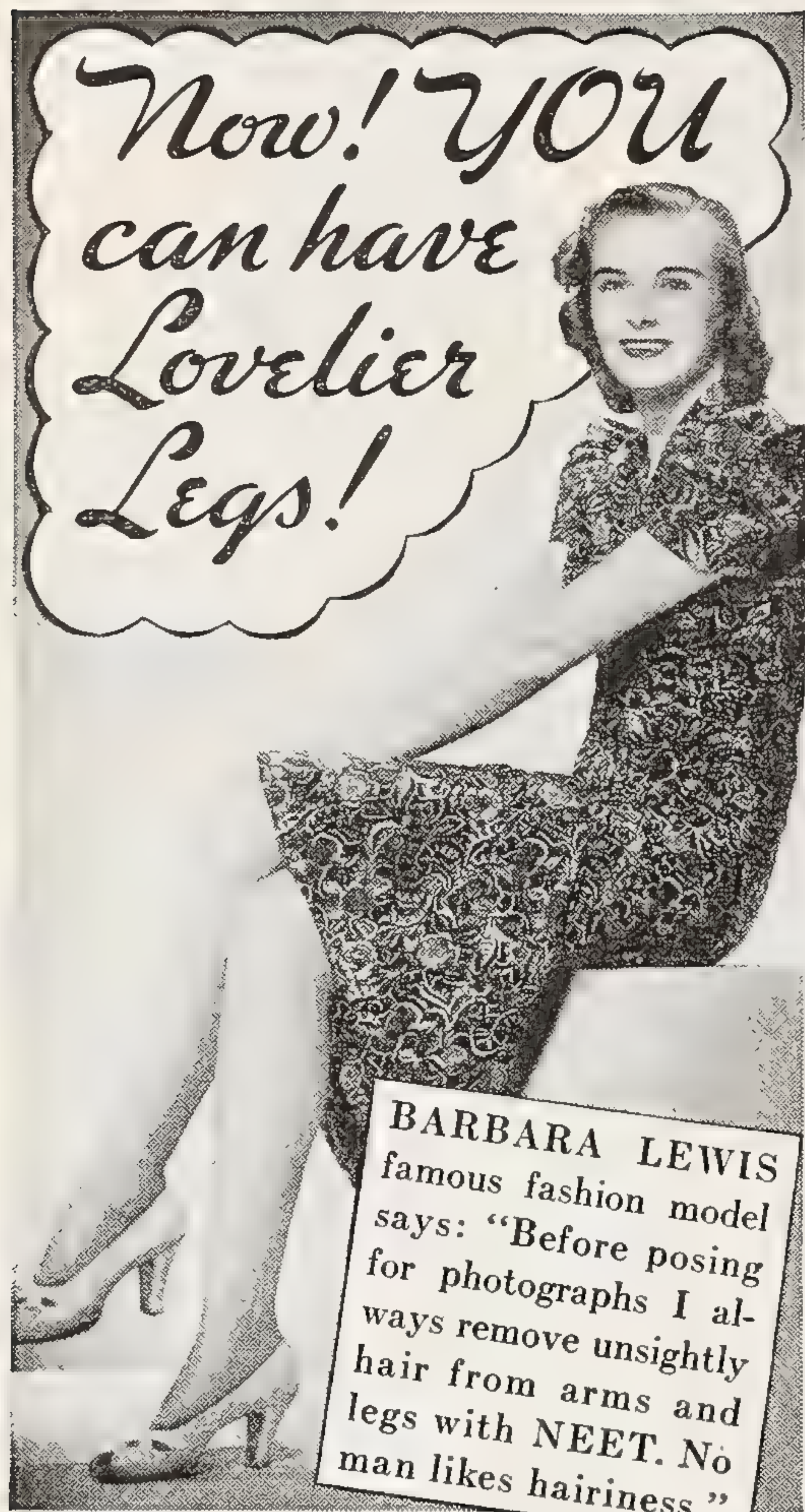


For Sanitary Napkins—
No worries or embarrassment when you use Mum this way. Thousands do, because it's **SAFE** and **SURE**.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Now! YOU can have Lovelier Legs!



BARBARA LEWIS
famous fashion model
says: "Before posing
for photographs I al-
ways remove unsightly
hair from arms and
legs with NEET. No
man likes hairiness."

UNSIGHTLY HAIR WASHES OFF QUICKLY with New Cream

In a bathing suit...evening gown...even through stockings...unsightly hair spoils your charm and drives away romance.

Now you can easily have lovely legs and arms—free of ugly hair. Just spread on NEET, as you would a cold cream. Then rinse off with water! NEET removes all hair—delays re-growth—leaves your skin petal-soft and satin-smooth.

Avoid Unpleasant Razor-Roughness

Say good-bye to rough skin and sharp, wiry hairs that grow in after shaving. No razor stubble to snag your stockings



Magnified view of sharp bristly hair below skin surface—delays re-growth—no razor stubble.



NEET removes hair below skin surface—delays re-growth—no razor stubble.

arms and legs as never before. See that yours are lovely. Do as millions of women do—remove unsightly hair with NEET. Get it today! At drug and dept. stores. Trial size at 10c stores.

NEET Just Rinse Off
Unsightly Hair



BETWEEN YOU'N'ME



A Boston fan loves her history and wants more of it in her movie fare.

\$5.00 Prize Letter Foiled Again

I like music. I like comedy. I like dancing. But I'll be blanked if I'm going to sit through another one of those so-called "musical extravaganzas" again! I'm one of those suckers who get caught by those magnificent advertisements that tell about the girls, laughs, thrills of these musicals that crop up so often to blight the existence of us poor moviegoers.

And what do we get? A mess of songs and dances that barely cling together by means of the most childish imitations of plots imaginable. Every so often a troop of scantily clad beauties dances across the screen for no particular reason. There is usually a comedian or two, perhaps a villain, and so it goes for an hour or so till the hero gets the girl, the villain is foiled, and I once more realize that I've been fooled again, and swear off of musicals forever (or at least till the next one comes along).

Why doesn't someone tell the producers that it takes more than a song and a dance to make a picture? Can't we have a musical comedy that is a musical comedy? Songs and dances are swell in their proper places, but they're never there! As for the plot, why I can tell you the whole story of any musical out, after seeing five minutes of it. So please, producers, let reason temper music and order temper dancing and the result will be really enjoyable entertainment.

—M. Lederman, New Brunswick, N. J.

\$2.00 Prize Letter Glamor's the Bunk

Intelligent fans, who realize that our stars are ordinary human beings, with their respective shares of flesh and blood idiosyncrasies, will glean keen food for thought from MODERN SCREEN'S May article, "Glamor For Rent," wherein the theatricalness of the Great Goddess Glamor is debunked.

When Hollywood was in its formative stage, endeavoring to interest the public in the affairs of its inhabitants, glamor was understandable and forgivable. Today, however, when the people desire their screen favorites as natural as the man next door or Cousin Annie from Milwaukee,

glamor is inexcusable, "hammy" and ridiculous. It detracts from whatever histrionic talent an actress may possess. Witness Marlene Dietrich whose career was shattered like a thin-blown glass tumbler hurled against the wall, by the tinsel varnish of seductiveness which her employers wished upon her.

While the majority of our leading female lights might have begun their careers as overdone temptresses, they are now, thanks to their own inherent intelligence, acting and conducting themselves on and off the screen like people, not like gaudy automatons.

—Marice Jacobs, Philadelphia, Pa.

\$2.00 Prize Letter A New High

When I, at the tender age of something-or-other, first saw a moving picture, I was dumbfounded that actual likenesses could be projected on a screen and made to move. When I saw my first talkie, I was amazed. Surely, thought I, when the motion picture has reached the point where it can make itself heard, it has reached the point of perfection!

But, no! Along came wonderful technicolor and I was thrilled even more that the actual flesh-like appearances of the stars could be projected before my very eyes.

Along came Walt Disney's superb "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," a picture that blends all the marvels of the past and yet adds another—drawings that move, talk and have power enough to sway your emotions! A picture that truly tops any-



"Will Shirley Temple remain unspoiled?" asks a young lady from Ohio.

thing that I have seen in the entertainment world!

No doubt the motion picture will go on to still greater heights, just as it did in the past when I doubted that it could go further. But, in spite of that possibility, after seeing "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," I cannot help but say that the film industry has reached perfection.

—Hal David, Hartwell, Ga.

\$1.00 Prize Letter Historical Films

Seeing a picture like "Wells Fargo" is a thrilling experience. As the reels un-

Movie-goers have their say and get cash prizes. Try it—it's grand fun and you can win!

fold, we all share the desire of the people for land and freedom—a desire which drove them ever westward; the building up of the great express company so that contact between the East and West might be assured, and that news of important events might be broadcast as quickly as possible; and, with it all, the plain simplicity and courage of these heroic people. Such a picture, and others depicting the early life of America, make us proud that we, too, are Americans, and leave us eager to make our own lives carry on in the great tradition. With such a background, and with such blood running through our veins, we should seek to be worthy inheritors making our country the ideal place our ancestors dreamed it would be. Such episodes in our history are not rare, and it is to be hoped that the producers will avail themselves of the rich store of Americana still untouched.

—Mary Chace, Boston, Mass.

\$1.00 Prize Letter Shirley's Trip

The plan of Shirley Temple's mother to take her on an extensive personal tour to let the public see that Shirley is real and not a movie make-up expert's dream is very fine as far as the idea is concerned. But, I don't think this trip will do Shirley any good.

One of the radio commentators made an appeal to the public some time ago to treat Shirley as an ordinary child and

give her a chance to see the cities she will visit. This is not possible. The minute Shirley appears on the platform of a train or any place, there will be nothing for her to see but bobbing heads and waving arms and people fighting to get in the front line.

I am an ardent Shirley Temple fan, and I think she is a remarkably intelligent child. Her appeal lies in her unassuming charm and sweetness. However, she is fast reaching the age when all little boys and girls begin to have definite ideas of their own and abide by them. Will thousands of people fighting for just a glimpse of her have no effect on her? Will she remain unspoiled and oblivious to fame and fortune? Will this excitement be good for her health—strange people, strange surroundings, and constant commotion?

If I were Mrs. Temple, I would keep Shirley in Hollywood, and not take any chances.

—Dorothy Kushner, Cleveland, Ohio.

\$1.00 Prize Letter Cheers for R. Bellamy

I wonder why it took the role of a dumbbell in "The Awful Truth" to make Hollywood re-discover Ralph Bellamy!

Ralph has always been a fine actor. I remember him first, as the judge in "Young America," and although the part was small, he easily stole the picture. Then came "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," in

(Continued on page 84)



WRITE A LETTER—

WIN A PRIZE

This is an open forum, written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, \$5; two second prizes of \$2 each; six prizes of \$1 each. Address: Between You 'n' Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.

POND'S SUNLIGHT SHADES

"GLARE-PROOF" powder
shades to flatter your skin
in hard blazing sun...

OUT in the pitiless glare of the sun, skin faults are magnified. Color flattens out. Skin seems coarser. Your face looks harder all over!

But see how "Sunlight" shades flatter you!

"Glare-proof"—Pond's "Sunlight" shades are scientifically blended to reflect only the softer rays of the sun. They soften its glare on your skin... make it *flattering*! Your face has a lovely soft look. Your tan a rich glow.

Try them right now. Two glorious "Sunlight" shades, Light and Dark. Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. Big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

The full glare of the summer sun throws a hard light on your skin.

Pond's "Sunlight" shades reflect only the softer rays of the sun—flatter you!

Test them FREE!
In glaring Sunlight

Pond's, Clinton, Conn.,
Dept. 9MS-PU, Please rush me, free,
Pond's "Sunlight" shades, enough of each
for a 5-day test. (This offer expires Sept. 1, 1938.)

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

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FROM GREAT STORIES COME THE GREATEST PICTURES!

... and here is the story
the author of "Treasure
Island" always considered
his best!... now on the
screen for the first time!
...spectacularly produced
by 20th Century-Fox!

*Strangely they met... gallantly
they risked their lives for each
other... a valiant three against
a nation's vengeful might!*

Robert Louis Stevenson's
Kidnapped

with
WARNER BAXTER • FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW

in the role you always
wanted him to play

in his first picture since
"Captains Courageous"

ARLEEN WHELAN

the year's emotional discovery in her sensational debut

C. AUBREY SMITH • REGINALD OWEN

JOHN CARRADINE • NIGEL BRUCE • MILES MANDER

RALPH FORBES • H. B. WARNER • ARTHUR HOHL

E. E. CLIVE • HALLIWELL HOBBS • MONTAGU LOVE

and a cast of 5,000

Directed by Alfred Werker
director of "The House of Rothschild"

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by
Sonya Levien, Eleanor Harris, Ernest Pascal and Edwin Blum

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Darryl F. Zanuck In Charge of Production

A NEW TRIUMPH IN BIG-PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT!



SHIRLEY TEMPLE



NELSON EDDY



JEANETTE MACDONALD



RANDOLPH SCOTT



OLYMPE BRADNA



ERROL FLYNN



KATHARINE HEPBURN



"Hollywood is not



Here is Sylvia with George Raft in "You and Me." She likes George because he's natural, but she'd love to be on a set with Spencer Tracy!

SYLVIA SIDNEY didn't look like a movie star. She had on slacks, not the well-pressed, natty Hollywood variety, but the kind you wear around the house on a rainy day when you're sure nobody will come to see you. They were rumpled and wine-colored, and the navy blue house-coat-blouse she wore with them was loose and comfortable looking.

She did not sit like a movie star. She had flung herself, utterly relaxed, into an enormous chair, both legs tossed over its arms.

Her hair had lost its Hollywood set. It was carelessly pulled back from her ears, and pinned low, any old way, on her neck. She wore tortoise-shell rimmed eye glasses which accentuated her little features. And her eyes were red and swollen.

No, Sylvia Sidney did not look like a movie star. She looked like a girl, who had been crying all night.

"For twenty-four hours," she admitted.

Hollywood had done this to her, Hollywood that recently criticized Sylvia Sidney for coming out there, taking its money and then rapping the place.

This story is her answer to Hollywood.

"Why am I ungrateful?" she exclaimed, her voice cracking with emotion. "I'll tell you why!

"Here's just one instance. A day last year I had to work so late that I actually grew weak with fatigue. After the scene was over I went to get a massage. On the way, walking up a flight of stairs, I became faint, slipped and fell smack on my nose. Both my eyes turned black and blue. Within an hour, I, a ghastly sight, was lying, ter-

rified, in a hospital bed. I did not know whether my face was ruined for life or whether I'd ever be able to make another picture!

"I know," she went on, "that through the entire night Walter Wanger paced the floor. After all, I was an investment—a Hollywood investment.

"But I also was a girl," she added, "sick in bed, with a busted nose and two black eyes, and feeling as lonely as could be. So lonely and homesick that I telephoned every so-called friend I had in Hollywood and asked each to come to see me. I wanted someone to sympathize, to hold my hand. But nobody came. Not one of them!"

SHE PAUSED. "There's more, yes, a lot more. I'm in a jam now—about Hollywood. That's why I've been crying.

"They want me to do a story I don't like. The part doesn't suit me. I'm not an ingenue. I'm twenty-eight years old. I'm a woman and I want to act one. They've got plenty of young girls for the other type of thing. Anyway, they're insisting I do this picture. So I appealed to the one person who could have helped me, the one person I had looked upon as a prop. He could have come to my assistance by just saying a few words, and it meant no money out of his pocket. But did he? No. My prop fell down." She shrugged her shoulders. "A Hollywood prop.

"They say I grab the money!" She laughed. "Listen, in my contract I'm supposed to be paid between pictures, even when I'm not working. I didn't think that was fair to my employers, so I refused sixteen weeks' salary!

but me!"

Sylvia Sydney

**Accused of being ungrateful, of biting
the hand that feeds her, Sylvia Sydney
at last tells you her side of the story
—and it's certainly enlightening!**

by

NANETTE KUTNER

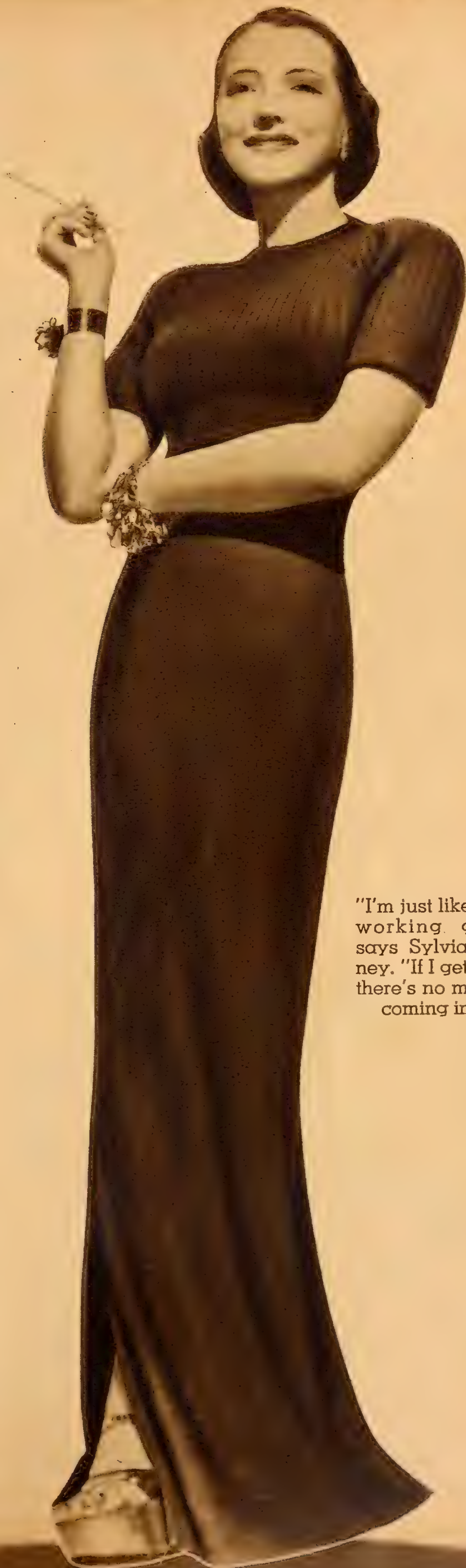
"I'd be much better off if I were contented to be just a movie actress on the coast. But I love the stage. When I do a play, even if it's a bad play, I learn so much about my craft. After every play I'm a better actress. For instance—I take one scene. Each night I try it a different way with different inflections, a piece of business here or there, so that I finally arrive at the most telling effect. And even after a play has closed I think about the scenes and mentally work on them. I find none of that in pictures.

"When I say these things, Hollywood retaliates. They say, 'If you don't like pictures why don't you get out!' Well, to tell the truth, I *can't* get out!

"That is because Hollywood is not for me! And by Hollywood, I mean the money part. As soon as I began earning that kind of money, those unbelievable telephone number figures, I appeared outwardly a strong, self-reliant person. And the weak automatically lean upon the strong. So, almost immediately, distant relatives, and aunts and uncles, and friends I hadn't seen in years, demanded and needed my help. Why, people with whom I have barely a nodding acquaintance, think nothing of stopping me on the street and asking for money.

"And what are you going to do when a friend says she needs a hundred dollars for her hotel bill? You can't turn her down—not when you're making Hollywood money. So I don't. And so, it keeps on and on." Her voice rose. "Hollywood has given me so many financial responsibilities that I don't dare leave!

"I don't dare call my soul my own. Recently I gave a party for the benefit of Spain, (Continued on page 72)



"I'm just like any working girl," says Sylvia Sydney. "If I get sick, there's no money coming in!"



Charm enough for three men, poise to burn, sex appeal galore—that's Cary Grant.

Randy Scott is Cary's "best friend and severest critic," as Merton used to say.

FOR

And so when Cary Grant



WE HAD a whispering interview, Cary Grant and I. An interview pianissimo. I purled at him. He susurrated at me. (If you don't know what that means look up the noun "whisper" in your dictionary. I just did.)

It was like this: Cary and I were on the set of "Holiday." We repaired to Cary's portable dressing-room. Now, a portable dressing room, in case you don't know, is a sort of box-like oasis put up for the convenience of the stars. And in the portables the stars make changes of costume, repair their make-up, entertain visiting Elks and interviewers, take naps, do whatever they feel like doing between scenes. Now some few portable dressing-rooms are de luxe, and interior-decorated, and steam heated, and a' that.

But the majority of stars, especially "the boys," take their portables as they find them, and the way they find them is the way I found Cary's. It is a place made of compo-board, without a roof. This reduces the visibility, but does nothing about the audibility.

So Cary and I sat in his cracker box and purled. At least, I sat, gingerly, on the edge of my chair. Cary lounged on the couch. I've never seen a loungier loungeur than Cary. I kind of hate to say that there is something reminiscent of a panther about Cary, and the way he relaxes, and the way he springs up and at you, it seems such a florid way of putting things. But it's the truth.

Now, this whispering interview would have been much



Doris Nolan found Cary as fatally fascinating as you will in his new picture, "Holiday."



Cary has definite ideas about feminine allure, and finds a lot of "what it takes" in Phyllis Brooks.

HE'S A *Serious* FELLOW

gives you the lowdown on his private life, you can believe every word of it

simpler if Cary had been a dopey guy. But no. I hissed to Cary, "This is to be about how you are a dopey guy like in 'Bringing Up Baby.' I thought it would make swell copy to tell that you are kinda loony, and what kind of looninesses you do."

"But I'm a serious feller," cooed Cary. "I can't tell you I send elephants to people for their birthdays. I can't think of anything dopey I do, like brushing my teeth with a whisk-broom, and all. You've got the wrong idea about me."

And that ruined everything, and ran into whispers of such long duration as would bring a political whispering campaign to an early grave.

"You've got the wrong idea about me," Cary went on earnestly. "Because I do those comedies, you've got the wrong idea. I mean that comedy is serious business. It's mathematical. It's morbid. Timing comedy is very serious. It is much more difficult, requires more thought, effort, concentration and hard work than any of these 'comedy-dramadys' where you say, 'Yes, Mrs. Jones; no, Mrs. Jones', or die for love with full orchestration.

"Yeah," tinkled Cary in a still, small voice, "you take me for a loony guy just romping through a picture like the fun it looks. You don't know the mental anguish, the silver threads among the black, the furrows on this brow

which precede those romps and antics. Why, it's easier to die a dozen screen deaths than to get over one good, well-paced screen laugh. I'm serious about my work, very. I'm a student when I'm working. I pore over my scripts. I'm not one of the boys who takes this business as a racket. I'll bet even Muni doesn't do more research on his Pasteurs and Zolas than I do when I'm helping to 'Bring Up Baby.' I used to go over my scripts with Randy Scott. I've got over that now. But I still work out the character I'm playing the same as if he were Hamlet. I think about him, figure out bits of business for him to do, try to size up his psychology, and what his reactions would be under different circumstances. I observe people in the hope that I'll catch on to some gesture, characteristic, or mannerism that might reasonably belong to the fellow I'm playing.

"When I get all mixed up, too mixed up, I play the piano—anything from swing music to Chopin. I play, and keep on playing. Or I go to the movies. I'm nuts about the movies. Any picture can make me forget the dirty dishes in the sink. I've never seen a picture yet that bored me. Sometimes when I come out of a theatre and hear people say, 'That was awful, that was this or that,' I feel like saying, 'I don't agree with you. And anyway, what do you expect for' (Continued on page 78)

GLADYS HALL

THAT Girls Here Again!

MARGARET SULLAVAN is one of those around whose name legends have grown.

Unknown to movie audiences, she captured their imagination through her first screen performance in "Only Yesterday." Not beautiful in the conventional movie sense, she gave to the role a shining beauty of spirit unrelated to inch-long eyelashes or sphinx-like smiles which reveal nothing because, like the original sphinx, they have nothing to reveal.

What Sullavan revealed was a gift for honest acting, a blend of emotional power and restraint that could move the heart. The public clamored for more of her.

They didn't get as much as they wanted. Pictures came few and far between. Publicity items were scarce as hens' teeth. Therefore, because movie personalities must be sold on the strength of their individuality as well as of their pictures, what little was known about her was exaggerated. What wasn't known was made up. She became by reputation another of those stormy petrels who flout the rules, make faces at teacher and, in a spirit of general waywardness, raise merry hell.

Like most legends, this one is based on a crumb of fact and a whipped-up meringue of fancy. The fact is that Margaret Sullavan thinks for herself and acts for herself. Black is not black to her because a thousand others see it that way, if she herself sees it as gray or purple. If she does see it as gray or purple, it's not through caprice but through conviction. Sham has no part in her make-up. Indeed, it's her very scorn of that theatrical commodity which has done as much as anything to build up the illusion of perversity. Unconventional Hollywood has its

own conventions. You must dress thus-and-so, appear here and there, maintain such-and-such attitudes toward such-and-such aspects of life. Your own feelings and beliefs have little to do with it.

Convention makes cowards of most of us. Sullavan has never let what people think influence her course. Not because she cultivates defiance, and not because she burns to blazon new trails either. But because it would make her acutely miserable to follow any path save the one that seems marked out for her. That she lacks arrogance is indicated by her willingness to recognize her mistakes. What seems right for her today may seem wrong tomorrow. In that case, she breaks clean and starts over. She has a directness in speech and action which may disconcert those of us who take refuge in social evasions against the thrust of truth. Honesty with her is not a high moral resolve. It's something she can't help. If the truth hurts, it's still the truth and must be faced.

DESPITE this straightforwardness, generally regarded as an attribute of the male, she seems wholly feminine. I watched her as she played a scene for "Three Comrades." In a dark blue ski suit, gay mittens and clumping shoes, she walked up a snow-cruised path, arms linked through those of Bob Taylor and Robert Young. Their height emphasized her littleness. At its softly curling edges, her fair hair looked as if the sun had been caught in it. She had the air of a child till she lifted her gray-blue eyes to Taylor, a hint of gentle mockery veiling their tenderness. Their feeling was repeated in the sweet huskiness of her tones. You didn't know what the scene led from or to,

Bob Taylor, Maggie and Robert Young in "Three Comrades."



Meet Brooke with Leland Hayward, her very proud daddy.



BY IDA ZEITLIN

**Margaret Sullavan's back—with
a brand new contract, a good as
new baby, and a will to stay!**

but in six light words and a gesture, she'd created a mood there was no mistaking—that of a woman deeply cherished and cherishing.

Later she came over and dropped into a high-backed chair. The woman of the scene you'd just witnessed was gone. With her feet barely grazing the floor, her wide-spaced eyes, the silky texture of her hair, again she suggested the small girl. Nor was it an impression altogether physical. There was something in her manner, too—among other things, perhaps, her faculty of withdrawing like a child into some secret place of the mind, whence she looks out guardedly on a world that can't always be trusted.

Once convinced that no harm is pending, she lowers her guard with disarming humor. "Note the green sickly pallor," she says, lips buttoned over a smile that glimmers through, "the trembling hands, the tongue stuck to the roof of the mouth. All symptoms. Of what? You know. Interviewitis."

Though her tongue be stuck, she manages nicely. She's not voluble. She *(Continued on page 85)*

"And to think," says
Maggie, "I was gonna
commit suicide once!"





A MAN

Jimmy Cagney knows what he wants!

What's more, he isn't afraid to take it

by
CAROLINE S. HOYT

Jim got his first job on his nerve, and has been getting things that way ever since. He believes that if you say you can do a thing, and mean it, you can't help succeeding.

FOLKS AROUND town were saying, "Well, I guess Cagney's happy now," or "Jimmy must be feeling pretty swell these days," or "Wonder whether Cagney's changed?"

The folks had reference to the fact that Jimmy and his studio have quit "a-feudin'."

There were portents, hummed Hollywood, that Jimmy has "changed"; indications that he is happy as, perhaps, never before. For Jimmy went to the studio party, and Jimmy never before attended a studio party. He was greeted by loud salvos of, "Hi, Jimmy," "Hi there, Cagney!" by everyone on the lot. And what is more remarkable, Jimmy returned the salvos by calling every one of the greeters by *his first name*. He hadn't forgotten the name of a single carpenter, electrician or supervisor.

Then, too, Jimmy is reunited with his "Club" again, that unofficial but warmly all-for-one-and-one-for-all club comprised of Irishman Pat O'Brien, Irishman Frank McHugh, Irishman Allen Jenkins, Irishman Ralph Bellamy and Irishman James Cagney. The "boys" are always together off the lot. Now they are together again on the lot. And there's always windy weather when these fellers get together. Tales of their exploits run around the lot now, hand in hand with laughter—how Pat and Jimmy, between scenes of "Boy Meets Girl," would go down to the set of "Four's a Crowd," where Rosalind Russell was working,

without FEAR



Jimmy, the boy, meets Marie Wilson, the girl, in "Boy Meets Girl." Result, uproarious comedy.



Jimmy's smart "little woman," "Billie," who knows a thing or three about how to keep a husband happy.

and just stand there staring at Roz, never batting an eyelash, never taking their eyes off her face, just stand there staring, *staring*, until Roz, with a sense of humor as lusty as theirs, stopped the show by yelling, "I can't do any good work with these "B" picture actors gawking at me!"

They tell how Jimmy and Pat took themselves down to the Anton Litvak set of "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse," with scripts of "Clitterhouse" projecting from their pockets, and just stood there on the side lines as though patiently awaiting their calls, causing Director Litvak to question his own sanity. What were they doing there? Were there two actors in the cast he didn't know about? Then they'd romp down to the Busby Berkeley set of "Gold Diggers in Paris," and ogle the girls, until one day the female of the species proved itself more deadly than the male, and the girls, dozens and dozens strong (and beautiful), swarmed. They swarmed around Jimmy and Pat, all but crushing the breath out of them, and the "Gold Diggers in Paris" saw James and Patrick no more.

Another day Pat and Ralph Bellamy had time off from the set of "Boy Meets Girl," and went to the races at Santa Anita. It was a five-horse race, and they put their money on four of the horses. And the fifth horse came in. Jimmy loves that one.

So, time marches on. Jimmy is back on the old home lot, and all is forgiven. Jimmy hasn't changed a bit.

Fact is, Cagney is a man who never changes. He never reacts violently to anything. He makes no unnecessary noise. His pet hate is loud voices. His own voice is, as you know, little more than a whisper. He never gets excited. If he does, you would never know it. Even his horseplay goes softly shod. He does what he wants to do, what he believes in doing, and that's that. There is no to-do about it. Come poverty or riches, success or failure, ups or downs, Jimmy moves along his quiet, undeviating course, his voice the purr of a jungle cat, his eyes half veiled, half smiling. Not the zephyrs of spring, nor the catastrophic cyclone can ruffle one red hair of his head.

I WAS LATE for our luncheon date. Jimmy is never late for any date. When I entered the commissary, Jimmy was seated at a corner table, talking with his brother Bill and Dick Powell. Jimmy and Dick were planning a weekend on their boats. The discussion was whether they should go on Dick's boat, or on Jimmy's sixty-six-foot schooner, the "Martha," or take both boats and see which one could circle the other, or whatever boats do. There was no argument about whether they should take one wife, or both. The answer was neither. Jimmy and Dick have the sea in common. Mrs. Jimmy and Mrs. Dick (Joan Blondell) have sea-sickness in common. Result, ancient mariner Cagney and ancient (Continued on page 87)



**If this set of studio bracers
doesn't save them, it's fare-
well forever!**

FIRST AID FOR *Falling Stars*

IT IS YOU, the public, who make movie stars rise and fall, and you have a way of doing it with which they can't argue. A star may think she's still tops—she's all but mobbed when she appears in public, her fan mail still comes in in truckloads—but let five little words be spoken and she knows that you no longer care, that you're showing it by staying away from her pictures in droves.

The words? "Poison at the box office." That is the way Katharine Hepburn learned that you'd turned thumbs down on her.

Katie was kidding around one day at the studio with a couple of directors. She said, "I suppose some day I'll have to be in one of your B pictures."

To which one retorted, "Not if I can help it. You're poison at the box office."

They're deadly, those box office figures. So are the film salesmen's reports. Nobody can argue with them. Maybe the man who runs your theatre tells the salesman that he doesn't want to book a certain star's pictures, or perhaps he protested against paying the re-





VIRGINIA VANCE

quired rental on them. He says they don't do business for him. In that case perhaps he's checked. If you see a man in the lobby of a picture theater, with a thing like a stop-watch in his hand, you may know that he's checking the number of tickets sold, probably to see if the exhibitor was justified in complaining. If he was, it's likely to mean trouble for the star.

Sometimes it's not hard to see why a star falls. With Katharine Hepburn it may have been all those costume pictures; with Marlene Dietrich it probably was her determination to have von Sternberg direct her, and produce all those snail-like close-ups. With Constance Bennett it probably was a feeling that Commodore Vanderbilt was right when he said, "The public be damned," a saying which Miss Hepburn also seemed to be trying to live up to, especially where newspaper reporters were concerned. His studio felt that while Robert Taylor wasn't "fallen," he might be pushed! That was before he did "A Yank at Oxford."

When a star falls, or is likely to, there are certain steps taken almost automatically. If you know that they are happening to a favorite of yours, you may be sure that she's not the favorite of many other people. The studio, in a valiant effort not to lose money on a valuable investment, is administering tried and true hypodermics.

One first aid treatment is to give the star a different type of story, with a good director and a bang-up cast that includes a popular leading man.

Hepburn got "Stage Door." That picture killed two birds with one stone, for Ginger Rogers had been beg-

ging for pictures that would give her a chance to prove that she wasn't just Fred Astaire's dancing partner. Too many people had been calling their joint efforts "the new Astaire picture" to suit her.

That picture was perfect first aid. A huge price was paid for the screen rights to a successful stage play, the story of the play was thrown away, and a good writer engaged to do a new one, and the whole thing was handed to a director who had a reputation for turning out hits. The picture did what was needed. It helped Miss Hepburn. It also helped Miss Rogers, as is shown by the fact that, after he saw it, Fred Astaire sent her a telegram containing just one word, "Ouch!"

BUT THE wayward Katie needed more assistance. So she was put into a goofy comedy. That's First Aid Measure Number Two. Ever since "The Thin Man," goofy comedies have been sure-fire, though at the moment their popularity is waning. But nearly all the stars have been pestering their companies to let them have just one chance at cock-eyed humor.

Irene Dunne wanted it; she felt that the public was going to tire of seeing her play nice girls. She'd broken loose a bit in "Show Boat," when she did that hoydenish little dance, but she wanted more. She nailed down her new reputation in "The Awful Truth."

Katharine Hepburn drew "Bringing Up Baby," in which she fell flat on her face, time after time, for belly laughs, and got them.

Marlene Dietrich has been (Continued on page 74)



Would you expect dimpled Sonja to be a business woman? She is!

Before Love did a fade-out, Tyrone Power was Sonja's beau.

Wrecking THOSE RUMORS

Sonja Henie gives the answers to questions people have hitherto answered for her





Between scenes, Mrs. Henie is right there to take care of her famous daughter's every need.



It has been "rumored" that Richard Greene is Sonja's latest. But, it's only rumor, y'know.

by **DORA ALBERT**

IF YOU read your fan magazines, you already know that the Tyrone Power-Sonja Henie romance is colder than iced tea, and you probably believe that all of Sonja's incredible triumphs, her fantastically brilliant skating exhibitions, and her amazing success at the box-office have not compensated her for the loss of Tyrone.

The newspapers and magazines had a Roman holiday over the death of this romance, and the appearance on Tyrone's horizon of that red-headed stick of dynamite, Janet Gaynor.

They said, "Tyrone must have brought their romance to a close before Sonja was ready. Sonja must still be carrying a flaming torch for the slim dark boy with the irresistible eyes."

They said that when Sonja realized her romance with Tyrone was over, there was a bitter quarrel. "Sonja and Ty," read the columns, "talked it over, not long ago—and did they talk. Why, they almost yelled."

But Sonja's answer to all that was just a knowing smile and a shrug of her pretty shoulders.

Sitting opposite me, curled up like a little girl on a sofa, she said, "Although I have not seen Tyrone lately, we are still good friends. The stories that we quarreled are silly. They are all made up. Tyrone and I never had any discussion whatsoever about his falling in love with Janet Gaynor. The idea of my being broken-hearted is just funny."

Certainly Sonja Henie didn't look broken-hearted as she sat there, radiating warmth and happiness.

To her Tyrone had been a marvelous friend, a charming companion, but he was not the great love of a lifetime. Sonja had realized this from the beginning, so to her

there never was any question of heart-break. Something that proves even more surely that Sonja isn't broken-hearted is the tremendous interest she takes in the effect of romance on the box-office. If she were really eating out her heart over Tyrone, she couldn't consider romance quite so dispassionately.

"You know," she said once, "I do not think that romances are very good for the box-office, anyway, particularly romances of long standing. Look how Dick Powell's box-office rating went down when he married Joan Blondell. And Robert Taylor, I think, would be even more popular if he didn't go so steadily with Barbara Stanwyck. If a man is young, handsome and eligible, every woman who sees him on the screen thinks that perhaps she has a chance. But if he becomes engaged, she may lose interest, because she knows she can't have him. If I were to get married tomorrow, my box office would drop right away."

Would that stop Sonja Henie from getting married, if she fell in love?

"No," she said, "but I will not get married for at least a couple of years. I have too much skating to do."

"Someone told me," I ventured, "that the man who really has the inside track to your heart is a Norwegian named Carl Carlson."

This time Sonja exploded in a merry peal of laughter.

"That is so funny," she said. "There isn't a thing to it. He was once my secretary. That is all. No one has the inside track to my heart. Cesar Romero? No. There is nothing to that story."

"Why not? He is young, handsome and romantic."

"Of course he is, and that (*Continued on page 90*)



DON AMECHE'S



**What is the reason for Don
Ameche's great faith in people?
Has he tested and proven it,
or is it a blind illusion?**

Don is so happily married that he hates to cross the street without Honore, but he never found that that impaired his "glamor" or hurt his popularity.

secret

HAPPINESS

Don never, even in the beginning, was treated like an outsider in Hollywood. He found only warm friendliness.

Simone Simon may say "yes" or she may say "no" to Don Ameche, in "Josette," but Don doesn't look worried.



MARY PARKES

IS DON AMECHE disillusioned? After eight years on the air, after nearly three years in Hollywood, has that warm heart of his received a cold check? Has that eagerness, which is reflected in his dark eyes, that spontaneity which makes his laughter so heartening to hear, been dampened and turned back on itself, wormed with doubt and sorry skepticism?

Is Don disillusioned about life, love and friendship? Doing as much for others as he does, is he disillusioned about gratitude, appreciation? Above all, is he disillusioned about work, about Hollywood?

The answer is No. No, no, a million times no! You couldn't disillusion Don Ameche. Not that he believes that Santa Claus comes down the chimney, or that Titania dances on the thin turn of the moon, but he does believe that the spirit of the fat Saint is in the hearts of men, and that the beauty of Titania is in the hearts of women.

No, you couldn't disillusion Don, not even if you tried. It's been tried. But if his best friend knifed him, if jealous rivals beset him, if faiths were broken, and hopes betrayed, he would still believe in the fundamental goodness of mankind. Because he believes in God, and he believes in the life to come. He said to me "I don't just 'believe it.' I know it."

He believes in "doing unto others," believes that you are happiest when you're sacrificing. Men like Lister, men like Semmelweis, called "the saver of mothers," men who work in laboratories their lives through, trying to isolate a germ, trying to discover a serum which will cure an incurable disease, priests and missionaries, men who are working to benefit mankind—these, Don believes, are the happiest men in all

the world, for they are men with vocations, and the courage to follow them.

I said, "But what about your work, then? Feeling as you do, how are you content with being on the screen, and on the air? You can't call pictures a vocation!"

"But I do," said this astonishing young man. "I do." Right then I knew that he was about to tell me something in which he hotly and honestly believes. One might have known that he would feel his work a vocation, this young man who once thought of studying for the priesthood. It's been called a lot of things, this business of being a star. I've heard it called a racket, a form of self expression, a gratification of the ego, a short cut to fame and riches. But this was the first time I'd ever heard it spoken of as a vocation, as self sacrifice.

"It's a sacrifice for me to be in pictures and on the air," said Don. Could I believe my ears? "At least, I can think of half a dozen other businesses that would be easier on me. This work is hard, don't let anyone tell you different. It's nervous work. We're always at high emotional tension. We ourselves don't realize at what a tension we work until we crack up one fine day, and then that's that." (And there came to my mind Jean Harlow, Irving Thalberg, Bill Powell's recent illness, Alice Faye's fainting on the set, Olivia de Havilland on the verge of a nervous breakdown, Bette Davis unable to gain weight, and all those others).

"Honore and I," Don said, "always eat dinner out, you know. Not that I don't like to eat at home, but simply because I've gone at such a tempo all day that I can't relax, can't go where (Continued on page 93)



Will Kay's new-found love and leisure make up for glamor and glory, and the satisfaction of personal success?

KAY FRANCIS is saying goodbye! To put it bluntly, Kay Francis is retiring from the screen. Yes, it's true. She says so. And if there's one outstanding characteristic about Kay it's her sincerity. There's a sort of terrible, uncompromising honesty in everything she says. You always know she means it.

"In September," sighed Kay, ecstatically, "in September of this year, 1938, my contract with pictures is up, and I am retiring from the screen, grateful for many kindnesses, appreciative, and all that. But, barring an Act of God, my retirement will be permanent. I'm through. I'm getting out. It's over. And I can hardly wait for September!"

Can you believe it! It sounds incredible. It's easy to understand a star's ecstasy over the approach of so romantic and important a marriage as Kay is going to make in September. Who wouldn't be ecstatic about marrying a gentleman named Baron Raven Eric Angus Barnekow? But, can it be possible that Kay will never make another picture? Not even after the honeymoon?

"No, there will not even be any 'in between pictures,'" said Kay Francis, "not after September." She will leave the screen, she will be a star no longer. Kay will be ecstatic, because stardom has meant more than a little martyrdom for her, believe it or not.

Kay won't talk much about her Eric (who will be her fifth husband, her first two marriages having occurred before she was twenty-one). Having to discuss her per-

sonal affairs is one of the things she most detests about the status of stardom. And oh, how she does detest stardom! Being expected to expose to the public gaze her secret heart and the hearts of those nearest and dearest to her is just too much.

Kay did say, however, that she will be married sometime within the year. Just when, she couldn't tell, because she doesn't know. They will make their home in Hollywood for six months of the year (the Baron has a plant here for the manufacture of aeroplanes), and they will travel the other six months. Kay loves travelling more than anything in the world. You never meet her that she isn't planning "my next trip." When they are in Hollywood, she and the Baron will live in her new home in Cold Water Canyon. The Baron, who is half Scottish and half German, has several homes on the continent, and they will visit his homes when they are abroad.

This much she would tell, and no more, except what one could guess by that glow in her eyes which is there only when a woman is richly happy, in every way content.

"Barring an Act of God," Kay repeated vigorously, "I will never be 'in pictures' again, and I can't wait to be finished. I can't wait to be forgotten."

Did you ever think you'd live to see the day when a star would say, "I can't wait to be forgotten"—and mean it?

"It's stupid to make prophesies," said Kay, "even about one's self. And I'm not making prophesies. I won't say that if, now and again, a specially interesting picture



Meet Baron Raven Erik Angus Barnekow, who wants to be called plain "Mister." He's to be Kay's fifth.



Kay and Pat O'Brien look very much "that way" in "Women Are Like That," but it's for professional purposes!

should come up, I wouldn't do it, if I were asked. I might. But I wouldn't care about being the star. I should prefer not to be the star. I wouldn't care if I had only one scene to do, so long as I liked the story, and the character. But that is problematical. And never again, so long as I live, shall I sign a long-term contract anywhere, for any reason.

"It is not entirely because I'm getting married," said Kay. "It's a combination of everything. Eric dislikes the publicity attached to my work as much as I do, understands it even less than I do, never having experienced anything of the sort. But I disliked it intensely many years before I ever even met him.

I NEVER wanted to be a star," Kay went on, "I have loathed being a star. There's too much heartbreak to it. There's too much strain, too much publicity, which means too little privacy, too much of everything I detest, and far too little of everything I value. Naturally, I didn't anticipate all this before I got into it.

"The money has been nice," said Kay, honestly, "that has been the compensation. But I have invested my money, saved it, taken care of it. I don't need any more. There is no necessity to keep on just for the sake of making more.

"There is too much responsibility attached to being

a star. If a picture is bad, every one blames the star. They rarely blame the producer, the director, the scenarist, the cameraman, or the rest of the cast. It is always the star who has failed, the star who is 'slipping.' And when a million dollar production is involved, that is quite a responsibility.

"Non-stars have a much better time of it. Take any well-known character actor. He has a wonderful life.

He can have several weeks, even months, off between productions to travel and vacation. He adds immeasurably to any picture he is in, yet if the picture flops no one blames him. Such men are David Niven, for instance, and Frank Morgan, and Alan Mowbray. That's the way to enjoy being in pictures. Those who strive

for stardom know not what they do.

"I loathe the business of stardom. I hate planned interviews. I hate being 'snapped' when I'm walking down the street. I hate being stared at when I go to lunch with my friends. I hate taking stills. I hate being mobbed when I go to have my hair done. The old simile about a star's life being comparable to a gold fish in a glass bowl is true.

"The rabid pursuit of stars amounts to persecution. One time on my way to New York, when we stopped in Chicago, I stayed in my drawing-room in lounging pajamas, a net on my hair, cold (Continued on page 92)

FAITH SERVICE



Ginger Rogers
"works out" re-
ligiously and
look at the fine
results. Jean
Parker's another
example of
streamlined per-
fection through
exercise.



Figure IT OUT THIS WAY

The stars tell you how to do
your own individual streamlining

by

MARY MARSHALL

Danielle Darrieux's
beautiful legs and
fetching figure are
limbered up daily
with her own spe-
cial routines.





Dorothy Lamour, of the lovely arms and shoulders, "sets up" regularly, too.

ON THE back of an old shopping list, there are jotted down some notes which nobody could possibly read but myself, and if I leave them till they get cold, I'll not be able to read them either. These notes add up to around two dozen grand exercises, diet hints and defect-disguisers, each one designed to keep American female figures at a streamlined par. Since I don't own the magazine and can't have the whole book to myself, I want to get down to business pretty quickly, and pack as much information as possible into this article.

Let me remind you of some fundamental truths. 1: You *diet* to lose weight generally, if you're heavy all over. You *exercise* to lose weight in spots, and to improve the grace, balance and suppleness of your body. Don't ever again be caught saying, "The minute I diet, my face and neck get thin, and I never lose off my hips, where I want to." If you're hippy, bulgy or minus a waistline (so necessary this year with the fitted styles!) you should merely eat sensibly and exercise earnestly and faithfully. If you are really obese, please, please see a physician before you attempt any sort of diet or exercise at all. There may be a glandular disturbance which only a doctor can correct. But you others—the "just plump" folks—you can get thin all right if you use your common sense and your will power.

2: Trick diets and eating stunts are out. They're dangerous, stupid, and as passé as having the vapours. Every diet should include fruit, vegetables, lean meat, eggs, fish, skim milk or buttermilk, a little butter, a very little sugar, and some bread. You can count calories if you want to. Twelve to fifteen hundred a day are the least even the fattest wench should have, unless otherwise advised by a doctor. Personally, I have little patience with calorie-counting. I think anybody with the sense God gave geese ought to be able to stick to medium portions, single help-

ings, and a balance of the sensible foods given above. But there are plenty of calorie charts available, so go ahead and count if you want to.

3: It is harder, generally, to gain than to lose. Skinny girls are often highly nervous, and do not assimilate food properly, or they have bird-like appetites (in which case, try the system of eating little and often). Or they eat all the wrong things. Thin girls who have tried to gain and cannot should up and away to a medico. Don't think, because you're thin, that you can go in heavily for sweets, if you happen to like them. Sugar satisfies hunger too quickly, fills you up as a gooey sandwich or dessert does, leaving you unsatisfied an hour or two later. Sweets and rich starches dull the appetite for more desirable foods. If you're thin and generally healthy, you need exercises, too—for relaxation, mostly, and a few of these are given below.

4: Everybody who isn't sick abed needs to exercise regularly. And outdoor sports, swell as they are, don't quite fill the bill. You need formal, corrective exercises. But I do *not* mean strenuous exercises. Start as easy as you like, two or three minutes at a time, if you're quite plump, and have neglected physical exercise for some time. Work up gradually from that modest beginning. Don't bundle up, either, and try to sweat off weight. That doesn't do any good. You lose some weight in water, via the perspiration route, but you put it right back on again with the next beverage you drink. The secret of streamlining your body through exercise is faithfulness, perseverance, and doing exercises correctly and not sloppily. And—here you must use your own head—pick out exercises which will cure your figure faults. Frixample: many a bulging tummy is due to poor muscles, not actual fat. Firm those muscles, and don't give up foods which your body needs, nor bounce (Continued on page 96)

THE Skipper AND HIS LADIES



Frances Langford is only a handful, but is she sweet!

Yankee sea captains and Tahitian beauties were Jon's forebears.



Commander or cook with equal ease,
Jon Hall is one versatile guy.



It's all smooth sailing on the sea of romance with Frances and Jon.

Jon tells how many he has loved, and what he thinks of Hollywood girls

by **MARTHA KERR**

I LIKE women who are well-dressed, have beautiful complexions and plenty of health and vitality," said Jon Hall. "I hate infidelity in women, and I don't like women who argue or try to make you spend more than you can afford. The women I go out with understand that I can spend only about twenty-five dollars a week for entertainment. If a girl insists on going to some expensive, elaborate place, I simply say, 'I'm terribly sorry, but I can't afford to go there. I'm afraid I won't be able to take you. And I won't argue with anyone, man or woman. I never have and I never will.'"

"You mean you don't even argue with producers?" I asked.

"No," said Jon Hall. "That's why I pay a manager, so he can do my fighting for me, if it's necessary. When I made 'Hurricane,' I didn't have a manager, and I did a lot of things I shouldn't have. I lost thirty pounds making that picture. I did all the diving myself, except the dive from the cliff, for which a double was used. And for one whole morning and afternoon I was horse-whipped." Jon laughed. "It was all worth while, though, every bit of it. I was lucky to get a role like that one in 'Hurricane.'"

The day he was chosen for the role of Terangi stands out as the high point in Jon Hall's life. That and the day he took his father, mother and sister to the premiere of "Hurricane," a premiere that was to make movie history in a town where all openings are spectacular. All night, lights flashed across the sky, and Hawaiian bands played till dawn, while ten thousand fans in the grandstands watched a hurricane so real they were shaken

and moved, feeling as though they had really watched a great disaster. And on that day a new star was born, Jon Hall.

Sitting opposite, I stared at him. His physique is magnificent. The chair in which he sat seemed almost too small to hold him. Whether he is sitting or standing, he towers. His light brown hair is slightly wavy, the lines of his face are strong, almost rugged, and his chin, his grayish-blue dreamer's eyes and his well-chiseled features tell you that he has a proud heredity.

His paternal grandfather, Captain Charles Chapman of New England, sailed the seven seas until he reached the harbor of Papeete, then settled there to live. His great-grandmother was Levina, a woman who was almost a legend of the South Seas, famed for her beauty, kindness and her wonderful gifts as a hostess. His mother is one-fourth Tahitian, his father is Swiss. In his own day Jon's father was quite an athlete, so he taught Jon (real name is Charlie Locher) to love the outdoors, and to swim almost as soon as he could walk.

WHEN a man like Jon, handsome, athletic and an excellent dancer, hits Hollywood, the reverberations can be heard all over the continent. You have heard Hollywood characterized as the city of lonely women, and that is quite true. It is a city swarming with women, where every man becomes legitimate prey for the Dianas of the screen. Naturally, Jon Hall was soon in great demand at parties and social functions. A little bewildered by all this adulation, he was fortunate and grateful to be given the friendship of a (Continued on page 99)

THE LOVES OF

Lamour

Yes, there is more than one, and
yet, you cannot call her fickle

by **DOROTHY GULMAN**

DOROTHY LAMOUR is one lucky lass who needed no pointers from Miss Beatrice Fairfax to win her man. For the delectable Dottie was wise when it came to the grand emotion. She spotted dear old Dan Cupid practically at the moment he spotted her, and with all the accuracy of a William Tell, she guided the bow, and directed the aim, of that all-important arrow.

Picture a lush southern belle just turned seventeen, fresh from home-town triumphs as "Miss New Orleans." Put that moonlight-and-magnolia vision of loveliness into a drab grey uniform. Imagine her stranded in cold, bleak, mid-winter Chicago, operating an elevator in a busy State Street department store for eighteen dollars a week. It may not be your idea of gay, carefree youth, but it happens to be an unretouched portrait of Dorothy Lamour in 1931, when the late Dorothy Dell introduced her to me.

Dottie and I immediately became friends. Before long we were sharing an apartment at a downtown hotel where I was employed. The poverty which had haunted Dorothy all through her childhood had instilled in her an invincible urge to attain the success that spelled security. On one of the hotel's weekly celebrity nights she cajoled the master of ceremonies into calling her up to sing a number. The crowd had been lavishly entertained by Kate Smith, Harry Richman, Dennis King, Rudy Vallee, Hal Le Roy, and Vincent Lopez. They had rubbed shoulders with such notables as Jack Dempsey and Mayor Cermak. No one paid the slightest attention to the frightened little nobody in ill-fitting clothes, as she struggled (Continued on page 101)



Siren of the sar-
ong. Left, with
handsome hubby,
Herbie Kay.

Tempestuous TENOR

Allan Jones' path has not always been strewn with songs! He's had to fight his way to favor

by **ROBERT McILWAIN**

Allan, Irene, and little Gail aboard Smoky.

NO, I DIDN'T wipe coal dust out of my eyes and hastily board a train for Hollywood," Allan Jones began almost apologetically. "I wasn't that lucky or talented or sumpin'. Do you know what it cost me to go into pictures? Well, plenty! And not all in hard work and prayers either! Twenty thousand of hard earned cash! What do you think of that?"

Well, he had me there, for I'm one of the gullible guys who read (and believed) that Jones was picked up by one of that ever-present gentry known as talent scouts. Y'know, they tap you on the shoulder, give you a ticket to the coast, a mansion in Beverly and stardom at the slightest provocation! Oh, they do, do they?

"I'm the kind who has to work like hell for everything I get," Allan continued, "including my break in 'The Firefly.' A friend of mine, who is a producer, had asked me to do some favors. Among them was to dub in my voice for 'A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody' for a scene in 'The Great Zeigfeld.' He promised nothing definite in return for the job, but said some day he would have something for me—he hoped.

"Sure enough, he turned up with 'The Firefly' script and asked me to do it. Even that wasn't a cinch, what with three strikes on me before I began, because the Nelson Eddy fans resented my being in one of his spots. Nevertheless, I worked like a slave and hope I did a good job. I even trained my horse to do a couple of tricks. If you saw 'The Firefly,' you remember when I fell off the horse, he came back and kissed me.

"As a matter of fact, since then, that's all he wants to do. He's spoiled now. Yep, if I don't stop in and see him every day, he raises plenty of cain. You've heard of picture hogs? Well, that's Smoky all over. He loves getting his mug right into the camera. Since the picture, he's become so jealous that if I exercise Irene's horse, it practically throws his nose out of joint."

Just to bring the records up to date, while we are keeping up with the Joneses, there was that little matter of some few words over "Everybody Sing."

"I'll tell you frankly I didn't want to do the picture," Jones began. "In fact, I took a six weeks suspension. This meant (Continued on page 100)

SUIT Yourself

With summer here, get into the swim of things with smart star bathing togs



Sweethearts in swim suits; Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane go to the beach in matching trunks and printed satin lastex maillot, by Catalina.

by
**ANN
WILLS**



Marie Wilson wears a two-piece dressmaker suit by Catalina in cotton with Indian motif design.

ASK ANY Hollywood star what her favorite outdoor sport is, and nine times out of ten, the emphatic answer will be, "Swimming!" Very often, it's the only sport she's able to fit into her busy day, for if she's working on a picture, she'll just have time for a quick plunge into her private pool or into the ocean in front of her cottage at Malibu. Many of the stars, as you know, find swimming the best and most pleasant exercise for relaxing taut nerves and for keeping the trim figures you admire on the screen.

Swimming days for all of us are just ahead, vacations are in the offing, and aren't we glad! Seems as though it's been an awfully long time arriving, but summer, sweet summer, is here at last, officially opened by a nice long Memorial Day week-end to give us a taste of the

fun that lies before us. Summer, the season of the year when swimming heads everyone's sports list and your bathing suit is your favorite costume, which you don at every opportunity!

Seashore, mountain lake, outdoor pool, or ye olde swimmin' hole—all are calling you to dive into their cool blue waters, to exercise winter-softened muscles by vigorous swimming, to stretch yourself out on their shores and soak up the health-giving rays of the warm summer sun, breathe the good fresh air, and acquire a gorgeous tan on as much of you as possible!

Perhaps you career gals have already made plans for spending the precious weeks of your summer vacation. Or, if you're lucky enough to be in school still, you're looking forward to those glori-



Rochelle Hudson chooses Cherie, smooth fitting because it's made of Jantzen's Wisp-o-weight.



And petite Dixie Dunbar plans to do some serious swimming in the Vee Tuck, also by Jantzen.



While the choice of Eadie Adams is a conservative skirted suit by B. V. D. in dusty pink wool.

ous months of summer freedom. But, whoever you are, whatever your plans—well, if I could find any takers, I'd put my hard-earned shekels on a sure thing—I'll bet that you're in the market for a new bathing suit! And if you're not, if you had thought you'd make last year's model do, you'll change your mind in a jiffy when you see the entrancing new designs being offered you for summer, 1938. Flattering new necklines with easily adjustable shoulder-strap arrangements that look tricky, but aren't; bright new California hand-blocked prints; beautiful new beach colors that blend perfectly with the seascape—recession or no recession, you cannot resist 'em!

Hollywood, of course, swims all

year 'round and, consequently, Hollywood demands the best in swim suits, the most practical and "swimable," and at the same time, the smartest. So, if you're the least bit particular about what kind of bathing suit you're going to select for this season, you can't go wrong if you make your choice from the ones that Hollywood has accepted wholeheartedly, can you? And you'd better be particular, for if anything must fit perfectly, be worn easily and nonchalantly, it's certainly your bathing suit. I'm sure you'll agree on that!

The suits you see above are made by three manufacturers who've all been making bathing suits for years and years, each year reaching a new high in perfection of fabric, fit and

weave. Each season's models have been styled in tune with the latest fashion mood. With these years of experience behind them, it's only natural that, for ease of fit, for comfort, for sheer beauty of line, design and color, this season's crop will be hard to beat.

Those two up-and-coming young stars, Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris, are seen everywhere together these days. They're together so much that now they've even started dressing alike in "twin" fashions! For the beach, Wayne wears printed satin lastex swimming trunks that exactly match Priscilla's smooth satin lastex maillot. The seams of all these satin lastex suits are sewed (*Continued on page 105*)

Funniest GAL IN TOWN

And the funniest part of it
is that Marie Wilson does
not want to be

by MARY SHARON

THERE ARE a lot of funny people in Hollywood, but Marie Wilson is the funniest of them all.

Noah Webster described her exactly when he wrote that to be funny is to be "laughable, especially from absurdity or oddness." That's Marie all over. Ever since she was a child, Marie has always been funny, but her funniness has been tangled up with purpose and endeavor. As a youngster she was continually up to delightfully mad pranks. Only they weren't pranks to Marie. They were deadly serious episodes.

Her mother tells a rare one. When she was ten years old, Marie decided definitely to become an actress. In order to develop and practise her art, she felt the need of audience appreciation. So she organized a little theatre in the neighborhood. They were a lackadaisical group, however. Nobody but Marie had any deep interest in the Thespian art.

She fixed up drapes and settings, and coaxed her little friends to come and watch her emote, but they were hopelessly bored. Always, she found that her audience slipped quietly out, before she reached the climax of her act. She tried emoting before empty chairs, but that took something away from her performance. After all, it didn't make a bit of difference to the chairs, whether she emoted with feeling or not.

Finally, she took desperate steps. She was a good little cook. She could make frothy puddings and dainty little cookies. So she bribed her audience! If they (Continued on page 103)



Marie and Nick Grinde, who laughed the first time he saw Marie, but later learned to love her.



She's so romantic
she's amusing, so
no one will take
Marie seriously.



OFF THEIR Guard

Carole, the glamor girl, is pitching right into the fan field this season! Yep, the Lombard's had more hits than Joe di Maggio, which, in any language, is a batting average.

Photos by George Strock

THE DAILY *Dozen*



Some meanies said that Betty Grable married Jackie Coogan for his money, and are their faces red now! The beautiful Betty loves to work—and by all the current news reports it looks as though she'll have to!

While the rest of us bend and stretch and roll to keep in

trim, Bet.



Scoop! Sonja Henie, Richard Greene, Ilona Massey, Vic Orsatti, Alice Faye and Tony Martin.



Eleanore Whitney took a dare and stole the show, right under Jumbo's nose.



Tch, tch! It may be only forty rooms, but still it's home to them!

Sightseein'



This quaint English cottage, upper left, is Bette Davis' rest-haven. Nature has been allowed to landscape in her own charming fashion. The "Nelson" mailbox, in case you're wondering, belongs to Bette's husband.

From his hill-top "nest," lower left, Warner Baxter's view extends from the Sierra Nevadas to the Pacific Ocean. At night, his terraced garden with its waterfall is lighted by the spotlight you'll find under the eave.

(Upper right) Would you want anything more grand than Paul Muni's choice? Its refreshing Spanish style and large swimming pool make it a cool refuge for a tired actor on hot California days. We like it, Mr. Muni!

(Lower right) Peaked gables, shuttered windows and wide expanse of green lawn make the spot where Dick Powell spends his leisure hours elegant in its simplicity. Such surroundings would inspire any crooner, we think!

THE Daily GRIND

Alas! Even a glamor gal
like Olivia De Havilland
must live by the clock



At six a.m. the
alarm tingles, waking
our sleeping beauty.

In comfortable pa-
jamas, she rushes to
the "Robin Hood" set.



Not a moment to
waste! Olivia studies
her script as she sips.

At nine, made-up
and hair done, Olivia
is ready to rehearse.



ON THE *Set*

Between scenes of "Three
Comrades," Bob Taylor
does a little cavorting



— — —
"Miss Stanwyck?
This is Robert Taylor.
Remember?"

Bob's favorite lunch-
eon pals—the prop-
erty men.



— — —
Time for work, so Mr.
T. gets set for a
close-up.

Robert Benchley,
book worm, gets the
"hot foot."





A thoroughbred takes Marjorie Weaver over the jumps, and, right, Glenda Farrell plays at that rough, rowdy game—croquet!



Olivia de Havilland and Anita Louise run away from the studio in a boat, for the Warner brothers can't swim!



Summer's

THE TIME FOR FUN



Caddying for Deanna Durbin is fun to Peggy Ryan. Right, going swimming? No! Anne Shirley and John Payne play a love match!



"Well, then, let's see you, Doug," says Anita Louise, and Douglass Montgomery has to do or sink.

**Vacation's here, so
park your books and
typewriters and step
out with the stars**

Good NEWS

BY LEO TOWNSEND

On the set of "Toy Wife", co-starring Luise Rainer and Bob Young, we talked to Bob while he relaxed on the sidelines and watched his stand-in work. "It's a strange business," says Mr. Y. "In this picture, I died two weeks ago. Now I'm working my head off, just as though nothing happened." Incidentally, Bob is a bit worried. He says he played a corpse in two pictures prior to "Toy Wife"—and he's afraid he's being typed.

Margaret Sullavan, for whom Jean Harlow's dressing room was redecorated, turned it down at the last minute and never moved in. No reason was given, but it's understood she was superstitious. So the dressing room is now the permanent studio residence of Luise Rainer, and Miss Sullavan has moved elsewhere. However, she retains Peggy MacDonald, her hairdresser, who was with Jean Harlow until Jean's death.

As we go to press, her studio is planning to send Shirley Temple to New York to attend the premiere of "Little Miss Broadway," her new picture. In the middle of all the fuss about the possible trip, Shirley's teacher said, "Won't it be fun, Shirley, to see your picture in New York?" "Yes," said Miss T., complacently, "if there's a Mickey Mouse."

More Shirley Temple data: For a young lady of such prominence, Shirley is surprisingly modest, which probably accounts for the fact that she's still unspoiled. She seldom looks in the mirror to admire herself, even when they're trying on those "Shirley Temple" dresses. (Her mother tries them all on Shirley, and if a model doesn't become her, it's not allowed to go on sale.) Her studio hopes to continue her career right on through young womanhood, but her mother isn't so sure. She'd

rather give Shirley a rest when she reaches the awkward age. Shirley blew up in her lines recently, the first time in a couple of years, stopped in the middle of a sentence and reached in her mouth. "Almost swallowed this," she announced, pulling out a tooth. Nine more to go, and she'll be a woman. Well, practically.

It Happened in Hollywood: Stand-ins rise in revolt and demand a title change. They want to be "focus artists." . . . A film, budgeted at close to a million dollars, is now shooting, with dialogue furnished scene by scene by a writer who works on the set. While the cameras are turning, the writer is trying to think up an ending for the picture. . . . A theatre marquee on Hollywood Boulevard announces, pretty firmly: "I'll Take Romance" and "Benny Goodman." You will, huh?

Fun and Games Dept.: When we walked on the set of "Three Blind Mice" the other day, Loretta Young, who goes in for such things, handed us a slip of paper on which was written "new door." "Can you make one word out of that, using the same letters?" she asked, in a suspiciously condescending manner. We couldn't, not being quick, so Loretta wrote down the answer for us. It's "one word." Get it?

Flash! If you want to know where Madge Evans has been keeping herself, a dispatch which reached us in today's mail will enlighten you. It reads: "Out of deference to the California citrus industry, Madge Evans is working on a new dance to be called the Big Orange." That's Madge for you—always looking ahead. Some of the rest of us, still working on our Charleston, ought to feel pretty silly.

Does anyone know that Arthur Treacher had to leave Hollywood on account of a woman? Well, this will kill you. The woman in the case is Miss Hannah, and she's a dog. A new Hollywood ordinance forbids any dog to walk the streets unless someone over the age of fifteen is on the other end of a leash. Arthur bought a leash, but Miss Hannah would have nothing to do with it. So he moved from his Hollywood apartment to a home in San Fernando Valley, where a dog's life is her own.

Question Box: What leading lady, now married to a director,

has gone grand on the set of her current picture? Once one of the "regulars" at her studio, since her marriage she has acquired a haughty attitude and seems to take pleasure in making life miserable for the poor guy who's directing her present picture.

From all indications, it's still hearts and flowers with Tyrone Power and Janet Gaynor. At a party the other night a box lunch was served, and the men, who were given numbers, ate with the girls whose numbers corresponded to theirs. Tyrone ate with Janet, and the reason was that he had made a deal with the hostess to hand them the same number. In Hollywood, at least, an item like that is filed under L—for Love.

The neighboring communities evidently believe everything they hear about Hollywood. A case in point concerns Hugh Herbert, who was recently invited to be a guest at the San Bernardino Orange Show. Mr. H. checked with his wife, and they decided it would be fun, so he accepted. Next day the Orange Show management phoned, said they'd send a limousine and mentioned something about incidental expenses. Hugh couldn't understand why he'd need "expenses." Later, another phone call came, and a voice asked if five hundred dollars would be all right. Hugh was too surprised to answer, so the voice said, "Well, we'll make it a thousand, then." So Mr. and Mrs. Herbert went to the Orange Show in a nice limousine, enjoyed themselves immensely, and came back with a thousand dollars.

There's a proprietor of a hamburger stand between Hollywood and Santa Barbara who never goes to the movies. Hamburgers are his life, and he's happy that way. So he didn't recognize the young lady who came in with a girl companion and ordered hamburgers and chili. When they finished, the girls told him they were broke, but they would mail him his money. Two days later a check for ten dollars arrived, signed by Katharine Hepburn. He didn't even know who she was, until they told him at the bank, and even then he wasn't excited. The moral of this is that life can be very peaceful if you make it that way.

At the Brown Derby we saw Boxer Max Baer in a serious huddle with Maxie Rosenbloom, the actor. Thinking they were discussing the comparative mer-

its of their professions, we listened in, and discovered Max was lecturing Maxie on the joys of being a father. "It's the only way," he said. Mr. Rosenbloom looked almost convinced.

On a recent Monday morning, Bob Montgomery had one of those scenes he'd been dreaming about for years. The picture was "Yellowjack," and Bob rushed to the studio, put on his make-up, and went to bed. He was supposed to be dying in a hospital ward in Panama, with Virginia Bruce and Lewis Stone doing all the standing-up acting. Montgomery quietly went to sleep, and played the scene beautifully.

If you want to know what became of the Indians, they're all at Universal, helping Johnny Mack Brown make a serial called "Flaming Frontiers." After watching them emote for a while we scanned the cast list and found it most interesting. In addition to the star, there are such names as Chief Thunder Cloud, Shooting Star and Iron Eyes Cody. Hiya, Iron Eyes!

The romantic impasse of the month involves Joan Fontaine and Conrad Nagel. Joan has been, to coin a phrase, linked romantically in the public prints with Mr. Nagel. At the moment, she's playing the lead in "The Muddled Deal," and her leading man, a handsome chap who admits to being Derrick de Marney, has taken considerable interest in her. So Conrad visits the set several days a week, sits on the sidelines, reportedly to see that the romancing sticks to the script.

We've been seeing a lot of Westerns lately, and most of them are swell. But there's one major criticism—they have too much stilted and unnecessary dialogue. For instance, there's no need for a Western hero to announce, "Gal, I'm agoin' to kiss you," before he grabs the fair beauty in his arms. Back in the good old days when the West, like the screen, was silent, he just kissed her, and we all knew what he meant.

Visited the "Hold That Kiss" set and watched Maureen O'Sullivan, Dennis O'Keefe and company trying to eat chop suey with chop sticks. Things weren't going so well, and after her fourth or fifth unsuccessful attempt, Maureen put down her chop sticks and sadly announced, "Gosh, I wish I had worn my tweed suit!"

Luise Rainer goes glamorous in "Toy Wife," her latest picture. Recently ("The Good Earth," "Big City," etc.), the budget for her gowns hasn't run much over a few dollars. In this one, however, she has twenty-eight changes, and she's making Adrian the happiest man at Metro.

This is a story of June Lang and the sun, neither of whom needs any further introduction. It seems June took a sun bath on a recent Sunday, and whenever she stays out too long she gets full of electricity. So Monday morning she reported to work, and discovered that the electricity in her body made her clothes cling to her, a situation fraught with peril, what with the Hays office and one thing and another. Everyone went into a huddle, and someone said that a cotton slip would solve everything, since cotton was a non-conductor. It took two hours to dig one up, because cotton slips are hardly the rage in Hollywood this season. They found one on a wardrobe woman—or rather, she told them she had one on—cut it down for June and saved the day for the studio.

Recipe for a Successful Marriage: First, of course, you've got to be a girl. If you've accomplished that, then, if you have what it takes, you get to be a Leroy Prinz Girl. Then go, with the Leroy Prinz Girls, to London, where you appear in the floor show at the Dorchester House. Of the two dozen girls who went over two years ago, we know of eight who married wealthy and, they report, quite charming gentlemen. For instance, one is the bride of a naval lieutenant commander, and others have married the head of an automobile firm, an airplane manufacturer, the manager of a big theatrical agency, and a Greek count. The Greek count isn't head of anything, but he has three million dollars.

Victoria Richard, a wardrobe woman, brought her eighteen-year-old daughter, Kay, to the studio for her first visit a few weeks ago. Kay was excited, because she had never seen a studio or met an actress. First one she met was Mary Maguire, and next day she was called by the studio and asked to go to work. So now she's Mary Maguire's stand-in.

With all the talk of economy, a story is going the rounds concerning a song writer at a major studio. He had a year's contract at one thousand dol-

lars weekly. During that period he wrote one song, after which he was never asked or assigned to do another. Two weeks before the contract was to expire, knowing his option couldn't be taken up, he ducked out of town and sailed for Europe. After six months, he returned and dropped in at his old studio to say hello to friends. First guy he bumped into was the studio cashier, who said: "Say, we've got twenty-four one-thousand-dollar checks waiting for you over in my office. Why don't you ever drop by, or don't you song writers care for salaries?" Seems the studio didn't even miss the guy. Just picked up his option and paid him one thousand dollars a week for staying in Europe!

Gypsy Rose Lee, who insists she's really Louise Hovick, owns one of Hollywood's most elaborate trailers, for it is her hobby, now that she's a local citizen, to spend her week-ends touring California. Recently she visited a swank Beverly Hills shop to discuss a new interior decorating scheme for her wandering home. "What type of room do you have in mind?" asked the gentleman behind the counter. "It's not a room," said Miss H., "it's for my trailer." "Madame," announced the gent, "we do not service trailers."

Virginia Field left for England recently, and she probably had a bit of explaining to do when the customs men looked through her luggage. One of her bags contained a meat grinder and a package of (unheated) hot dogs. These items, she says, are strictly American, and she's going to use them to amaze her friends. The meat grinder, in case you're wondering, is for making hamburgers.

Here's a true story of a side of Hollywood which isn't often publicized. During the making of "Alexander's Ragtime Band," Art Warck, head of the prop men on the picture, died leaving a widow and six children. Cast and crew got together and agreed to put all their earnings

Last minute chatter about the stars brought to you by our reporter

Ozzie Nelson, Bob Hope, Ken Murray and Edgar Bergen hold that note!



Ethel Merman honors Bob Hope at the dinner for America's crooners.



for Sundays and overtime into a fund. When the picture was finished they had enough money to build and furnish a home for the Warck family.

Overheard on the Boulevard: "I understand Nelson Eddy is on a concert tour. Wonder where he is now?" "Probably keeping two towns ahead of 'Girl of the Golden West.'" Don't blame us—we're only telling you what we heard.

They're boasting three beauties in the cast of "In Every Woman's Life." The three are Kay Francis, Anita Louise and Bonita Granville. Little Miss Granville is actually developing into a very attractive young lady. For proof, you might inquire of Jackie Cooper, who has just gifted her with a bottle of "Moment Supreme."

Notice is hereby given that the Bartholomew Printing Company, of this city, has suspended operations. Mr. Freddie Bartholomew, its proprietor and sole owner, had set up his own printing establishment in the basement of his home, and had solicited quite a bit of business from friends and acquaintances. When his aunt discovered he had received payment in advance for all his orders, the president of the

concern was forced to shut down and return all the cash to his clients.

Danielle Darrieux is probably the most popular foreign actress ever to hit Hollywood. On the set of "Rage of Paris," she exhibits none of the expected mannerisms of the imported darlings. She kids with the director, the cast and the crew, and she losses in a swell impersonation of Charlie Chaplin when she's in the mood. It must be added, however, that her husband, Henri Decoin, is not so popular with the boys around the lot. He shoots craps in French, and before they know it he has all their dough.

On the "Letter of Introduction" set we heard a bit of dialogue between Andrea Leeds and young Mr. Charlie McCarthy. The scene is a room in a boarding house, and Andrea has just returned from her first interview with a big producer noted for his amorous proclivities. She has just told her friends that she's landed a job with him. "Did he get fresh?" asks Edgar Bergen. "No," says Andrea. "Why he wouldn't harm a flea." "Well," says Charlie, "it's nice to know he draws the line somewhere." There's a splintering retort!

Arthur Whelan is a proud gent these days. He's Arleen's father. When she—a barber shop manicurist—was "discovered," he was an electrician; worked for a company which services bill boards and theatre marquees. When Arleen got her contract, Papa hung onto his job, and now he's glad he did. Most of his work lately has been putting his daughter's name up in lights, along with Warner Baxter's, for "Kidnapped."

The next picture starring those dazzling Canadians, the Dionne Quints, will be "Five of a Kind," which is now in production. In it the young ladies will speak—intelligibly—for the first time in their screen careers. And they'll speak English, which they're learning for the picture. Also, they'll sing a song, called, appropriately enough, "All Mixed Up."

Loretta Young's sixteen-millimeter camera has just completed a strictly home production which features four generations of her family. It all came about when her grandfather, Dr. Robert Royal of Seattle, visited in Hollywood. He, of course, played the first generation in the film. The sup-

porting cast included Loretta's mother, sister Sally Blane and daughter Gretchen Foster, sister Polly Ann Young and son Peter Hermann, and Loretta's adopted daughter, two-year-old Judy.

For the most breath-taking, blood-freezing moment in any picture you've ever witnessed, see "Test Pilot," the Gable-Loy-Tracy air epic. In a scene which seems like hours, but actually takes less than one minute, you see a plane go into a terrific power dive, headed straight for the earth. The tremendous air pressure rips the wings from the fuselage, and a second later the pilot bails out. When his parachute opens, you'll start breathing again.

Did you know that "infidelity" is a horrid word? It is officially horrid because the Hays office has barred its use in pictures. And that's why Joan Crawford's

Hollywood Oddities: John Barrymore, who has trouble remembering his lines, didn't forget his daughter's birthday. . . . For six years Gail Patrick has been going to a Hollywood fortune teller, and each year he tells her that some day she'll be in pictures. . . . When bees got into W. C. Fields home a few weeks ago, two of them stung W. C. on the nose, but no one could tell the difference. . . . Director Henry Hathaway reversed the usual procedure one afternoon when he walked out on the cast of "Spawn of the North."

Dilemma Dept.: Mack Grey, affectionately known as "the Killer," and renowned as George Raft's constant companion, lost out on a role in "Spawn of the

North" because he was ill. Recuperating in Palm Springs, he was called back to Hollywood for a role in "Prison Farm." When he arrived, the director took one look at him and turned him down—said he looked too tan and healthy for a prison inmate.

There's a brand new sixteen thousand dollar organ at the St. Charles Catholic Church in North Hollywood, and the donor is the Crooner, Mr. Bing Crosby. In addition to his gift, Bing also appeared as soloist with the choir on the Sunday they dedicated the organ.

A prominent screen and radio comic (he's not on the air at present) has just emerged from several weeks in a hospital, where he underwent treatment for overindulgence in things alcoholic. Everyone hopes it taught the guy a lesson, because if it didn't his career will be ended within a year. He's a very nice gent when he's away from the bottle, and all his friends are hoping he has really said goodbye to it.

Bergen's bag of tricks amuses Mary Brian. Presto—a false moustache is a toupee!

new picture, taken from a story called—ahem!—will come to the screen as "Fidelity."

Anybody want to hear what happened to Claudette Colbert's poodle, Smoky, while Claudette was in Europe? Well, we'll tell you anyway. It seems Smoky just toyed with his food, and showed no interest in anything at all, so he was taken to a veterinarian, who diagnosed the case. Know what the trouble was? He was lonesome! Smoky is Claudette's most respected critic. She takes him to all rushes of her pictures and hopes they will rate "four barks."

Pat Ellis and Martha Raye have a chat at the Big Pineapple Ball.



Tch, tch!
Joan Bennett
has a "mad"
on Walter
Wanger!

The upper-
cut's all in
fun as Max
Baer meets
Lana Turner.

Charles Boy-
er and Irene
Dunne at a
smart shin-
dig.

La Belle La-
mour in
"civies."
Randy Scott
is with her.

Listen, Jack
Benny, it's
good if So-
phie Tucker
tells it!

The Cobbs—
Bob and Gail
(Patrick)—
light up after
dinner.



MISS JANE ALVA JOHNSON

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew W. Johnson of Saint Louis

leads a vivid and interesting life

She is a distinguished horsewoman



Riding, hunting, and horse shows are "an old story" to Jane Alva Johnson. While at Fermata School, she was a whip in the Aiken drag hunts. Her horses have won many trophies and ribbons. And she has even run off a show of her own! Above, Jane chats with Olive Cawley (left). "I don't have to *look* to see what cigarette you're smoking, Jane. Camels again! Why is it that you smoke nothing but Camels?" asks Miss Cawley.

Jane's reply is quite emphatic: "Camels are delightfully different. They never tire my taste. I depend upon having healthy nerves — and Camels *never* jangle my nerves. They are always gentle to my throat too. In fact, in *so many* ways, Camels *agree* with me!"

One of the most attractive post-debutantes in Saint Louis is Jane Alva Johnson. She is whole-hearted in her enthusiasms — "loves" horse shows, entertaining, and smoking Camels. "Most of my friends smoke Camels, too," she says, "and they know I smoke nothing else. Even though I smoke quite steadily, I'm always ready for *another* Camel. Which is one of the nicest things I could ever say about a cigarette!"

A gracious hostess



*...and a charming
Veiled Prophet's Queen*

Miss Johnson had the exciting experience of being chosen Queen of the Veiled Prophet's Ball—a signal honor in the social life of Saint Louis. Above, a fashionable artist's portrayal of Miss Johnson, regal in her court gown of lamé and sable. Throughout the excitement of parties, travels, and an active sports life, Jane turns to Camels: "When I'm tired, smoking Camels gives me a 'lift'! And that delicate Camel flavor *always* tastes just right."

*Among the many distinguished women who
find Camels delightfully different:*

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia • Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York • Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge
2nd, Boston • Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia • Mrs.
Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia • Miss Alicia Rhett, Charleston
Miss LeBrun Rhinelander, New York • Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr.,
New York • Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, Pasadena • Mrs. Louis
Swift, Jr., Chicago • Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr., Philadelphia

CAMELS ARE A MATCHLESS BLEND OF FINER, MORE
EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... TURKISH AND DOMESTIC

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE
LARGEST-SELLING
CIGARETTE IN AMERICA



Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

ONE SMOKER
TELLS ANOTHER

"Camels agree with me"

"

THEIR BEST FRIEND



"A man's best friend is his mother"—and here is Bob Taylor with his.



Anita Louise, now twenty-one, still likes to take orders from her Ma.



The darling of the ice—Sonja Henie—is Mama's darling, too. Yes, indeed.



Jane Withers—a problem child on the screen—but a good child to Mother.



And everywhere that Nelson goes, Mrs. Eddy's sure to be! He wants it so.

"SKIN-VITAMIN" SCORES HIT WITH WOMEN



Scientific findings in different countries awaken interest of leading hospitals. A certain vitamin is found to heal wounds, burns, infections, *when applied direct to the skin!*



New York! Tested in Pond's Cold Cream, the "skin-vitamin" brings definite results! Slides thrown on screen show skin of animals is rough, scaly, when diet lacks "skin-vitamin"—show skin smooth, healthy again, when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" is applied daily.



Telephone calls and letters greet the first Pond's advertisement offering Pond's Cold Cream with beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" to women (October, 1937, magazines).



A young wife in Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, N.Y., writes: "I have never used anything *like* this cream. It's grand! In two weeks roughness was entirely gone, my skin felt velvety and smooth."



Society beauties tell of greater benefits from Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin" — (reading down) FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB, now Mrs. David S. Gamble, Jr.; WENDY MORGAN, now Mrs. Thomas Rodd, III; MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES, grandniece of MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT—"Texture finer." "Skin softer." "Color better than ever."



Druggists — answering increasing requests from women for Pond's Cold Cream with the "skin-vitamin" in it—explain to them that it comes in the very same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

Announced nine months ago, the "Skin-Vitamin" was quickly accepted by Thousands of Beauty Seekers

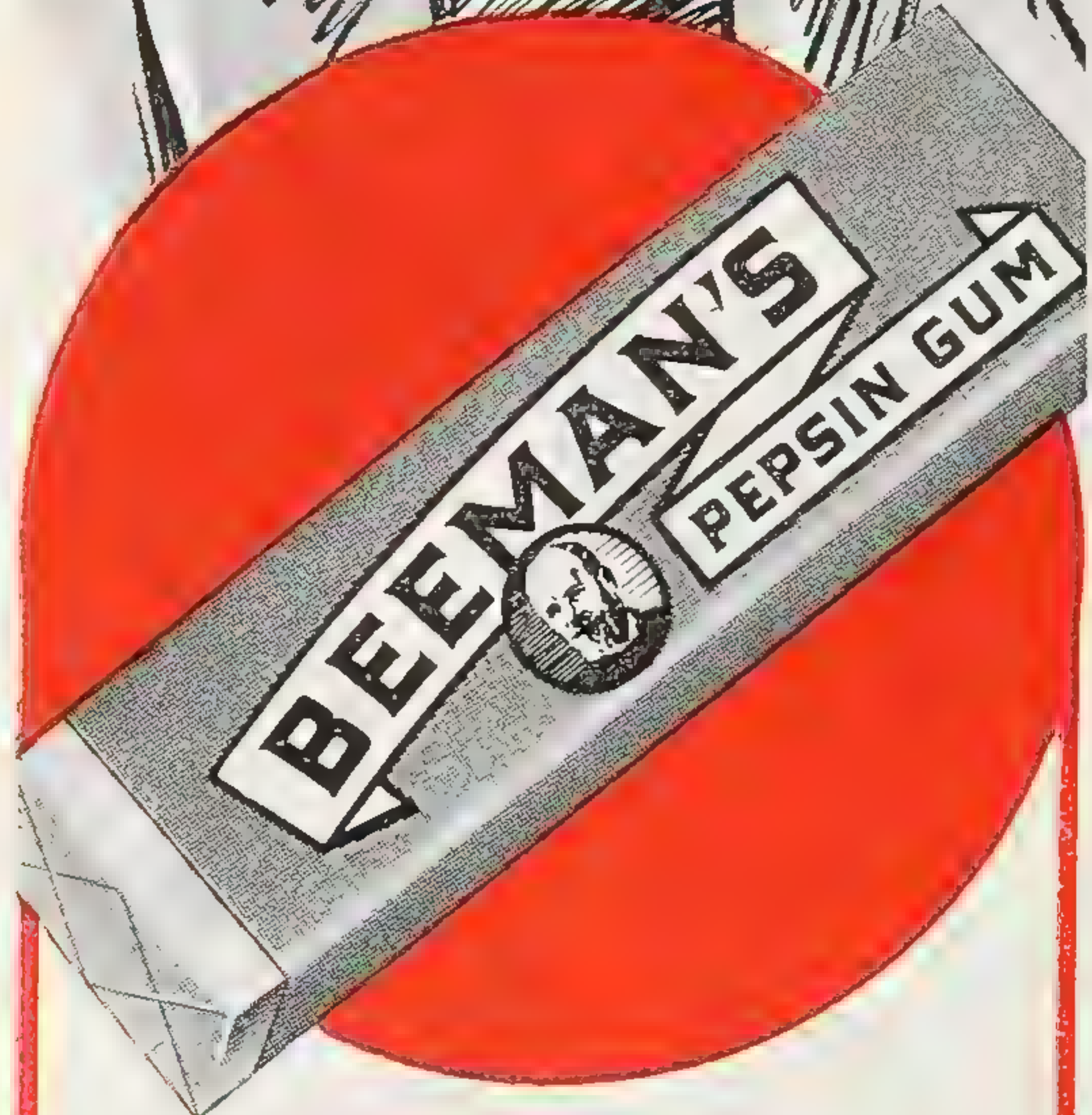
Thousands of women have already tried Pond's Cold Cream containing the "skin-vitamin," special aid in maintaining skin health and beauty. New thousands are constantly learning of its increased benefits.

Women's satisfaction is recorded in the mounting sales of this widely known beauty aid. Today Pond's Creams, long famous as largest selling creams in the world, now with the beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" have reached the largest sales in their entire history!

Tune in on "Those We Love," Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

SCRAM TO THAT SCOWL



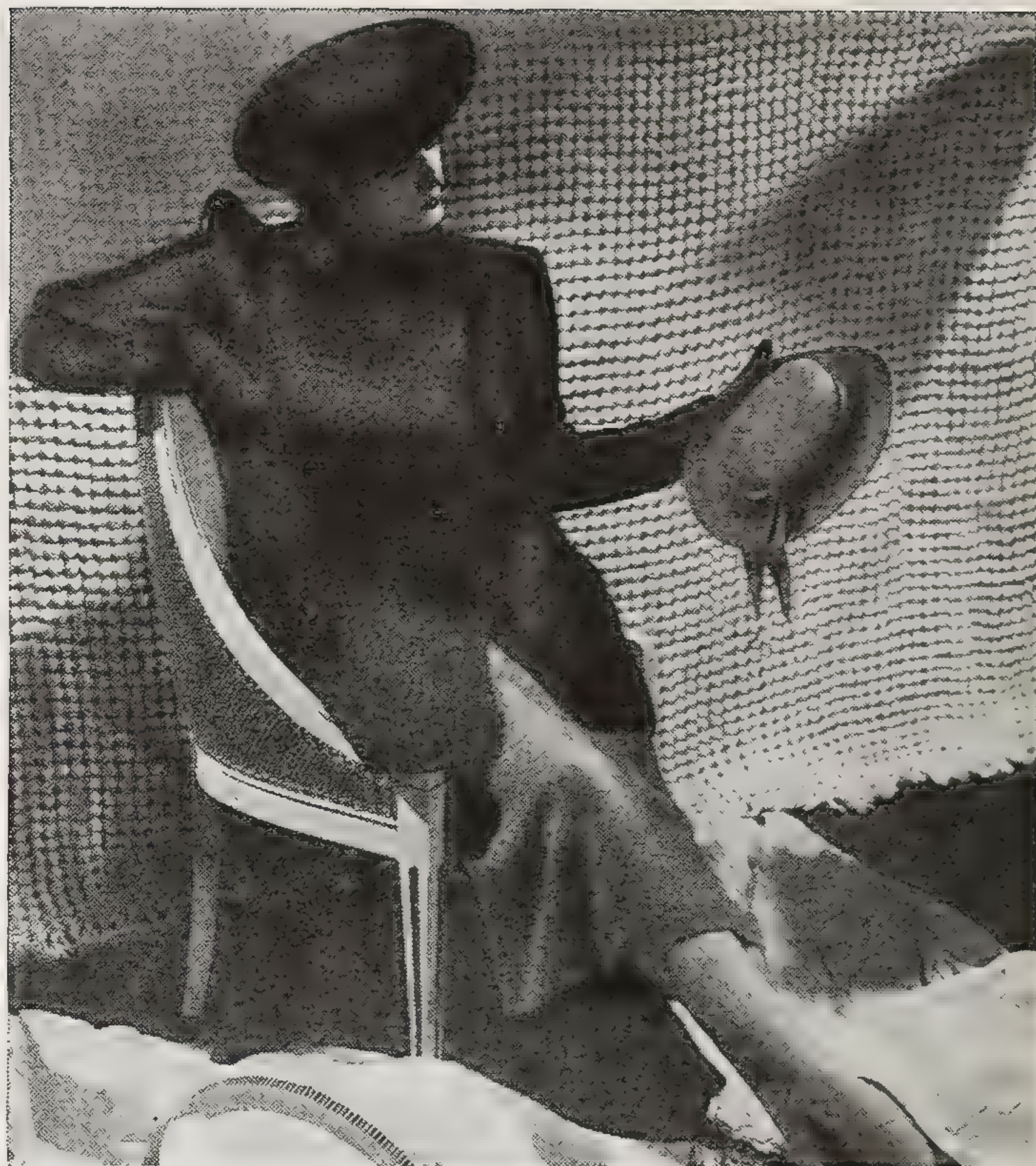
"FELLA, it's already gone!
You see—I found that pack-
age of Beeman's you slipped
in my pocket! Some flavor,
I'll say! I like that luscious
smoothness—that clean tang!

Look at the package — see
that tight sealed foil? Keeps
the air *out* and the fresh
flavor *in* — no wonder Bee-
man's has such fresh snap
and go! Let's stop in for
more Beeman's right now!"

Beeman's

AIDS DIGESTION...

No. 6013 — A
stunning all-
purpose coat
with lots of
"umph!"



No. 6025—The
knit suit is
ideal for the
first days of
fall.



KNITTERS, look to the future! It's
not a bit too early to get ready for
the first cool days of fall. While
away idle vacation hours with busy
needles, and before you know it, you'll
have a smart new costume! Here are
two brand new designs for you to
start on. Unusual sleeve and shoul-
der treatment of No. 6013 gives you
a stunning double-breasted, three-
quarter swagger coat that can be
worn for any occasion all next fall and
right on through the winter on mild
days. It looks complicated, but is
really quite simple to make. The ele-
mentary stockinette stitch is used for
No. 6025, a smart suit with distinc-
tive fitted flowered jacket and flatter-
ing vestee which can be removed and
replaced by a blouse or gilet for va-
riety.

Why buy an expensive fall coat or
suit when you can have all the fun
of making it yourself, and at a great
saving? The directions, of course,
are free, but if you want to secure
both directions and materials for these
attractive designs with a minimum of
effort and expenditure, we will send
them to you promptly upon receipt of
your order. Just check your prefer-
ence on the coupon below. Send it in
today, and knit your way to fall
smartness during your vacation!

FALL FORECAST

ANN WILLS, MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

- ☐ Kindly send me, at no cost to me, Knitting Directions for No. 6013 in size
No. 6025 in size I enclose stamped, self-addressed (large) envelope.
- ☐ Kindly send to me directions and materials for the design checked below, in size
and color specified:
- ☐ No. 6013, size Color: This design in Black only. Total Cost \$12.35
- ☐ No. 6025, size Color: Black—Brown—Navy. Total Cost \$8.05

I am enclosing check (or money order) for \$....., to cover all costs. (No orders
will be filled unless accompanied by full payment.)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

(Check one or both patterns and please print name and address plainly.)



A Bride Now...

will she keep
Romance?

"Don't let Cosmetic Skin develop—rob YOU of love"



LOVELY SKIN WINS
ROMANCE. SO WHY
TAKE CHANCES
WITH UNATTRACTIVE
COSMETIC SKIN



COSMETIC SKIN
DEVELOPS WHEN PORES
ARE CHOKED WITH
DUST, DIRT AND
STALE COSMETICS.
LUX TOILET SOAP'S
ACTIVE LATHER GUARDS
AGAINST THIS DANGER



I ALWAYS
REMOVE COSMETICS
THOROUGHLY WITH
LUX TOILET SOAP.
IT'S THE SAFE, EASY
WAY TO KEEP SKIN
SOFT AND SMOOTH

STAR OF THE PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION
"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"

**Claudette
Colbert**



**9 out of 10
Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap**

"HOLLYWOOD IS NOT FOR ME!"

(Continued from page 27)



You'll find a dash of Magic in CABAÑA!

MAKE your summer nails lovely with CABAÑA, the color *men* admire. Here is a flattering, tawny red . . . fresh, gay and stimulating . . . a color that throbs with romance!

You'll want CABAÑA in the city to wear with stylish blacks and beiges. You'll need it in the country for your South Sea prints and whites. At the beach CABAÑA suits the scene . . . it makes moonlight dances forever memorable . . . it holds a promise of thrilling things ahead.

Use this striking shade to accent summer highlights in your hair . . . the sunny undertone of your complexion . . . the glamour of your summer self. Get CABAÑA today!

Glazo Is Ideal For Summer!

1. LONGER WEAR — new Glazo lasts days longer without peeling or chipping. Slightly heavier—clings to nails.

2. EASY TO APPLY — goes on evenly. Will not streak or run. Dries quickly.

3. BRILLIANT LUSTRE — won't fade or become dull in sun or water.

Get Glazo's smart new colors — CONGO, SPICE, TROPIC and CABAÑA — at all drug counters. Extra large size, only **25¢**



GLAZO
The Smart Manicure

and some of the people whom I support objected. They don't even want me to have my private charities. I can thank Hollywood for that!

"I've bought a farm in New Jersey, a real farm with cows and chickens and things that grow. It's the only thing I've ever done to please myself—and I've worked since I was sixteen. I bought the farm because I long for harmony and peace and rest, and—I can't even get to the place! Hollywood keeps me from it. No sooner do I finish one picture than I'm called back for another."

She sank lower into the chair. She was quite hysterical. There is no doubt about it—Sylvia Sidney is emotionally tearing herself in two.

She would like to be in the East for the East means her native New York and the theatre—and that good actor, Luther Adler. Adler, from a family of actors, has contributed a great deal to Sylvia Sidney's social consciousness, and given her diversified interests.

SHE has never been one to care for parties. She would sit in a corner and feel self-conscious and wish she were home. I'm sure that's one good reason why her marriage to Bennett Cerf failed. Mr. Cerf is a party-going man. And it's another count against Hollywood. All that dot-on-the-map offers as entertainment is parties. And Sylvia is just not that kind of a girl.

Luther Adler has been able to bring her the interests her nature craves—good theatre talk, a cause to help, and, above all, sympathy, that very sympathy she couldn't get when she was ill in Hollywood. For in New York, the night she cried so, the night before I saw her, it was Luther, escorting Sylvia to a benefit for Spain, and noting she was upset, it was he who said, "To hell with Spain!" Then he led her to a quiet restaurant and let her talk it out. And, don't forget, every time Sylvia Sidney makes a moving picture, Hollywood separates her from Luther.

Besides, Hollywood won't let her make the pictures she wants to make, despite the fact she chose "Fury," which was one of the best she ever did.

"I'd take the smallest part to be on the same set with Spencer Tracy. He's such a fine actor. I've just finished 'You and Me' with George Raft. I like George. He's so natural."

She wants to do "Wuthering Heights."

"And Wanger says it's too depressing."

She wants to co-star with someone in "The Old Maid."

"It was all set, but the studio says I can't act restrained. Don't they know it's much more difficult to scream my head off!"

And so it goes. Hollywood is constantly the menace keeping Sylvia Sidney from her goal.

I could not help comparing this wholly frank outburst with a press agent-chaperoned interview I had witnessed her give the previous week, an interview in which Sylvia could not be herself.

THEN, wearing a black accordion pleated dress, and knitting a scarlet sweater, she had sat upon the edge of her chair and talked tensely on trivial topics, for Sylvia Sidney is a good actress. With that emotional voice of hers she can make bilge sound important and dramatic. She sat forward on her big chair, she opened her eyes wide and seemed to force all her energy into listening to the questions, and then all of it into answering them: what she would do if she were somebody else, the advantage of personality versus beauty in getting a job. And she spoke vividly about these things, as if they were her sole interest. She even talked about her high-ceilinged living-room and whatever in the world she would do if a balloon got stuck up there. She talked until her chum dropped in and asked for a piece of gingerbread.

"For Sylvia's cook makes the best in the world."

All this seemed a far cry from what she said to me, from, "It isn't as if I were really rich. I have to make it now. I don't want to hang around Hollywood when I'm thirty-five. I'm like any working girl. If I get sick, there's no money coming in."

And so she keeps fighting within herself. She tries hard, very hard, but as long as she wages these inner battles, I doubt if she can possibly be happy. There's that constant mental turmoil. Perhaps if she became a bit ruthless, perhaps if she kicked over duty, if she really admitted she has but one life to live, and that living is all-important, perhaps, then, everything might straighten out.



Jobyna and Richard Arlen catch their breath after a round of the Big Apple.



Pat Wilder tells Edgar Kennedy's fortune, and what a laugh it's giving him!

HERE'S YOUR *Perfect Vacation!*



HOW *to go*

Those long-awaited vacation days are here at last! And New Haven's great, modern fleet of day and night trains await your departure to Southern New England's delightful summer places! Over its network of 1900 miles of steel highways more than 100 trains daily will speed care-free vacationists to mountain, lake, and shore.

Join them! Why spend precious vacation hours crawling over blistering, traffic-laden highways? Instead, enjoy a cool, delightful trip aboard an air-conditioned New Haven train—actually a brief vacation in itself!

Low fares in fine, modern coaches buy luxury and conveniences found in no other popular travel method: deep, lounge-type seats . . . air-conditioning . . . scientific lighting . . . silent, smooth riding . . . beautiful interiors . . . and *safety!*

Plan your summer vacation and weekends NOW with the help of the free Resort Booklet described at the right . . . then choose a conveniently scheduled New Haven train and your perfect vacation has begun!

WHERE *to go*

Preview the scenic beauties and delightful experiences that await you in charming old Southern New England. Free 1938 Resort Booklet is profusely illustrated with photographs of scores of vacation places; quaint fishing villages . . . Old Provincetown, the artist's paradise . . . Nantucket . . . Martha's Vineyard . . . Connecticut and Rhode Island's beautiful shores . . . mountains, lakes, and rolling hills . . . and many other glimpses of this ideal vacationland.

You'll find the answer to "where shall we go this summer?" in this handy complete Resort Booklet: lists Hotels, Inns, Boarding Houses, Camps, Golf Clubs, Rod and Reel Clubs, etc. Helps you with your vacation budget problem, too . . . gives resort rates.

Write now for your free copy of the 1938 booklet, "Southern New England Resorts and How to Get There." Address: Room 596, South Station, Boston, Mass.

SAFETY • ECONOMY • COMFORT • SPEED

**The New Haven
R a i l r o a d**

FIRST AID FOR FALLING STARS

(Continued from page 35)

Lips that say
"KISS ME"



Girls who know

—use the lipstick that gives a natural glowing color to their lips...never a "painted greasy look." Whether you are blonde, brunette or red head—Tangee gives your lips the color that best suits your complexion.

Like magic, Tangee changes from orange in the stick to warm blush-rose on your lips. Only Tangee has this famous Tangee color-change principle. Its special cream base keeps lips soft...smooth. Try Tangee. 39¢ and \$1.10. For a natural matched make-up use Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Rouge.

THIS SUMMER, use Tangee Creme Rouge, waterproof. Never streaks or fades—even when you're swimming.

Untouched—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded, parched look.



Greasy, painted lips—Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.

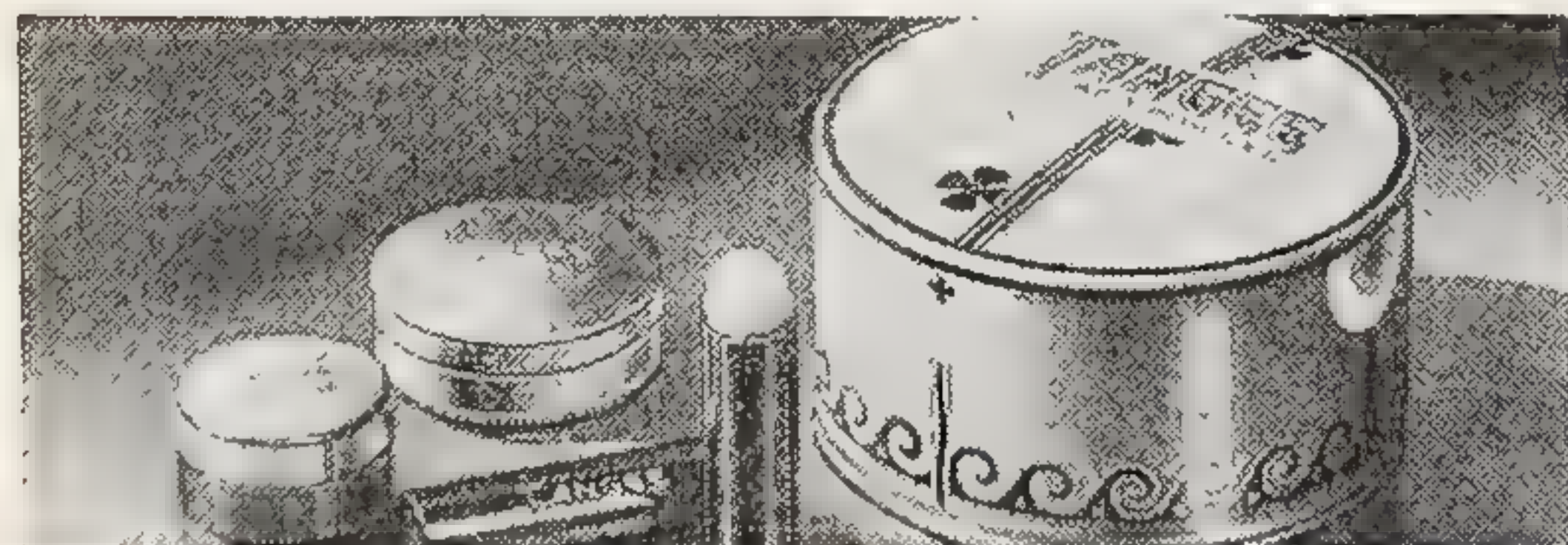


Tangee lovable lips—Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.



World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.



**4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET
and TANGEE CHARM TEST**

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.) Also please send Tangee Charm Test. Check Shade of ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel Powder Desired

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ MM78

asking for First Aid Number Two, but so far it hasn't been forthcoming. Constance Bennett got it in "Topper."

The publicity staff comes to bat if Aid Number Three is called for. The star, who probably has high-hatted newspaper and magazine writers, has a sudden attack of graciousness and says that she will see interviewers. The publicity men telephone the papers and magazines to that effect, and probably get the reply, "What of it?"

Then the press agents go to work. They beat their breasts and wail, they remind the editors of their own long-standing friendship, they beg for interviews as personal favors. The star doesn't know that. She's quite sure that it is because she is herself that the writers want to see her, and nobody tells her that it's just because the press agent is a good guy and deserves a break.

The falling star grows lenient, usually, about letting people visit her on the set, if they're people who can help her. No longer does she go into a tantrum if an alien face appears while she's giving her all for the cameras.

IF she takes a trip to New York, as she's likely to, she entertains the press. Her company gives a cocktail party for her. Newspaper and magazine people are invited, and a lot of people who are asked because you have to have a lot of people at a party like that, and a lot more come because they always attend such shindigs, though nobody knows just who they are, or why they should be there. They seem to have second sight, when it comes to knowing that such a party is to be held. So everybody goes.

It's given in a hotel or a smart restaurant. Liquor flows freely, and is drunk largely by the people who can't do the star any good. The star is led about by a representative of the company, from one influential person to another, and talks to them, and if she has been very disagreeable in the past they say as little as possible and hope that she will go away soon so that they can continue to talk with their friends. Sometimes, at such enforced exchanges of courtesy, the star and the interviewer remind you of two fighting cats with arched backs, just preparing to unsheath their claws. The anxious representative of the star's company stands by and hopes for the best.

Maybe he gets it, in the form of nice notices about the star. But the cocktail party as first aid isn't sure-fire. Most of the good writers are awfully suspicious of those tactics, and will fall over backward to be no more than fair when they review the star's next picture.

Another hypodermic is radio performances. They give the star an opportunity to reach her public directly, especially if the program on which he or she is a guest is a good one, with a nation-wide hook-up. Marlene Dietrich tried her hand at broadcasting recently, with satisfactory results so far as she was concerned. She signed up for a regular program. Robert Taylor was in danger, his company felt, of being considered too pretty, especially by men. So he was mauled around a bit in "A Yank at Oxford," and made a regular feature of Metro's weekly radio program, where he has a chance to prove that he's another regular guy.

The press agent has another duty service to perform, if it is necessary. He can try to give the star a new personality. If she has been frightfully cold and haughty,

he turns out a flock of stories, telling how kind she is to dumb animals, how she loves flowers, how interested she is in her own dear little home, where she does every bit of the housework herself, including the heavy cleaning. He rounds up a lot of her "favorite recipes" that he sends to the women's pages of the newspapers. The theory is that, if Mrs. Blank bakes beans the way the star is said to bake them, and likes the beans, she'll like the star's next picture.

If the star is in New York, she gets a change of heart about appearing at benefits. She'll do her turn on the program anywhere, for anything. She's trying hard to be a likeable human being, you see, and the press agents of her company are trying hard to help her.

She woos you with every trick she knows. She dresses as she thinks you'd like her to dress. She works hard over perfecting a good act, she's sweet to all of you who come back-stage to see her, though she may be almost perishing from fatigue. She tells you that she loves your city, although she may wish that it were at the bottom of the ocean, and that she'd never left her little fifty-room shack, with swimming pool, back in California.

But she'll do anything to cancel that dread verdict, "Poison at the box-office." It's almost as bad as a death sentence. She'll kiss babies, and sign programs till she nearly gets writers' cramp. She'll take every first aid dose that her company prepares for her.

And maybe, in spite of it all, the company will just buy off the rest of her contract, and there's nothing left for her but to go to New York, declaring that she is tired of the movies, that she's yearning to go back to the stage (where she may have been a chorus girl in the back row), that she's looking for a good play.

And you, the powerful public, whose favor she could not win once she'd lost it, blissfully go to the movies to see other stars, and never miss her.




Gene Raymond and Olympe Bradna (pronounced O-lamp) are amused by the script of "Stolen Heaven."

DAINTY *golden-voiced* DEANNA DURBIN

is keen about Lux...

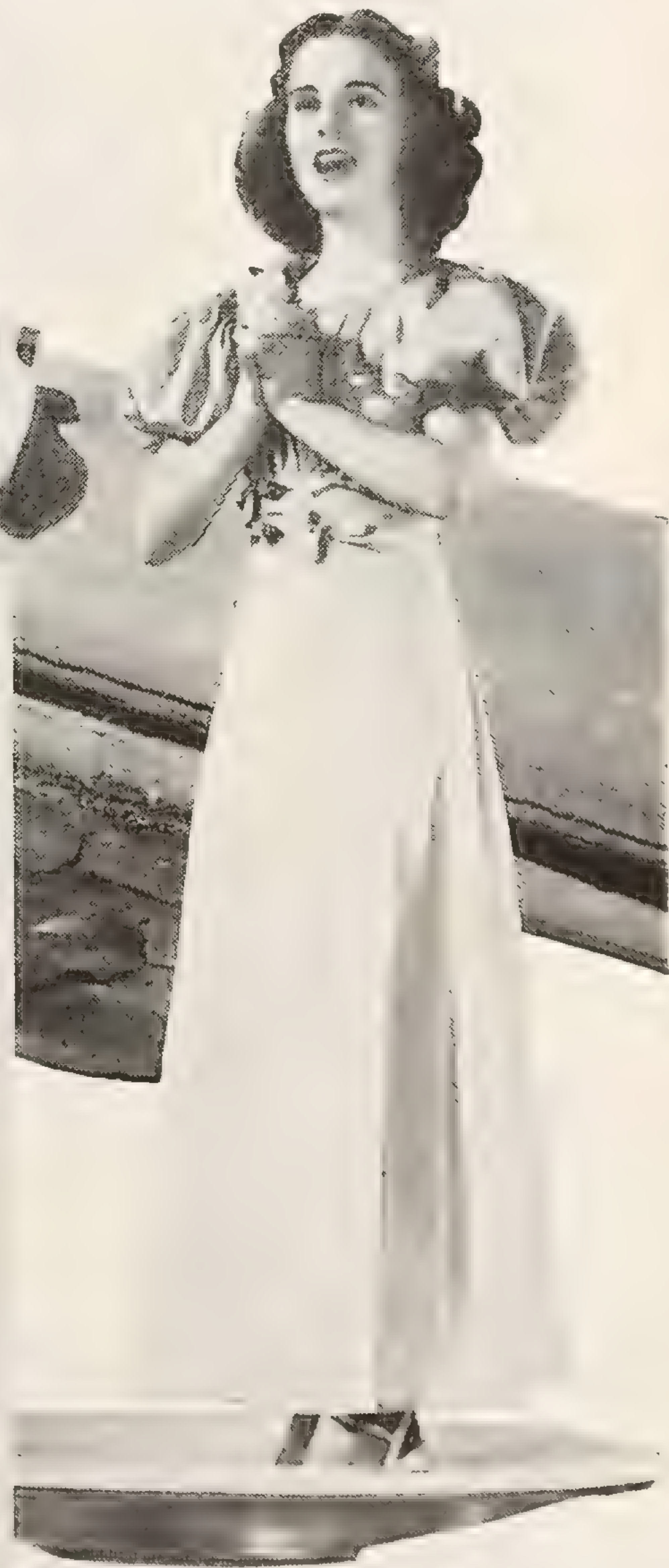
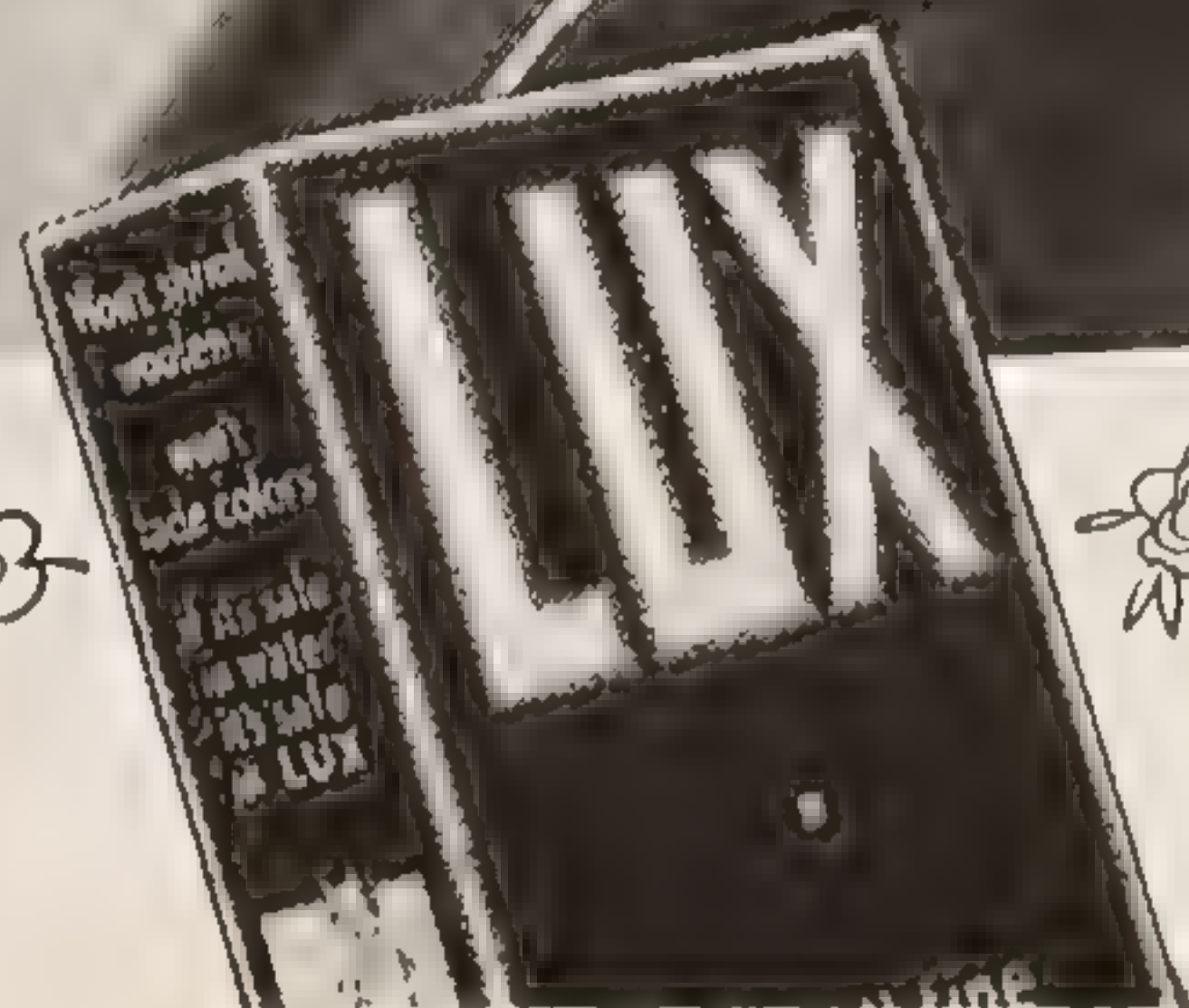
"Deanna is as finicky about the care of her clothes as I am myself," says her mother. "I won't trust silks and woolens (nice cottons, either) to anything but Lux," Mrs. Durbin adds.

 LUX keeps washable frocks and blouses charmingly feminine—lingerie fresh and sweet—stockings sleekly smart. All dainty things safe in water alone are safe in gentle Lux. It's easy to get a reputation for exquisite daintiness with Lux. It has no harmful alkali, as harsh soaps have—does away with cake-soap rubbing. This superb care that the screen stars adore costs next to nothing—yet it saves dollars on upkeep!

LIKE ALMOST EVERY GIRL of her age, Deanna loves sleek silk stockings. Naturally, they're always Luxed, so she's seldom troubled with annoying runs. Lux saves elasticity!

DEANNA'S FAVORITE COLOR is blue and she likes simple lingerie touches. "It's easy to keep Luxable dresses always spick-and-span," says her mother.

AT UNIVERSAL, as at other leading Hollywood studios, Lux is specified in the wardrobe department for the care of everything washable. It insures freshness and daintiness... saves thousands of dollars in upkeep and replacements.



IN HER PICTURES, too, Deanna wears Luxables. See her in Universal's new picture, "That Certain Age."

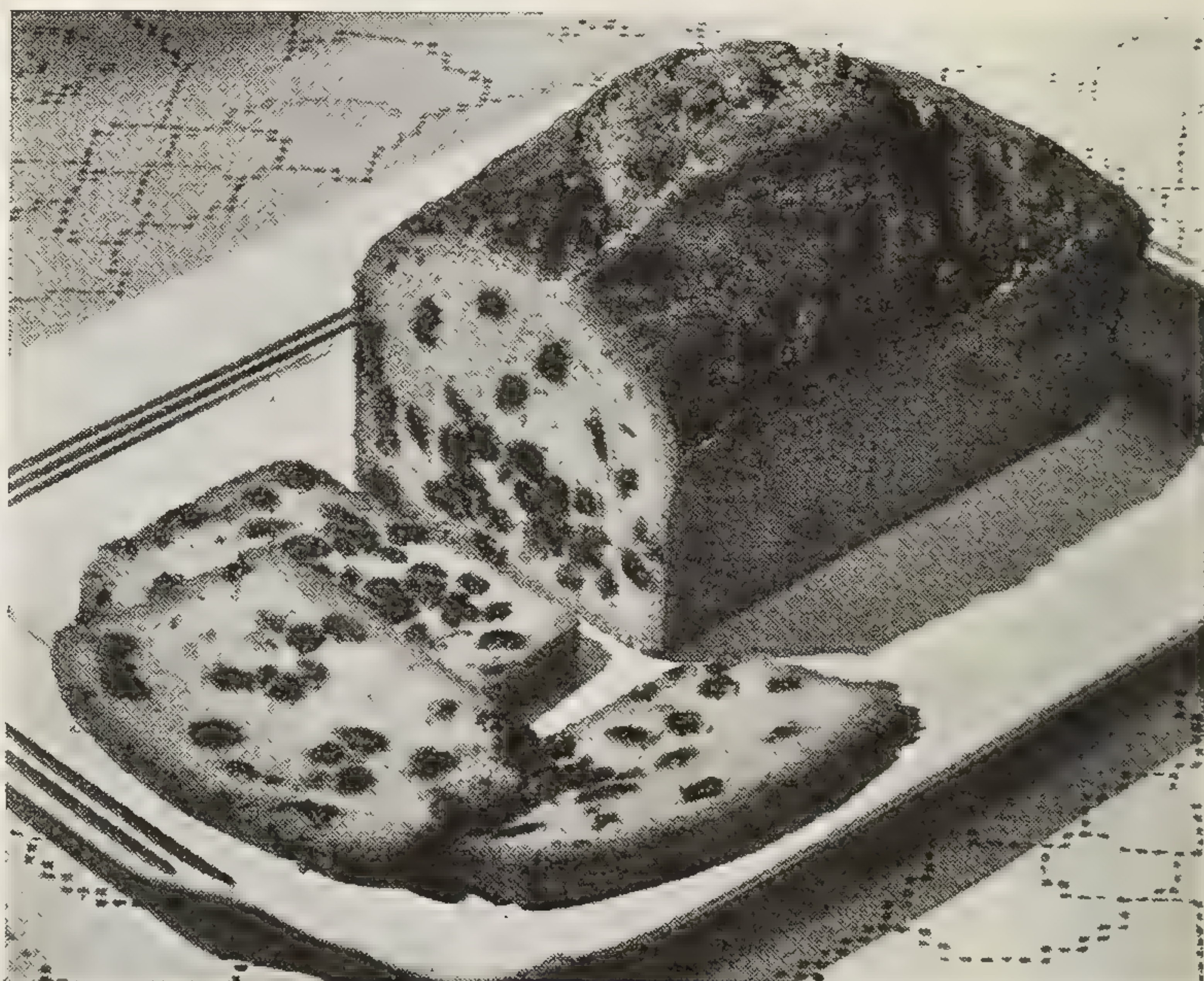
Daintiness wins

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION!



Such flavors as lemon, molasses, spices and pineapple distinguish Anita Louise's treats.

While another of her favored summer sweets is the raisin-filled Pound Cake shown here.



Courtesy Sun-Maid Raisins

BY MARJORIE DEEN

WHEN YOU are considering the bill offered at your neighborhood movie house, have you ever noticed how amazingly often it will not be the announcement of a double feature program that draws you into the theatre but those intriguing words "extra added attraction" appearing on the marquee? No doubt the idea that you are getting something more than the usual entertainment is the thing that intrigues your fancy and adds an element of surprise and interest which gives a possibly mediocre bill greater appeal.

So it is with meals, too, according to Anita Louise, the lovely guest star of our cooking school this month. Yes, claims our fair Anita, the usual common or garden variety, two or three course dinner, far too often appears dull and routine. But provide the meal, she advises, with something special that the family had no real reason to expect, and what a hit that "show" will make!

Yet, where meals are concerned, this happy result can be achieved with the simplest of "added attractions." Hot biscuits with the main course, for instance, or cheese sticks with the salad. Or perhaps best of all, "cake with the last course," suggests our lovely golden-haired "guiding star."

The cakes suggested by Anita are the sort that accompany and complement other forms of dessert such as ice cream, fresh berries and canned fruits.

Anita's cake favorites are the kind that

are baked either as cup cakes or in loaves. And these, if they do happen to boast of an icing, generally have one of the simple confectioner's type on the top and not on the sides. With recipes for two or three of these in your files, advised Miss Louise in a little talk we had recently, you can finish off any meal—especially in summer—in the finest style imaginable. Chances are equally strong that that "extra something" will win more acclaim than the culinary main features if you follow Anita's recipes.

For they are oh! so good—every one of them, take it from one who tested them and who passes on the recipes to you, knowing that during the months to come you'll be delighted to have them.

You'll find here, then, Anita's favorite gingerbread, with not too much molasses, since she dislikes a very dark cake.

And what a Pound Cake recipe is hers, filled with plump raisins and ready to attest to your cooking skill.

Then, as these are both of the loaf cake variety, be sure not to overlook the cup cake recipe, for these Summer Spice Cups are pretty special. Actually they are of the fruit cake type; but to assure greater hot weather enjoyment, far lighter both in color and texture than the usual fruit cakes. Maybe it's my own high opinion of their rich pineapple flavor that makes me assert, without fear of contradiction, that these fragrant little treats actually deserve feature billing.

SUMMER SPICE CUPS

- 1 (No. 2) can crushed pineapple
- 2 cups sifted flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vegetable shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup seedless raisins
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nut meats
- 2 tablespoons flour

Place contents of a No. 2 can of crushed pineapple in a colander over a bowl, to drain. Sift flour, measure; add salt, soda and spices and sift together twice. Cream together butter and vegetable shortening until fluffy. Add sugar gradually, creaming well while adding. Add eggs beaten thoroughly. Beat well. Measure $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the juice drained from the pineapple. Add the pineapple juice to butter mixture alternately with the flour mixture, a little at a time, stirring until blended after each addition. Fold in the 1 cup of well drained crushed pineapple. Add raisins and nut meats which have been dusted with the 2 tablespoons flour. Blend thoroughly but lightly. Turn into cup cake pans which have been lined with paper baking cups*. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 20-25 minutes.

Delectable desserts like these receive Anita Louise's most enthusiastic praise

**As this batter has a tendency to stick to the pan—however well greased—using pan linings is strongly recommended. This cake may also be baked in two loaves—also in lined pans—allowing a longer baking period.*

RAISIN POUND CAKE*

- 1½ cups seedless raisins
- 4¼ cups sifted all-purpose flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 cups butter (1 pound)
- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 9 average size eggs, separated
- 1 teaspoon lemon extract
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Rinse raisins in hot water, drain and dry on towel. Sift flour, measure. Add salt and sift three times. Cream butter until very soft and fluffy. Add sugar gradually, beating constantly. (A very thorough blending of sugar and butter is essential.) Add egg yolks which have been beaten with rotary beater until thick and lemon colored. Blend well. Add one half of flour and mix until smooth. Add flavoring extracts and raisins mixed with remaining flour. Beat until smooth. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites thoroughly but lightly. Turn into two loaf pans which have been greased, lined with paper and greased again. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) about 1 hour and 25 minutes, or until cake tester inserted in cake comes out clean and cake is firm to the touch.

**This recipe may be divided in half and baked in a single pan for a "Half-A-Pound" Cake.*

PECAN GINGERBREAD, ANITA

- 1½ cups sifted flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon ginger
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
- ½ cup granulated sugar
- ½ cup light molasses
- ½ cup butter
- boiling water
- 1 egg, well beaten
- ½ cup chopped pecans

Sift flour, measure. Add salt, soda, baking powder and spices. Sift together twice. Place required amount of sugar in measuring cup; fill cup with molasses. Stir and add to flour mixture. Half fill measuring cup with butter; add boiling water to fill cup. Stir until butter has melted. Add water mixture slowly to flour mixture, stirring vigorously. Add beaten egg; beat together thoroughly. Fold in pecans. Bake in square greased pan in moderate oven (350° F.) 35-40 minutes or until cake tester inserted in cake comes out clean. Cool on wire cake rack.



AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER

SO BEGINS the story of many a happy married life. He goes out into the world to earn their living. She does the equally important job of keeping house. It's the world's oldest partnership—and the best.

The wise bride knows how important it is to be able to turn out appetizing and nourishing meals on her limited budget. What shall she do to make that cold meat left over from Sunday dinner into an appetizing dish for Monday night? Often she makes a combination dish with delicious savory Franco-American Spaghetti. Of course it goes big with husband—and her food money stretches just that much further. Franco-American with

salad and dessert makes a wonderful quick meal when you want to cut cooking time.

Later, bride will learn that when Junior and Sallie come home ravenous from school, Franco-American Spaghetti with milk and fruit makes an ideal children's meal—and they never tire of it. It's nourishing, savory—and on the table in a jiffy.

Yes, indeed! Franco-American is entirely different from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. It usually costs only ten cents for a big 15¾-ounce can—that's less than 3¢ a portion. Get some Franco-American Spaghetti today at your grocer's. Watch your husband's eyes sparkle after the first delicious mouthful!

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

The kind with the Extra Good Sauce—Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups



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Please send free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."
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Address _____
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FOR HE'S A SERIOUS FELLOW

(Continued from page 29)



Who tossed that BRIQUE?

Paris tosses us Po-Go, its favorite rouge—in Brique, its favorite shade. And you'll toss your hat in the air when you try it!

Po-Go's so unusual! Has a remarkable, feathery texture, for it's handmade in France. Goes on as evenly as powder, then stays put for hours. And its exclusive Brique shade is the most exciting, most flattering you've ever tried. Perfect for blondes! Perfect for brunettes! Perfect for brick-tops! In fact, Brique tops them all!

Toss down only 55c at your favorite toiletry counter, for Po-Go Rouge, Brique shade. Or send 55c (stamps will do) to Guy T. Gibson, Inc., 565 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

The perfect shade, BRIQUE—only in

PO-GO ROUGE



55c

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1 —SET YOUR WAVE WITH

Dr. Ellis' Wave Set

Dr. Ellis' Wave Set gives you a soft, beautiful, lasting wave! Quick-drying, non-flaking... it's the world's most popular waving lotion!

2 —GIVE IT LUSTRE WITH

Dr. Ellis' Brilliantine

Try the new Dr. Ellis' Brilliantine! It helps hold the wave, gives your hair a silky lustre and a delicate perfume.



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AT ALL 5 & 10¢ AND DRUG STORES—COAST TO COAST

forty cents?' I am a fan for every star and player. I know how hard their jobs have been, what they've been up against. Sometimes I go to study the performance of this actor or that, but usually I go simply because I get the same kick out of movies that the little maid on the corner gets.

I'M a worrier, I am. I worry about the state of the country, the state of the world. I worry about the future. I worry about my future. When I get a part I like in a slick picture, I no sooner start to work than I begin to worry about my next picture, where it will be, what it will be, if it will be. And all about it. I'm worrying right now. I worry about everything.

"I'm neat, too. Surprise? I'm so neat I drive myself mad. I'm an ash-tray-emptier. Even in strange houses I go about emptying ash trays for people who probably don't want me to empty their ash trays. I've got to have everything around me in apple-pie order. My ties must be hung just so. The browns all together, the greens by themselves, the blues, and so on. I'd kill anyone who put a black tie among the yellows. My clothes closets, my desk, my book-shelves, everything about me and belonging to me must be, not just plain old so-so, but so-so-so. On the other hand, I slide around in any old get-up when I'm not working. Randy and I still have our house at the beach, and when I'm there I spend most of my time in bathing trunks.

"I'm a man of two natures," grinned Cary, mockingly. (He always seems to be mocking himself, even when what he is saying is serious.) "I have my 'light' side and my heavy side, very heavy. I like to go to football games in the afternoon, and to the Philharmonic in the evening; to the Huntington Museum of Art another afternoon, to a burlesque show that evening. When I was in New York I often went to the Symphony at Carnegie, and followed it up with a bust at Coney Island. I like what I like when I want it," said Cary, making one of his sudden springs to a sitting position, his voice husky, but not susurrant. And through the megaphone, in an agonized bellow, came "no off-stage whispers, please. We can hear you. We are catching off-stage noises."

"I am still a man of two natures—and two voices," said Cary, relapsing. "Every morning, for instance, Randy and I run up and down the beach for half an hour, taking deep breaths. I don't know what for, unless it's in the hope of growing three hairs on our chests where only one grew before. Then I drop dead and can't work for the rest of the day. We have a gym in the basement of our beach house, too, with all kinds of dumb-bells (I'll have no punning, please), and yet I'd rather lounge on the back of my spine than anything else I know about.

"Which reminds me of my bed. Have I told you about my bed? I thought not, but I was bound to get around to it. It's the biggest thing in my life. We had to cut down the banisters to get it upstairs. We had men working all over the place for days after it arrived, replacing walls, and chandeliers, and things. For years I've been suffering while I slept. If I turned over I'd fall out. Or I'd crack my big toe. Or I'd lunge around as I do when I'm sleeping, and knock half a dozen gadgets off one of the flimsy little bed-tables people put up with. I'd go to the Troc or somewhere, spend a lot of money having fun, and then couldn't sleep it off.

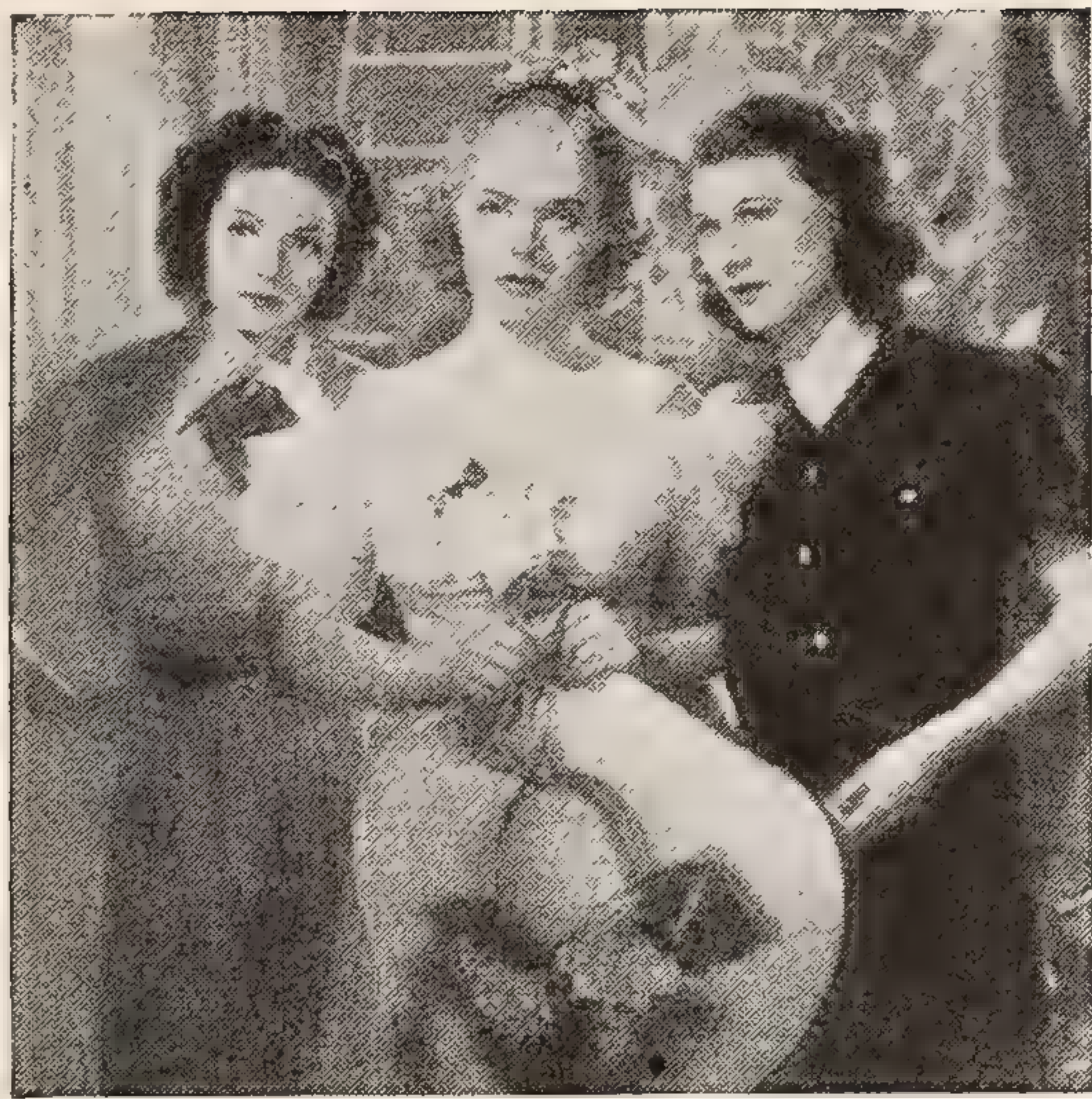
"So, I had me a bed made, long enough that when my chin is covered, my knees are not exposed to the elements. I'm too long for the average bed, you see. That's the point. And this bed serves, among other and more practical purposes, to prove my point, that I am a man of two natures. It is my one luxury, the only luxury I ever bought for myself. I haven't a tiled bathroom with a built-in shower and all the comforts of a spa. I can bathe in the kitchen sink if it comes to that. I drive an ordinary car. We have an ordinary beach house, rented. I have no hobbies. I don't own a yacht, plane, polo ponies, a home anywhere. I never take holidays, except this one." Cary indicated the set. "And you've noticed the carnival atmosphere here, haven't you? I'll have two weeks' 'vacation' after this picture, and I'll spend it studying my next script, having clothes fitted, having interviews, portrait sittings, dentistry done. No, I don't spend any money on myself at all, but I did have me this bed made, and it may interest those who love me to know that Grant sleeps at long last.

THE bed," beamed Cary, cupping his hands around his mouth, which was the one voice-silencing method we hadn't yet tried, "the bed is so long and so broad that you could mark out a football game on it. I can do seven turn-overs, and never reach either edge. I can lunge, and lunge, to my heart's content. In the head-board I have a built-in radio, a place for my candies, a place for my telephone, a place for ash trays and cigarettes, and indirect lighting which I can control three different ways by the mere flip of a paw. The indirect lighting means that I can now read without eye strain. And I read a great deal. The bed is made of bird's eye maple, with copper fittings, and it's really a beautiful job. It's not as Hollywood as it sounds. It has no Lalique glass inserts, nor a canopy under which the Doges might have slept. It has dignity and decorum, and anyway, I figured that I spend one third of my life in bed (sometimes only one tenth, but who'd waste a whisper on the difference?) and the percentage calls for splurging."

I had one question I wanted to rasp out before I went forth into the world where



By the expression on Gloria Stuart's face, we're sure Michael Whalen is hard to convince.



Marjorie Weaver, Alice Faye and Joan Davis get together to be snapped.

men speak in normal tones, and rasp it out I did.

"Are you going to get married?" I whispered.

"How should I know?" asked Cary, his rasp rising an octave. Whereupon, "No off-stage whisperings. We are catching off-stage noises."

"That 'noise,'" grinned Cary, "will be in the columns tonight."

"But I read in the columns," I persisted, as privily as possible, "that you and Phyllis Brooks . . ."

"Have a lot of laughs together," under-toned Cary. "No, that's not what you read, of course. That's what I'm telling you. That's the truth. We have a lot of laughs, a lot of fun together. We do not, and have not, discussed marriage, mice or men. If ever we do get married you'll know about it when you read the announcement in the papers, after the ceremony. You won't know about it before the ceremony. No one will know about it. I won't know about it."

HOW would I know whether I'm going to get married," whispered Cary wearily, "until I get married? I take romance seriously when I'm being romantic, of course. You can tell that I'd be a cinch *whispering* sweet nothings in the moonlight."

A little bird told me that Cary likes blondes, especially natural blondes, with as little make-up as a lady can respectably leave off, no red nail goo, no lip goo, no affectations of any kind. The same wise little bird whispered that Phyllis Brooks seems to fill the Grant graph on what a girl should be. The little bird went on to place a very large bet that there will be wedding bells for Phyllis and Cary, whether sooner or later.

"But what's the idea of planning to get married?" Cary was hissing. "What's the idea of 'setting the date' for November 22nd, or January 19th? How the heck do you know whether you'll feel like getting married on November 22nd. The date to get married is when you feel like getting married. That's the way it will be if I am the bridegroom in the case. That's all I can whisper about it, for that's all there is to it at present."

Cary's stand-in, a very personable young man by the name of Mel Merrihue, now thrust his head in at the door. He said, "Mr. Cukor'll be ready for you in a minute."

"I can't," gurgled Cary, desperately. "I can't talk. Get me something to gargle with, will ya? Get me a voice-restorer, a larynx-lubricator."

I tip-toed off the set. Through a megaphone came the dread, stentorian voice "we are catching off-stage tip-toes."

JIM LOVES TO DANCE WITH ME!

I ALWAYS BATHE WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP! IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!



HOURS LATER—SURE OF DAINTESS!

YOU'RE ADORABLE, ANN! STILL FRESH AS A FLOWER, AFTER HOURS OF DANCING!

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TO KEEP *Fragrantly Dainty* —BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

TODAY'S TALKIES

(Continued from page 12)

★★ Battle of Broadway

Shades of the slapstick era—this one. When you consider that the plot centers around an American Legion Convention and that the principal characters involved are Victor McLaglen, Brian Donlevy and Louise (Gypsy Rose) Hovick, you can figure out for yourself that it doesn't lack robust comedy.

Besides the commendable cast, the plot is good enough to hold you in your seat right through the last black eye. McLaglen and Donlevy, though war-buddies, are mortal enemies when a woman is involved. And when Miss Hovick becomes the femme fatale, there are even hard feelings between the boys and their old friend, Raymond Walburn. The latter is president of the Bundy Steel Works and a man of the highest ideals—until he spots the leading lady. From then on, the trouble begins, winding up with all the Legionnaires pitching in.

It's rip-roaring business from first to last, and guaranteed to produce chuckles and hearty guffaws. For any Legionnaires in the audience, it will prove a rib-wrecker. Though Victor McLaglen steals the show, he gets some stiff competition from Brian Donlevy and Raymond Walburn. We can't dispute that Louise Hovick is an eyeful, but she can still stand a few more lessons on the finer points of a dramatic performance. Directed by George Marshall.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★ A Trip to Paris

Pictures may come and go, but the Jones family continues to be the best entertainment in its field. Like its predecessors, "A Trip To Paris" is light comedy, riddled with hokum, and not conspicuous for its plot.

Father Jones, Jed Prouty, is inveigled into taking his wife, Spring Byington, and the entire family to Paris on their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. The usual Jones-

"LEO TOWNSEND, winner of the Preview Poll, is Hollywood's outstanding critic. . . ."

—Hollywood Reporter

like complications set in. The son becomes involved in a spy plot, while Mr. Jones' cousin takes him for a good-sized financial ride. As usual, everything works out very happy indeed.

This last Mr. and Mrs. Average Family picture is even better than the ones which preceded it. The cast again gives consistently good performances. The "bit" parts are exceptionally well done. The hotel detective gives one of the most amusing characterizations, and Joan Valerie, who plays the girl heavy, has much talent.

The writers and director have again shown their complete understanding of the intricacies of family life. The Jones Family is still good, and getting better. Directed by Mal St. Clair.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★ Bar 20 Justice

With all the present enthusiasm for outdoor dramas (all the major studios are making open air epics with their top stars) it is nice to note that Hopalong Cassidy hasn't changed a bit. A lesser cowpuncher might allow the situation to go to his head, but not Hoppy. His basic qualities—honesty, fortitude and straight shooting—are still evident as he goes about the business of saving helpless women folk and making the West a decent place for right-minded citizens.

Bill Boyd and his familiar company of stock players act out this tense drama of gunplay and quick-trigger action with all their customary enthusiasm. This time Hopalong is about to entrain for the east when word reaches him of dastardly goings on in a nearby mine. Worrying about mines is beneath a cowboy's dignity, but when there's a gal involved—well, you know. In due time the black hearted villains are brought to justice, and Hopalong and the gal are fixin' to do some kissin', although such sissy display of emotions is left entirely to the audience's imagination.

Bill Boyd plays Cassidy as though he



Lovely TO LOOK AT
...BUT NO FUN TO KNOW!

I'M SORRY TO LEAVE EARLY, MADGE, BUT NOBODY BUT YOU WILL MISS ME. PEOPLE NEVER PAY ANY ATTENTION TO ME AT PARTIES!



RUTH, WILL YOU LET ME TELL YOU WHY? IT'S HARD TO SAY—BUT YOU REALLY OUGHT TO SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!



TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH



"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

ONE MONTH LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S



SORRY TO BREAK THIS UP, PHIL, BUT YOU CAN'T EXPECT TO MONOPOLIZE A POPULAR GIRL LIKE RUTH!

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND RUTH'S SPARKLING SMILE!



...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!



LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

really meant it, and there are agreeable performances in supporting roles by Russell Hayden and George Hayes. Directed by Lesley Selander.—*Paramount*.

★★ Go Chase Yourself

If it's a spring tonic you're needing, "Go Chase Yourself" is just the prescription. It's Joe Penner at his funniest, and this one will please the most particular sense of humor.

The story concerns the hilarious troubles of a brow-beaten gentleman whose wife doesn't credit him with the sense he was born with. The gentleman in question is, of course, Joe, and his spouse, the personable Lucille Ball. Joe may not have brains, but it looks like he has luck when he wins a trailer—though this doesn't turn out so fortunately either, since his wife decides he can sleep in it. This leads to tragedy of sorts. The climax is most hair-raising, with the trailer taking a nose-dive down a mountain, and the occupants headed for certain oblivion.

It's Joe Penner's best screen work, and the rest of the cast furnishes capable support, with a special nod to Lucille Ball. Then there's June Travis, Richard Lane, Tom Kennedy and Arthur Stone. Directed by Edward F. Cline.—*RKO*.

★★ Under Western Stars

Out of the west—or rather, into it—comes a new cowboy hero, whose screen exploits will undoubtedly soon rival the celluloid heroics of Buck Jones and other open-air Romeos to whom the six-shooter is standard equipment. The new Lochinvar of the plains is Roy Rogers, who sits well in the saddle, handles his shooting irons with authority, and possesses the easy manners of a man born to the West.

The plot is built around a fight between cattle men and the water company people. The cow interests claim that their enemies, robbing the soil of the moisture it needs, are the cause of the dust storms. Right or wrong, the cowboys got all the cheering from the preview audience, and the water boys were handed a round of hisses for their dastardly work.

What makes "Under Western Stars" an outstanding western is that it allows the camera to tell most of the story. Dialogue is used only where it is absolutely necessary, a fact which eliminates many a hammy scene usually encountered in dramas of the open spaces. Directed by Joe Kane.—*Republic*.

★★ Penrod's Double Trouble

Hail, hail, the gang's all here—all those "regular fellers" who made those other Booth Tarkington stories into such picture successes. Again that likable naturalness of the entire cast has been kept intact. There isn't a kid in the neighborhood who won't have the time of his life at this movie. The plot is particularly thrilling this time, concerning Billy Mauch's strange disappearance into the blue after he's hidden in the basket of a balloon. His distraught parents, Gene and Kathleen Lockhart, offer a reward for his recovery, and some scalawags in a traveling show decide to put one over by returning to them a member of the show instead. This member, of course, being Bobby Mauch, has everybody fooled. But then the Junior G-Men, Billy's tried and true buddies, get going on the case and—well, we should spoil all the excitement of the chase for you! You'll be glad to see some other favorites in the cast, too. The Lockharts and Mauches do themselves proud, and we think you'll like "Penrod's Double Trouble." Directed by Lew Seiler.—*Warner Brothers*.

Martha Michener—aged 4 months



Dimpled, roly-poly Martha doesn't know that she's taking part in a study of infant feeding along with other babies near Westfield, N. J. She just knows that life is pretty interesting now—a new Clapp's Strained Vegetable appears on the menu every few days! Clapp's Baby Cereal is an old friend—she's had it for 6 weeks.

Martha creeps at 7 months



Fine straight back, Martha has. Rosy cheeks, firm flesh—you can see that her pressure-cooked Clapp's Foods are giving her an abundance of vitamins and minerals. She gets Clapp's Fruits and Soups now, as well as Vegetables and Cereal. With 16 varieties, there's never a dull meal. And she's gained 4 pounds and 3 ounces in 3 months.

Martha's a bouncing one-year-old



"How about second helps?" wigwags Martha. For like all the Clapp-fed babies in the test, Martha cleans up her dishes as slick as Mr. and Mrs. Spratt were wont to do. Babies love the fresh, good flavors of Clapp's Foods. And doctors approve their well-calculated texture—smooth, finely strained, but not so liquid that a baby marks time, with no training for the handling of grown-up foods.

Here's why Martha prospered so!...



16 Varieties of Clapp's Strained Baby Foods — Baby Soup Strained or Unstrained, Vegetable Soup, Beef Broth, Liver Soup; Apricots, Prunes, Apple Sauce; Tomatoes, Asparagus, Peas, Spinach, Beets, Carrots, Green Beans; Baby Cereal.

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Doctors asked for them... even-textured foods with all the advantages of Clapp's Strained Foods, but more coarsely divided. At dealers' now—remember them when your baby outgrows Clapp's Strained Foods.

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TOILET
ODORS
ON
HOT DAYS



BEWARE of toilet odors during hot weather. Odors are a sign of insantiation. Germs are breeding there. Health is being threatened. Keep toilets spotless and safe—without nasty labor. Just sprinkle a little SANI-FLUSH in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet, and the job is done.

SANI-FLUSH is made scientifically to purify toilets. It purifies the hidden trap that no other method can reach. The bowl glistens. SANI-FLUSH cannot injure plumbing connections. It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.



Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

NO MORE EMBARRASSMENT



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**Modern
Feminine
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You need no longer be embarrassed with greasy, difficult and annoying ways of feminine hygiene! Thousands of women are singing the praises of the new kind of dainty, greaseless, easy-to-use suppositories, Zonitors. Look into it for yourself! You'll be delighted, too.

The good word spreads! Zonitors are free from harmful drugs, yet they kill germs. They are safe to use, no "burn" danger. They contain no greasy base to melt or run, and wash away completely with plain water. All ready for use, no mixing or applicator. Odorless, the perfect deodorant.

Small, snow-white, in individual glass vials. \$1 for box of 12—only 8½¢ each. At all drug stores in U. S. and Canada. Full instructions in package. FREE booklet in plain envelope on request. Write Zonitors, 3709 Chrysler Building, New York City.



Questions answered, curiosity satisfied—write us



FRANK MORGAN: Before Frank Morgan went on the stage, his family name was Wupperman. In fact that irrepressible young fellow of forty-eight summers was christened Francis Philip Wupperman soon after arriving on this planet via New York City, on June 1st, 1890. His father was George Wupperman, owner of the famous Angostura Bitters Corporation; his mother was a member of the Hancox family who arrived in these parts via the well-known Mayflower. Frank was one of eleven children. At an early age he was considered the best boy soprano in New York City, where he sang at St. Thomas and All Angels' Churches. His early education led him through public and private schools, and finally to Cornell University. At the time, young Frank wasn't terribly interested in higher education, so after two years he left school, and went into business. First he sold brushes, then he sold advertising for the Boston Traveler. Itchy feet finally got him, and he landed out West near Los Vegas, Nevada, where he became a cowpuncher. When his older brother, Ralph, gave up a flourishing law practice to go on the stage, Frank immediately followed suit, adopting the same name his brother had taken, in admiration for A. E. Morgan, a favorite actor of the time. After several years in vaudeville, followed by other years on the Broadway stage, Frank made his screen debut with Anita Stewart in "The Girl Philpa." For several years longer he mixed stage with movie roles, then signed a contract with M-G-M. Some of his most recent pictures have been "The Last of Mrs. Cheney," "The Emperor's Candlesticks," "Saratoga" and "Rosalie." "Port of Seven Seas" and "Swing Fever" will be his next. Frank Morgan is over six feet tall, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds, has light brown hair and gray-blue eyes. He is an ardent baseball fan, enjoys biographies and popular fiction, and his favorite outdoor sports are tennis, golf and swimming. He has become more popular with each succeeding picture, until he is now firmly established in the hearts of all those who revel in sophisticated comedy.



ROSALIND RUSSELL: Although at one time she sincerely wanted to be a theologian, Rosalind Russell finally decided upon the stage as a career. She was born June 4th in Waterbury, Connecticut. The daughter of a prosperous attorney, she enjoyed many advantages. She attended a private school at Tarrytown-on-Hudson where she was an eager student of litera-

ture, journalism and drama, as well as an enthusiastic participant in such sports as riding, swimming, basketball and hockey. She travelled extensively through Europe, South America, Cuba and all over the United States. Being ambitious, and wanting to be independent and earn her own living, she tired of travel, and convinced the manager of a stock company that she had dramatic possibilities. She was given a small role which marked the beginning of a thorough schooling in stock, during which she persistently worked up from the smallest roles to important ones. Finally she appeared on Broadway and attracted the attention of screen talent scouts while she was playing in "The Second Man." Her screen test resulted in a role with Myrna Loy and William Powell in "Evelyn Prentice." Her work pleased the studio so much that since then she has been cast in many other important roles in such pictures as "Craig's Wife" and "Night Must Fall." Under contract to M-G-M, she was last seen in "Man-Proof." has just finished "Four's a Crowd" for Warners, and now is scheduled to make "The Citadel" which will soon start production in England. Tall, slender, brunette, with black eyes, she is considered an excellent screen type both by cameramen and by fashion de-

**HAVE YOU SENT FOR
YOUR LIST OF ADDRESSES?**

Want to know your favorite player's address? In fact, would you like to have a complete list of all the Hollywood stars' mailing addresses? It's yours for the asking. So many of you have written to this department wanting to know where to write this one or that one for an autographed picture, or perhaps you just want to write a fan letter, that we've compiled a complete list for you, naming the players alphabetically, according to their studio, and giving their complete mailing addresses. They are all there, even the featured players, printed in such a compact form that you'll be able to keep the list in your movie scrap book for reference whenever you want it.

To receive one of these lists, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with unless we receive your stamped and addressed envelope. Send your requests to the Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

signers. On the set she relaxes between scenes by chatting with visitors, playing games with her maid or reading the newspapers. One of her pet hobbies is interior decoration. She studies the subject eagerly, and designs all decorations in her own home. She also designs her own wardrobe.

BUCK JONES: This perennial idol of youngsters everywhere has been in pictures for eighteen years as actor, producer and director. He has made over one hundred and thirty pictures, and is president of the Buck Jones Rangers, a group of some three thousand youthful admirers from all over the United States and Europe. He was born December 4, 1889, in Vincennes, Indiana, but when a small boy moved with his family to a three-thousand-acre ranch near Red Rock, Oklahoma, where he learned to ride, rope, and shoot with the skill that later made him famous. From early youth he loved horses, and could do anything with them. After a public school education in Oklahoma, Buck Jones joined the army, saw service in Mexico and the Philippines, later flew airplanes, raced automobiles, rode bucking bronchos and roped steers—all for the thrill of adventure. He spent several years touring the world with Miller's 101 Wild West Show. It was during this time that Buck fell in love with Odelle Osborne, a circus bareback rider, and married her in the center of a circus ring, in front of thousands of spectators, amidst the fanfare of blaring circus bands. Today this same girl is his business manager as well as his wife. They have a daughter named Maxine. After several years under the big top, Buck decided to try Hollywood, and almost immediately he was signed as a cowboy actor. After a few months he was made a Western star, and has been a premier cowboy attraction ever since. Buck's real name is Charles Jones. He weighs one hundred and seventy-eight pounds, has dark blue eyes, brown hair, and stands six feet tall in his socks. Buck recently announced his intention to retire his present horse, "Silver," the third horse by that name to carry him through stellar Western adventure roles. The present "Silver" is sixteen years old, and has been in the movies for five years. A new "Silver" is being trained to take his place. Buck Jones enjoys Hawaiian music, and loves to throw out-door barbecues, dancing fiestas, and other parties for his professional and cowboy friends. He also often entertains groups of young admirers at his San Fernando Valley ranch. His latest pictures are "Hollywood Roundup," "Headin' East" and "Overland Express." His next will be "Sudden Bill Dorn."



Mrs. Berlin Farmer, Amonate, Va. Claude Rains was born in London, England, November 10, 1889. He is five feet ten and a half inches tall, weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds. His 1937 pictures were "The Prince and the Pauper," and "They Won't Forget." His most recent ones are "Gold Is Where You Find It" and "The Adventures of Robin Hood." Claude Rains is his real name.

Martha Burris, Tyler, Texas. Claudette Colbert was born in Paris, France, September 13, 1905. She is five feet five inches tall, and has brown hair and eyes. She weighs one hundred and seven pounds.

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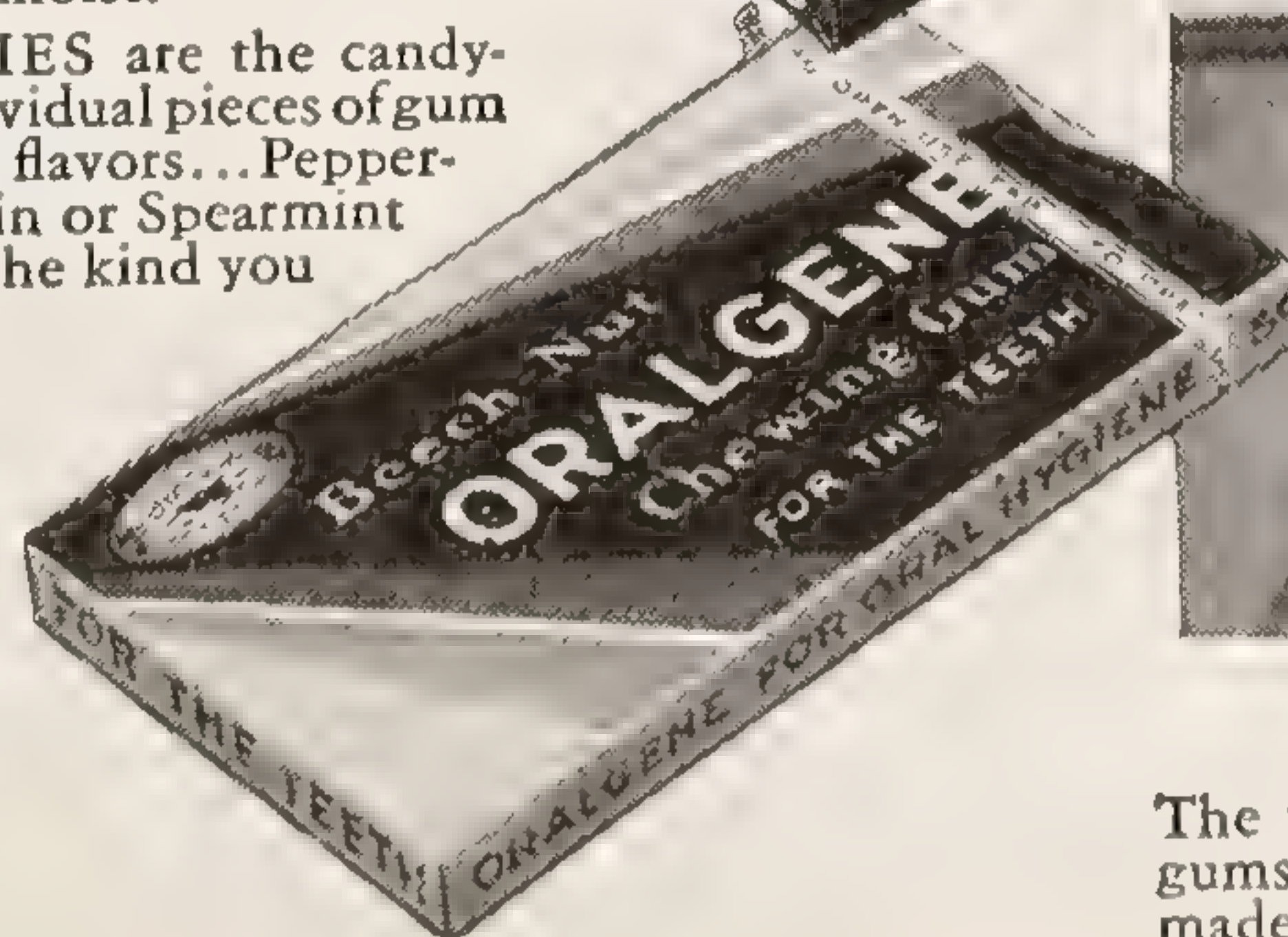
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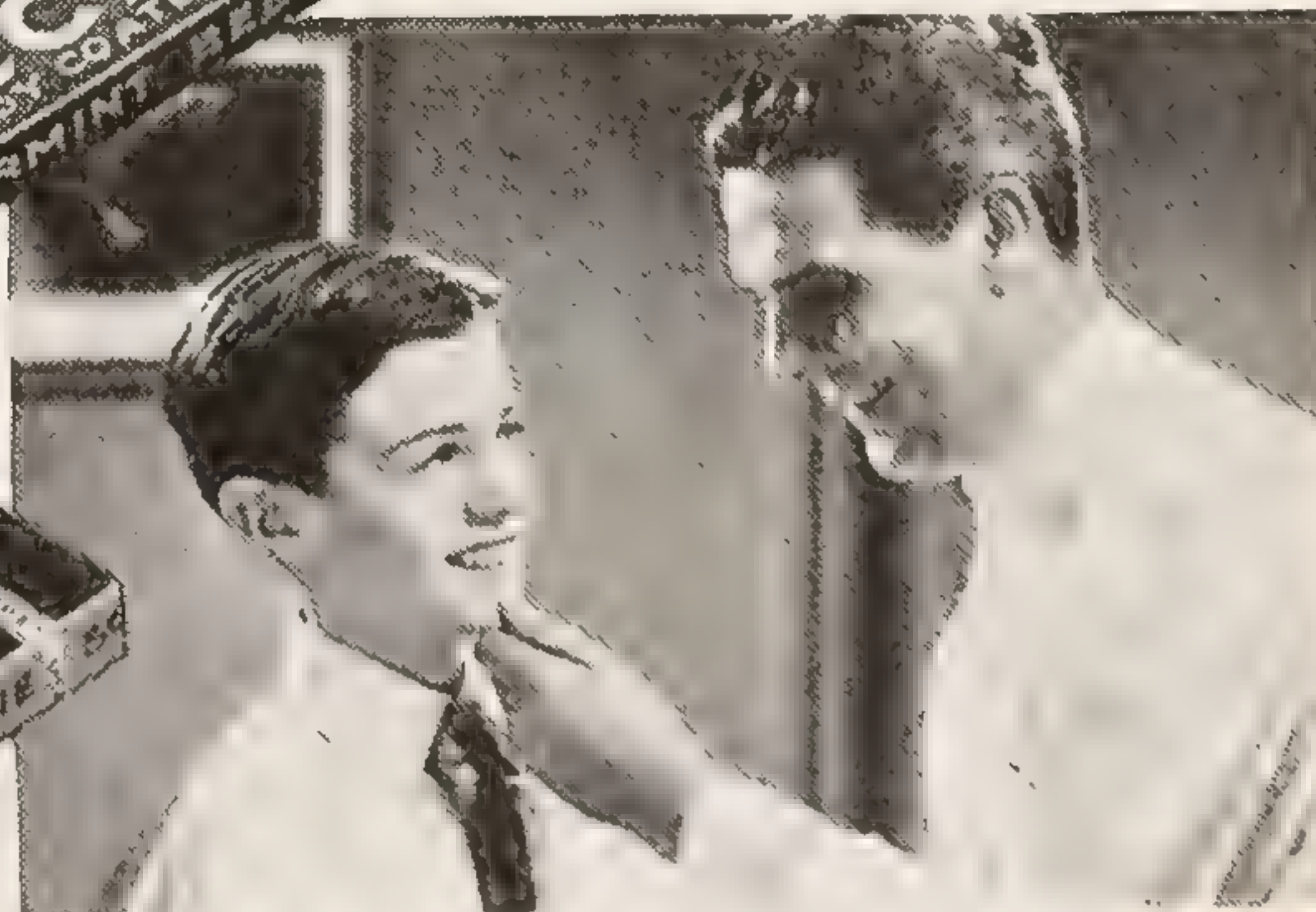
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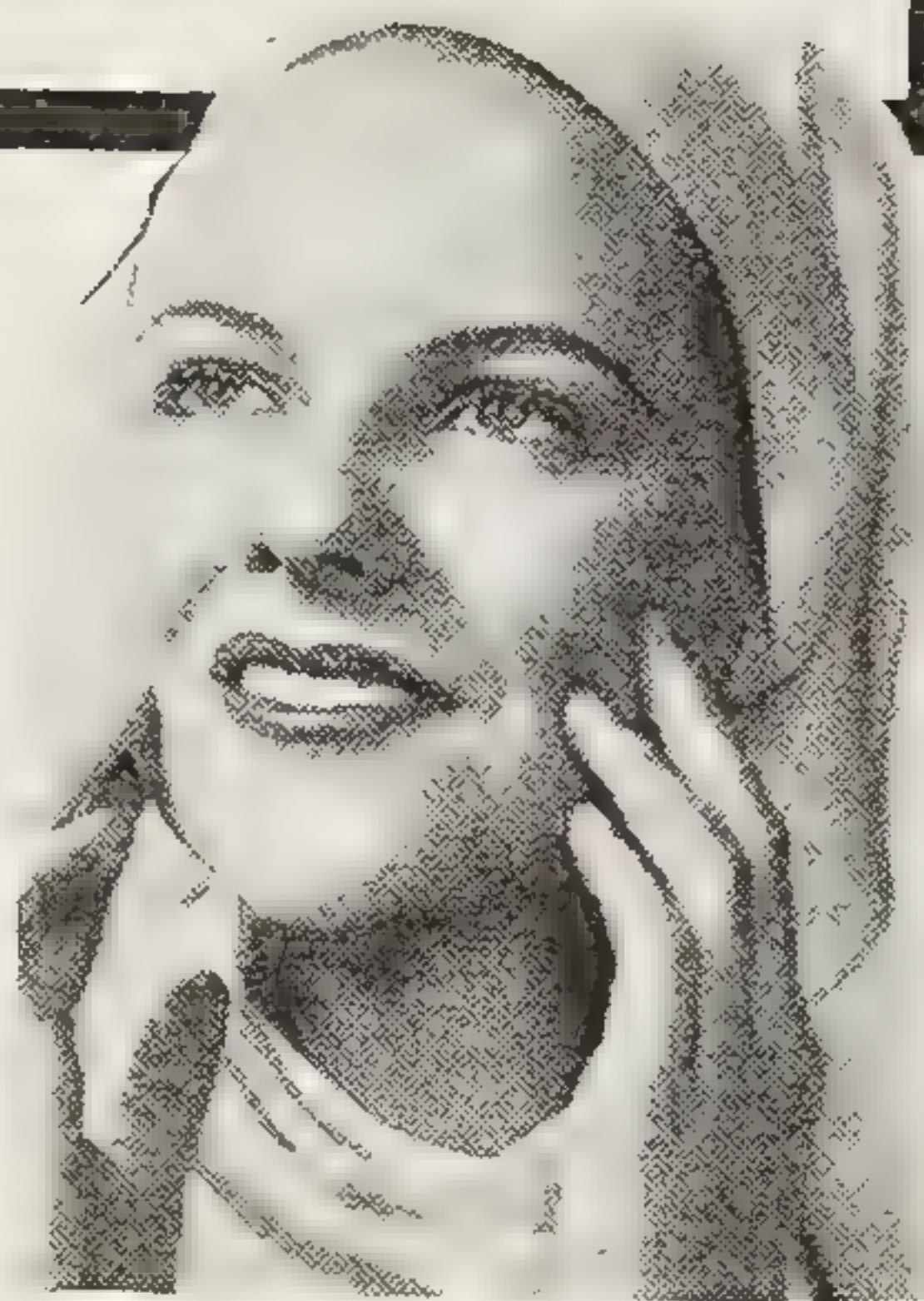
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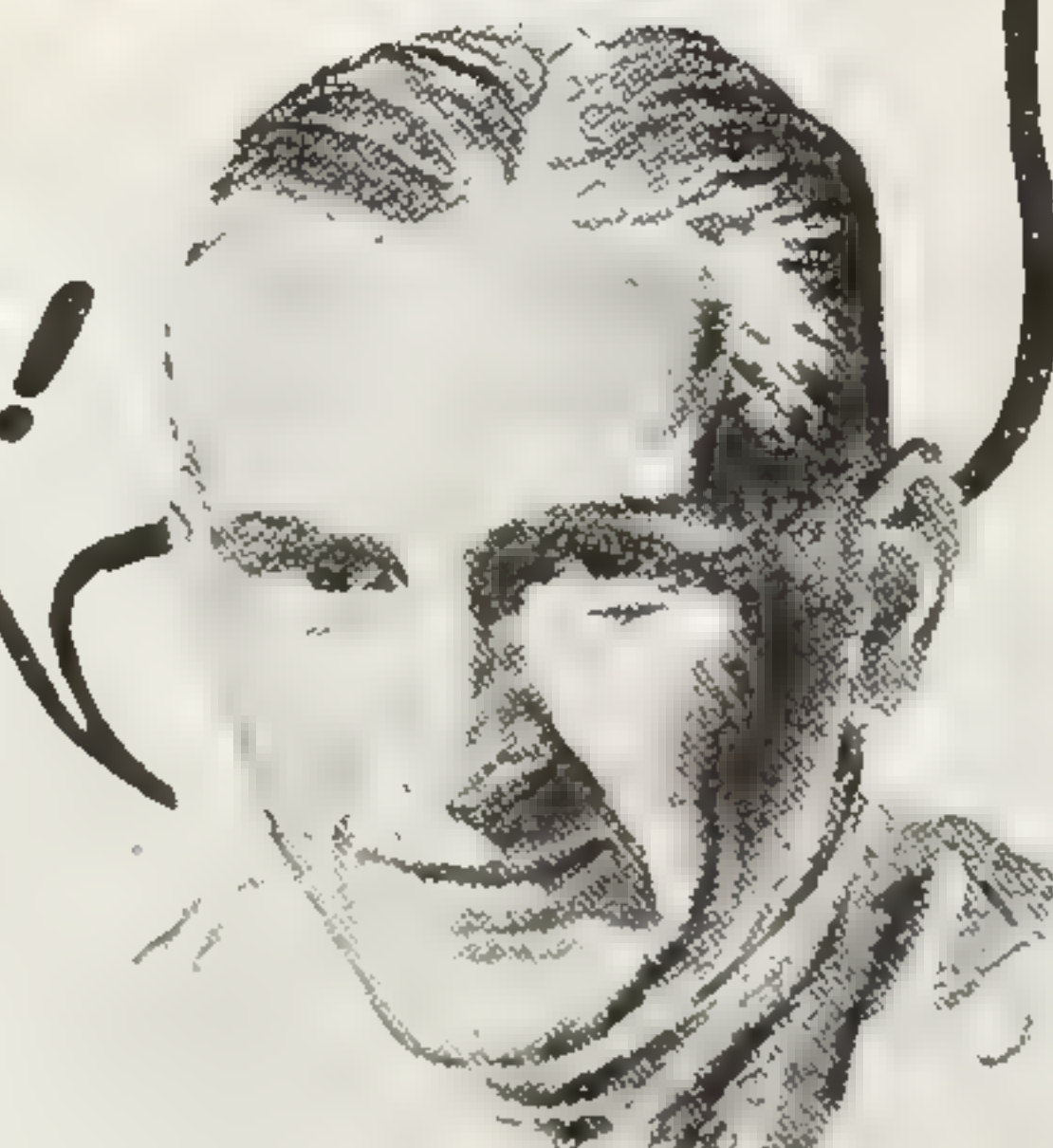
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Read about Tyrone Power,
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Maud Buck, Maribea, Australia. If you will send twenty-five cents apiece for each star's picture, the studio where they work will be glad to send you photographs suitable for framing. For Shirley Temple and Tyrone Power, address 20th Century-Fox Studios, Hollywood, Cal.; for Robert Taylor, M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal.; for Buck Jones, Columbia Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Gloria Delaney, Detroit, Mich. Spencer Tracy was born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 5, 1900. He is five feet ten inches tall, has brown hair and blue eyes, weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds. You may write him at M-G-M Studios in Culver City, Cal. The studio will send you a picture for twenty-five cents.

Norma Trease, Irvington, N. J. Frankie Darro was born in Chicago, December 22, 1917. He has been in pictures since 1929, was in vaudeville before that. He is five feet four inches tall, weighs one hundred and twenty pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Write him at Paramount Studio in Hollywood.

William Carlson, St. Paul, Minn. Sonja Henie's next picture will be "My Lucky Star." 20th Century-Fox Studio will send her photograph for twenty-five cents.

Josephine Jordano, Bridgeport, Conn. You can write Phyllis Brooks at 20th Century-Fox Studio, Hollywood, and Danielle Darrieux at Universal Studio, Universal City, Cal. Here are some of the birthdates you requested: Mary Carlisle, February 3, 1912; Una Merkel, December 10, 1903; and Gloria Stuart, July 14, 1911.

Justinth Howard, Cleveland, Ohio. Robert Livingston was born December 8, 1908. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred eighty pounds. His hair is dark, his eyes are green. He is happily married to the former Dorothy Gee, and lives in a Hollywood apartment. He's been in pictures five years.

June Ryan, Lebanon, N. H. Tyrone Power's

next pictures will be "Marie Antoinette," and "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

Eddie Culley, Chaddesden, Derby, England. Helen Twelvetree's last picture was "Hollywood Roundup." Walter Huston's last was "Of Human Hearts." Lionel Atwill's last pictures were "The Great Garrick," and "Three Comrades." Fay Wray's last was "Murder in Greenwich Village," Constance Cummings' last was "Strangers on a Honeymoon," Dorothy Mackaill's last was "Bulldog Drummond at Bay," May Clark's last was "Outlaws in the Orient," Marion Davies' last was "Ever Since Eve," and Genevieve Tobin's last was "The Duke Comes Back."

Nan Gryalba, Palmerton, Penna. Here are the addresses of some of the cowboys you mention: Ken Maynard, Grand National Studios, Hollywood; Dick Foran, Warner Bros., Burbank, Cal., Gene Autry, Republic Studios, Hollywood; Tim McCoy, Monogram Studios, Hollywood; Johnnie Mack Brown, Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. and Buck Jones, Columbia Studio, Hollywood.

Hazel Munson, Fort Bragg, Cal. Norma Shearer was born in Montreal, Canada, August 10, 1904. She is five feet one inch tall; weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. was born in New York City, December 9, 1907. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred eighty pounds, has light brown hair, and gray eyes.

Sylvia Kevel, Brooklyn, N. Y. George Sanders was born of English parents, in 1906, in what was then St. Petersburg, Russia. He has green-gray eyes, light brown hair, is six feet three inches tall, and weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds. He is a bachelor, and is interested in science. His most recent pictures are "Love Is News," "Slave Ship," and "Lancer Spy." Address him in care of 20th Century-Fox Studios, Hollywood.

BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME

(Continued from page 17)

which he gave a sincere performance as a doctor. After that followed "Airmail," "Once to Every Woman," "Second Hand Wife," and a few other good pictures.

Then for some unknown reason Hollywood lost interest in him. He was given colorless stories, or miscast as a heavy. Some times he played roles that were almost bits!

And now came the part of a dumb cluck—and Ralph was once more recognized. In fact, Hollywood liked him so well that they gave him a somewhat similar role in "Fools for Scandal." Are they going to type him in this way, or have they finally awakened to the fact that he would be big box office if given half a chance?

I hope so. He fully deserves a break. No other actor could have existed as long as he has in such mediocre stories.

—Ruth King, Cranford, N. J.

\$1.00 Prize Letter Once Is Not Enough

This may sound like a foolish suggestion, but I can't help wishing that every city would dedicate one movie theatre to our old favorites. Of course, once in a great while an old favorite returns to a neighborhood theatre, but that is so seldom.

We like to re-read certain books over again and again. Why then must such pictures as "Barretts of Wimpole Street," "Rose Marie," "Maytime," "The Plainsman," "Top Hat," and "The Prisoner of Zenda" vanish, never to be seen again?

Hollywood has created masterpieces in these pictures, and there is no reason why they wouldn't be enjoyed next year as well as this.

—Margaret Cason, Chicago, Ill.

\$1.00 Prize Letter A Southerner Speaks

I am a southerner and go to the cinema to be amused, but every time a southern character is portrayed on the screen I get burned up!

Is there no one in Hollywood who has been south? We do not say "yo yawl" for "you all" nor do we address one person as "you all." We do not say "suh" for "sir," and talk as though we had marbles in our mouths, or were suffering from sleeping sickness. Of all the "southerners" I have seen on the screen, the women talk like hound dogs whining.

I don't believe the producers are actually that stupid. I think they do it to burlesque the southerner. This thing might have been funny the first, second, or third time, but has grown stale now.

Remember there are box offices down south, too. If their patrons were not such good sports to overlook these tasteless blunders, the joke might not be on them.

—Fred Arnold, Vicksburg, Miss.

\$1.00 Prize Letter Connie's Back Again

At last she's human! Suddenly taken off her high horse by the role given to her in "Topper" (which she did to perfection), our blonde star, Constance Bennett, has aroused new interest in the hearts of her once-admirers. I was getting very bored with her high-hat ways!

A few more comedy roles like "Topper" and "Merrily We Live" and Connie'll be back on top where she belongs.

—D. Seibel, Chicago, Ill.

THAT GIRL'S HERE AGAIN!

(Continued from page 31)

doesn't talk for the love of hearing her own voice. She says what she has to say, and stops.

I'd heard that she loathed Hollywood, that she couldn't abide the screen, that she'd moved heaven and earth to get back to the stage. Yet here she was, not only playing in a movie but sold down the river under a long-term contract. I asked her what it was all about.

Her answer came unhesitatingly. "My early training was on the stage, and I loved it very much. But I'd been in seven flops on Broadway when the movies offered me a job, I couldn't afford not to take it. I didn't like it. If it had been paradise, I wouldn't have liked it. I didn't want paradise, I wanted the stage.

"Then various things happened, and for the first time I was in a position to choose a play without considering the money end. Choose a play, mind you. Not beg for a part. Not even just take a part, so I could eat. But choose a play for no other reason than that I wanted to be in it.

"That was when I began hating the movies—not because they were the movies. I felt they were a person, not a thing, and I hated that person for keeping me from doing what I wanted to do. I'd hold imaginary conversations with it, him, this monster I'd conjured up. 'Well, then, kick me out, why don't you? I never wanted to come in the first place.' A reflective gleam lit her eye. "Sometimes the conversations weren't imaginary."

How the difficulty was overcome she didn't tell me, nor did I ask her. She returned to Broadway to play in "Stage Door."

It's not the fever of first nights nor audience applause that lures her to the theatre. What she finds most enthralling are rehearsals. "There's something about an empty theatre that's intensely dramatic. I may get arty on you here, but I'll try not to. It's the sense of working with people to give a thing shape and meaning, battling it, making it go the way you want it to go. It's terrific labor and terrific nervous strain. But it's exciting. Once the scenery's up, that excitement goes. Then you get the itch to go, too.

"Of course you don't go. You have a run-of-the-play contract. I stayed for five or six months, and left because of you-know-what."

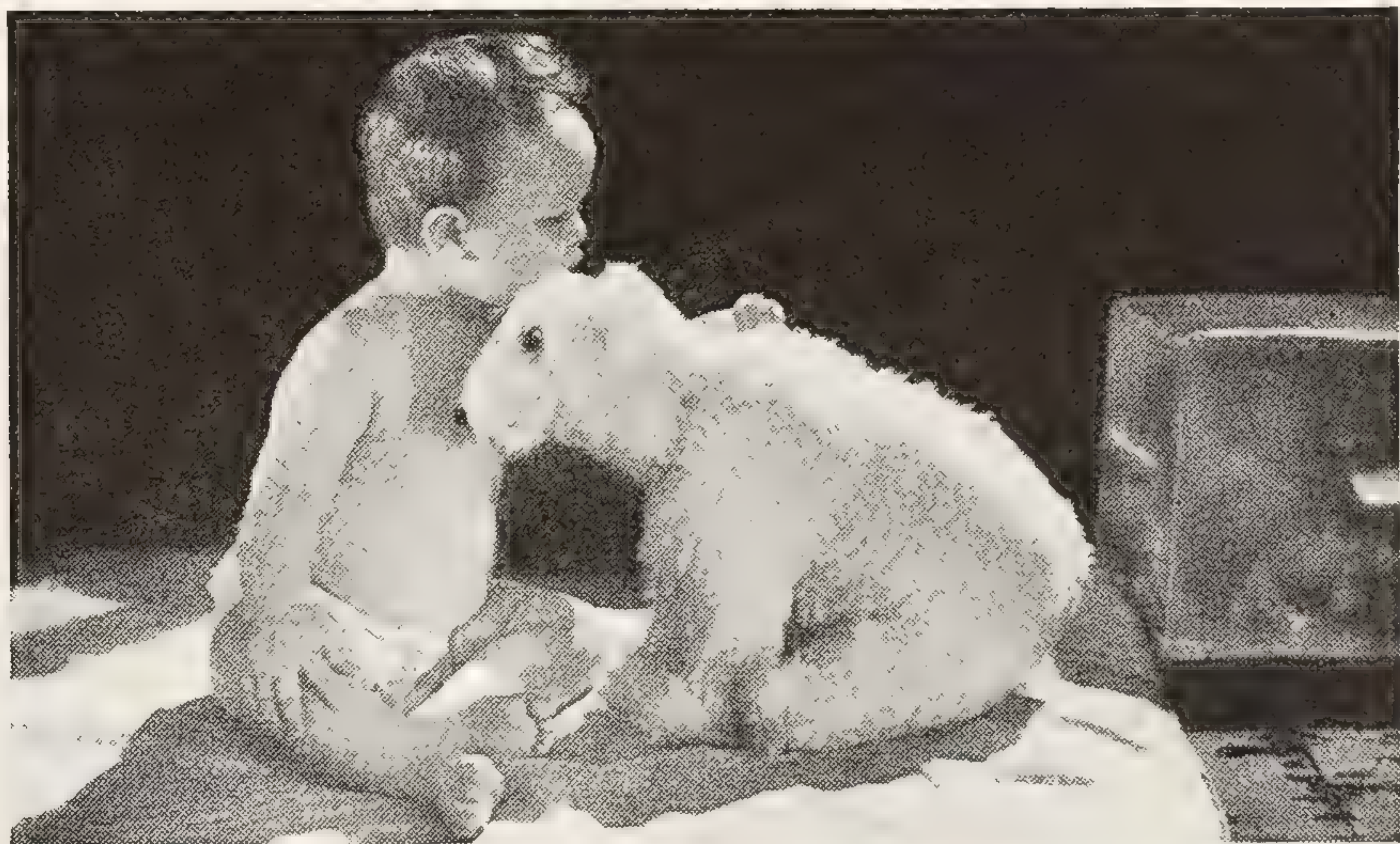
You-know-what is Brooke, the daughter born to her and Leland Hayward, to whom we'll return later.

BUT it wasn't that alone. I decided California was where I wanted to live. I was disappointed in New York. All the time I'd been here before, New York had been a fetish with me. 'I've got to get back,' I'd rage. 'This is a horrible place to live.' So many have had the same experience. Then when you do get back, New York lets you down. You're irritated by things you never noticed before, the dirt, and the pace, and the clatter. If you want to go down to the corner drugstore, you have to put on a hat and gloves and powder and lipstick and make a ceremonial of it. I don't like ceremony. Slacks are more comfortable. So I came back with my husband.

"I'd always known that if I did come back, and could get a job, I'd go into pictures, because I can't imagine doing nothing. That's the exact opposite of what I



● "Look here, Mr. Bear—I've lived in this climate longer than you have, and believe me, that's not the way to get cool. Why, the minute you get up off that ice, you're going to feel hotter than ever!"



● "My word—you're bundled up for 40 below! Can't peel down?... No, I suppose not. Custom—dear, dear, it makes slaves of us all. But now listen: did you ever hear of Johnson's Baby Powder?"



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said yesterday, when I told someone it was my ambition to do nothing all day long. And it is my ambition. I'm not trying to be whimsical, and I can't explain it, unless I'm lazy in theory but not in practice. Nothing seems more alluring than the thought of an empty day dangling somewhere out of reach. But the minute I have nothing to do, I go crazy.

"Besides, I never hated the movies as movies. It was just that I had another love, the stage, and now I've got the stage out of my system—maybe." Her smile mocked at herself. "When I first came back, I never wanted to hear about another play. Already that's beginning to leave me. Already I'm beginning to say: 'I might go back for three months.' Also I might not. We have a baby now. We're building a house. I've got myself hogtied. And like it."

Her mother refuses to indulge in the parental pastime of raving about the baby. "I'd heard these awful stories about how they look when they're born—wrinkled and spotty, and their heads coming to a point. Leland didn't like babies anyway, and I was terrified for fear he'd never look at her again if her head was pointed. So I made him promise not to see her till I'd seen her first. I don't know what the idea was, whether I thought I could smooth her head out, or what. However, I didn't come to for hours, and he couldn't wait. He thought she was all right," said Mrs. Hayward in a masterpiece of understatement.

THE house they're building is comparatively small, but it's set in two acres of ground to insure privacy. At the moment they're wrestling with items like lighting fixtures and door handles.

"Door handles! That's what you get for building a house. Before, there used to be a handle, and you turned it. Now you have to take courses in it."

They're also wrestling with the architect, whose ideas are somewhat more orthodox than their own.

"He wants us to have a dining-room," the perturbed mistress-to-be informs her husband. "What for?"

"He thinks maybe fourteen years from now we might want to have fourteen people in to dinner."

"What is that?" she inquired on another occasion, indicating a contraption fixed to the curtain rods.

"To pull the curtains."

"But we don't pull curtains."

"You've got to pull curtains at night, or people'll look in."

She burst into helpless giggles. "Look in from where? That's why we got all this ground, so people couldn't look in, and we could look out."

She'd always wanted a glass door. "Fine!" said the long-suffering architect. "And here comes someone Miss Sullavan doesn't want to see. And there stands Miss Sullavan, plain to behold, behind the nice glass door. You can't say you're not in."

"I can," declared Miss Sullavan firmly.

She can do other things, too, not prescribed in the stars' book of etiquette. All toggled out in the creation of an ace designer, she can curl up on a dusty box and fall asleep. She can forget herself so completely in a game of tag with a soundman, that she stumbles over a cable, breaking her arm and breaking up a picture. She can disregard the prodding of expert ribbers to come to work day after day in a funny little knitted jacket, such as your grandmother might have worn, because she's conceived a childish attachment to it. She can suppress a wild curiosity to see her own rushes because she thinks she's better off when she doesn't see them.

"Seeing them turns me into a millstone 'round my own neck. This part in 'Three

Comrades,' for instance—I love it. I want so much to do it well. Leland bawled me out for not seeing the rushes. He said it was outrageous. 'You're just coddling your vanity instead of taking advantage of your mistakes,' said he. So one day I disciplined my vanity and went, with the result that I was downcast for three weeks. It was awful. I didn't like the way I smiled or said words. I remembered what I'd been thinking and trying to do when I played the scene. None of that seemed to come through. I wanted to beg them to do it all over again. I put my husband, who's also my agent, through days of torture. 'You were right,' he said, 'you should have stayed away.'"

FRANK BORZAGE, her director, says, "Margaret never used to worry about working overtime. One day on this picture I kept her after six, and it was a minor tragedy. Suppose she didn't get home in time to see the infant fed. 'Suppose the heavens fall,' it sounded like. Nowadays when I plan to use her at ten, I don't get her in at nine. I can't stand her reproachful eyes following me around the set, reminding me about all this wasted time she might have been spending at home with the kid.

"When we break, she scoots to her dressing room, scoots out, hops into her car, and zooms home. What's the rush? Leland bought a Tyrolean rig for the child in New York, and this is the big trying-on day. That's the hit picture of the year, if you ask me—Leland Hayward solemnly shopping for a little cherub, and Maggie dashing home to see how the cherub looks in her new outfit. Even they think it's funny. But how they love it!"

She, too, says she's changed. "I never had a plan before. I kicked against plans. Now I know this is what I really want. I like being content—not too content—but more so than I ever dreamed I would be." Her smile glimmered again, half impish, half wistful. "I was going to commit suicide at thirty, now I'll wait till forty."

It was said not altogether flippantly, nor altogether seriously. She was voicing that half-formed impulse, common to sensitive youth when, through the mists of childhood, it glimpses a panorama of life and death it's too young to cope with. She's tasting the first good fruits of maturity. She'll find that forty and fifty and sixty have their compensations, too.



Margaret Sullavan enjoys a dance with Frank Borzage, the director of "Three Comrades."

A MAN WITHOUT FEAR

(Continued from page 33)

mariner Powell are lone wolves when they put to sea.

By way of beginning I said, "Happy?" Jimmy ordered chicken livers and rice, and a pot of tea before he echoed, "Happy? Sure, I'm always happy when I'm going back to the farm. Right now I like everything I'm doing. But then I always like what I'm doing, or I don't do it for very long. Life's too short for that.

LAST time we were on the farm I transplanted twenty-eight trees, good hard work, that, the kind of work I like. I like the house we're building at Cold Water Canyon in Beverly Hills, too. It's a six room house. That's one of the reasons we're building it, because we like small houses. The farmhouse in the East has just six rooms. That's enough for any man and his wife.

"Sure, I'm happy. I'd say that my definition of happiness is being without fear. Fear can eat the vitals out of anyone. When a fellow has to keep a job he hates, or work for a boss he hates, because the alternative is starvation, that's slavery. I hate slavery in any form." He has proven that. Jimmy has always dared to quit.

I said, "Being without fear is a form of self-confidence, isn't it? How did you get this way?"

"When things have been tough for a kid," said Jimmy, "he's never afraid again. I've had so many jobs in my time, and I got 'em all on nerve. When they'd ask me, back in the days when I was first on the stage, 'Can you sing?' I couldn't sing, but I'd answer, 'Sure.' When they'd ask me, 'Can you dance?' I couldn't, but the answer was the same, 'Sure.' 'Can you do dramatic stuff?' Same answer, 'Sure.' So it went. I'd get by with it, too. The same holds good of any job. Just say, 'Sure,' and *mean* it, and you'll get by. At least, you won't be any worse off than you were before."

"But now," I said, "now that you aren't a 'kid' any longer?"

"Same still holds good," said Jimmy. "If, at any moment the movies should shake a day-day at me, I know exactly what I'd do, got it all planned out. I'd form a repertory company, and tour the country. Matter of fact, Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh, Allen Jenkins and I have plans for such a company all doped out right now. We know just what we'd do, and how. May do it anyway, whether I'm in pictures or not.

"I can't have any fear," grinned Jimmy, "or I'd have taken myself out of Hollywood on the first train that left after mine came in, eight years ago. There wasn't anyone in pictures who looked like me. Where did I get off, and why had I gotten off at Hollywood? Those were the days when Valentino was still hot in peoples' hearts and memories. Those were the days when Buddy Rogers, and Charlie Farrell, and Gary Cooper were the tops. Now where did the Cagney pan fit into that art gallery? But I stayed on. They said, 'Can you be a movie star?' And I said, 'Sure,' and here I am, still the boy meeting the girl."

"But why did you say 'sure' to Hollywood?" I persisted. "What made you sure? What did you think you had to 'sell' to the movies?"

Jimmy has a habit of answering questions by telling you little anecdotes. He

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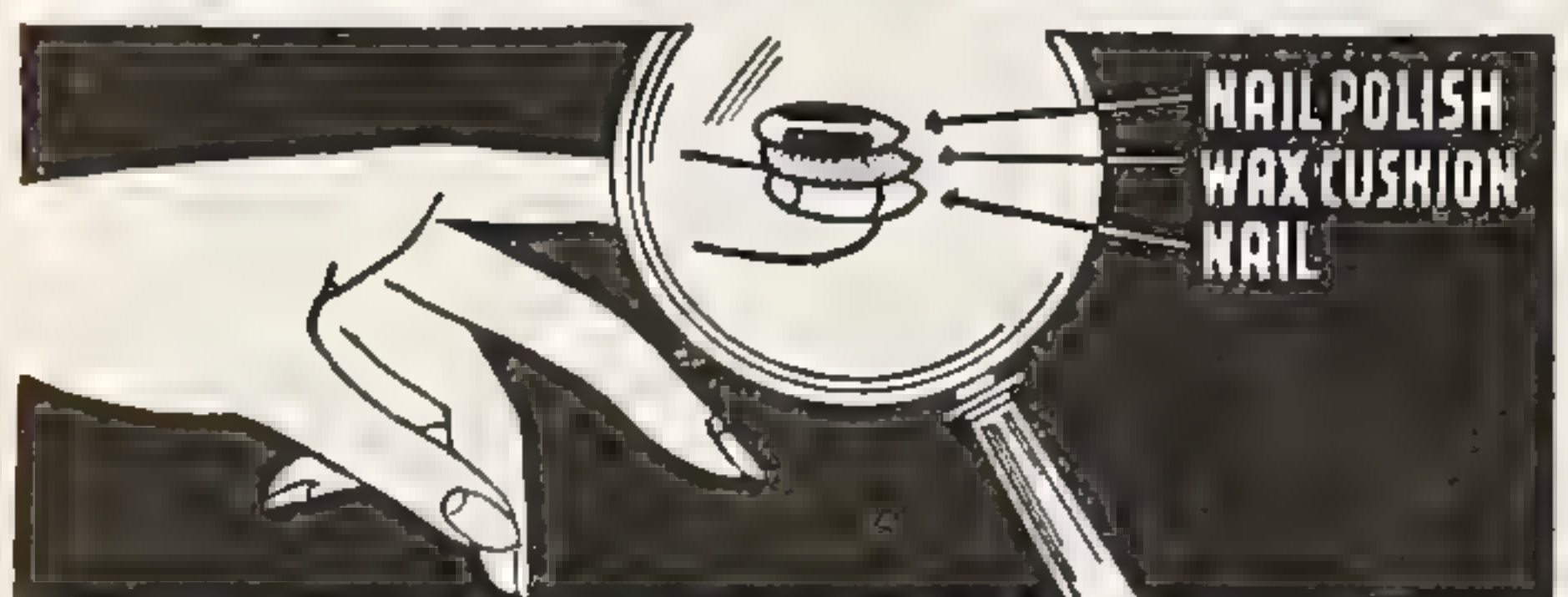


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said, "I was looking at one of my first pictures one day with my then leading lady. I said to her, as I looked at myself, 'That guy's nuts. I look a little bit crazy.' The lady said, 'When I watch myself there's nothing going on!' (She is still 'going on,' too, however.) Anyway, maybe that's the answer where I'm concerned. I look nuts. There's something that people like about a guy who looks a little bit crazy. They never know which way he's going to jump, whether he'll turn out to be a poached egg or Napoleon. I guess," said Jimmy, thoughtfully, "that my other selling point would be titled, 'pugnacity.' I look the kind of a guy who's just about to pick a fight."

I remembered then Mae West's famous pronouncement, that of all the men in Hollywood Jimmy Cagney has the most sex appeal for her money. I recalled that someone else—Joan Crawford, wasn't it?—said that Jimmy's sex appeal is due to the fact that he always looks as though he is about to spring. As if taking a cue, just as I was thinking these torrid thoughts, Marie Wilson, who plays the girl to his boy in "Boy Meets Girl," passed our table, paused to give Jimmy a large hug, and exclaimed, "Every chance I get!" then ran off, rather breathless and noticeably blushing. Jimmy remained smiling, but unperturbed. Later the girls in his studio's publicity department told me that every girl and woman on the lot is "crazy about Cagney," that they've never "seen anything like it."

No, he doesn't look like Valentino did, dear knows. He doesn't look like Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power, Clark Gable, or Errol Flynn. But he does look dangerous, in his quiet way. He does look unpredictable. He does look imperturbable. He does hold a challenge. It probably has something to do with the way he stands, this sex appeal of Jimmy's, for he stands as a fighter stands, his arms slightly bowed, his hands drawn up in front of him. Jimmy demonstrated for me that it's really difficult for him to straighten his arms out. Too many boxing matches have given them that pugilistic curve.

If you will notice, there is also something about the back of his neck. His wife once told me that a woman said to her, "Do you know what I find most attractive about your husband?" "What?" asked Mrs. C. "The back of his neck," replied the admirer. "There's something so purposeful about it." There's something unusual about the set of his head, too. Something about it suggests a battering ram.

Perhaps little Marie Wilson expressed it most aptly when she said, "He looks as though he's going somewhere, and you wonder whether he'll take you with him, or leave you behind."

He appears to be ungettable, this Jimmy. Yet, a fact little known is that a great many people come to Jimmy with their troubles and problems. He could be called The Little Father Confessor of Hollywood, and deserve the title. (But how he would hate it! For Jimmy, a sentimentalist in his heart, detests any of the outward and visible signs of sentimentality.)

Jimmy lives, and lets live too. Now, take his married life, one of the happiest, soundest, and most successful of all the Hollywood marriages. You never hear anything about it. You never hear "rumors." You never see Jimmy with anyone but Billie, his Missus, or with his brother Bill, or some of the boys.

For Jimmy and his Billie do really live and let live. And they go their own ways, when they feel like it, which isn't often.

Occasionally Jimmy invites to the house people in whom Billie is not especially interested. But that's all right. Billie just



Warren William, Robert Montgomery and Virginia Bruce seem all set to disagree.

goes out. She goes to a show, or plays bridge, or drives around until the gang is gone. Sometimes Billie may invite people for whom Jimmy doesn't particularly care. That's all right, too. He just goes out with some of the fellows, goes to the fights, to a show, or just drives around until he sees that the downstairs lights are off. Then he goes home. But for the most part their friends are mutual friends, the O'Briens, the Tracys, the McHughs, and the Jenkinses, the wives as clubby as the husbands.

There are no naggings, no orders given, no coercions in the Cagney household. "Marriage," says Jimmy, "can be a form of slavery, too. Ours isn't. Billie doesn't make a slave of me, nor I of her. There's no jealousy. When we were in show business together a few years ago one of the girls asked Billie if she didn't worry about me, always playing with a bunch of beautifuls. Billie said 'No. What good would it do me to worry?' It wouldn't do her any good. And she hasn't any reason. We both know that it's a lot of bunk, all the she-she in this business. She knows that I know it. We both know that when it's all over, when the curtain rings down I won't be of any more interest to people than Mr. Smith of Punkin Center is today.

"We both like to stay home. We sit around and gab about the farm, and about the new place here in Beverly Hills. Billie takes care of all the domestic shenanigans, the furnishings, the servant problems, if any, the planning of meals, etc. I'm not fussy about my food. There are too many important things in life to be finicky about whether you're eating cake or pie. I think I take enough interest in the house to be companionable. I like to fool around arranging furniture. I'm the one who says where to hang the antlers in the den! I take an interest in what Billie wears—isn't that supposed to be a goodly thing in husbands? Especially hats! I'm hat conscious. Oh, am I hat conscious! I hate conspicuous clothes, too much make-up, red nail polish. But especially the wrong kind of hats. Before I was married I'd ask girls for dates, and if they showed up wearing some squirrely thing that dipped over sideways, like the prow of a ship in distress—well, I'd dip out. If Billie wanted to buy one of those things, sometimes called hats, she'd buy one. I wouldn't say anything, and she knows it. But she doesn't buy 'em.

"I always go over my scripts with Billie. Like all actors I try out the business on the wife. Pat does the same with Eloise. Allen with Mary. We all do. I act out a bit of business with Billie and she'll say 'I think that's swell,' or 'I think that's

pretty bad.' Sometimes that's that, and sometimes I kick it around a bit and try it again until she okays it. We always say, 'I think' to each other. Leaves things open and free, as they should be. But in the essentials we think alike, and take 'em together. The rest doesn't matter."

PUGNACIOUS, yes. Imperturbable, yes. But there's another side to Cagney. And he shows that side in the things he notices. He betrays an almost feminine sensibility to the things which effect others. He told me about a party at the home of Allen Jenkins, for instance. And how Allen just up and blurted out the carefully kept secret of the Jenkins' Blessed Event, blurted it out because he just couldn't keep it in one more proud moment. Jimmy told me about the look on Allen's face, that hard-boiled screen face, when he spoke of the baby to come.

He told me about young Phil Regan, the "Singing Policeman," the young actor you saw in "Stars Over Broadway," "Go Into Your Dance," and so many others. Jimmy said, "that kid has worked ever since he could walk. Father was a truck driver. The kid had job after job after job, any kind of job. When he came to Hollywood he didn't tell anyone he was married, thought it better business not to. He always spoke of Jo as "my girl." But he always spoke of her. I found out that he'd been married at seventeen, that they'd had one kid, then another, then another, until they now have four. And when I found that out my respect for him went up one hundred per cent, and higher."

Yes, these are the kind of things Jimmy notices, the break in a man's voice when he mentions a baby, and the sturdy courage of a man who works for the wife and kids, gives 'em the best he's got of love and loyalty.

No, Jimmy hasn't changed. He'll never change, let contracts come or go, governments rise or fall. He'll never be afraid, either, not for himself. And he'll never be carelessly happy, no matter how things go—because Jimmy has a sense, deep in his Irish heart, of the tragedy of life. There is nothing you can do to him, perhaps, to make him shrink, or wince. But there are many things you can do to yourselves that will matter to him. Because he cares about people. What would an idealist call that? A sort of sense of the brotherhood-of-man?



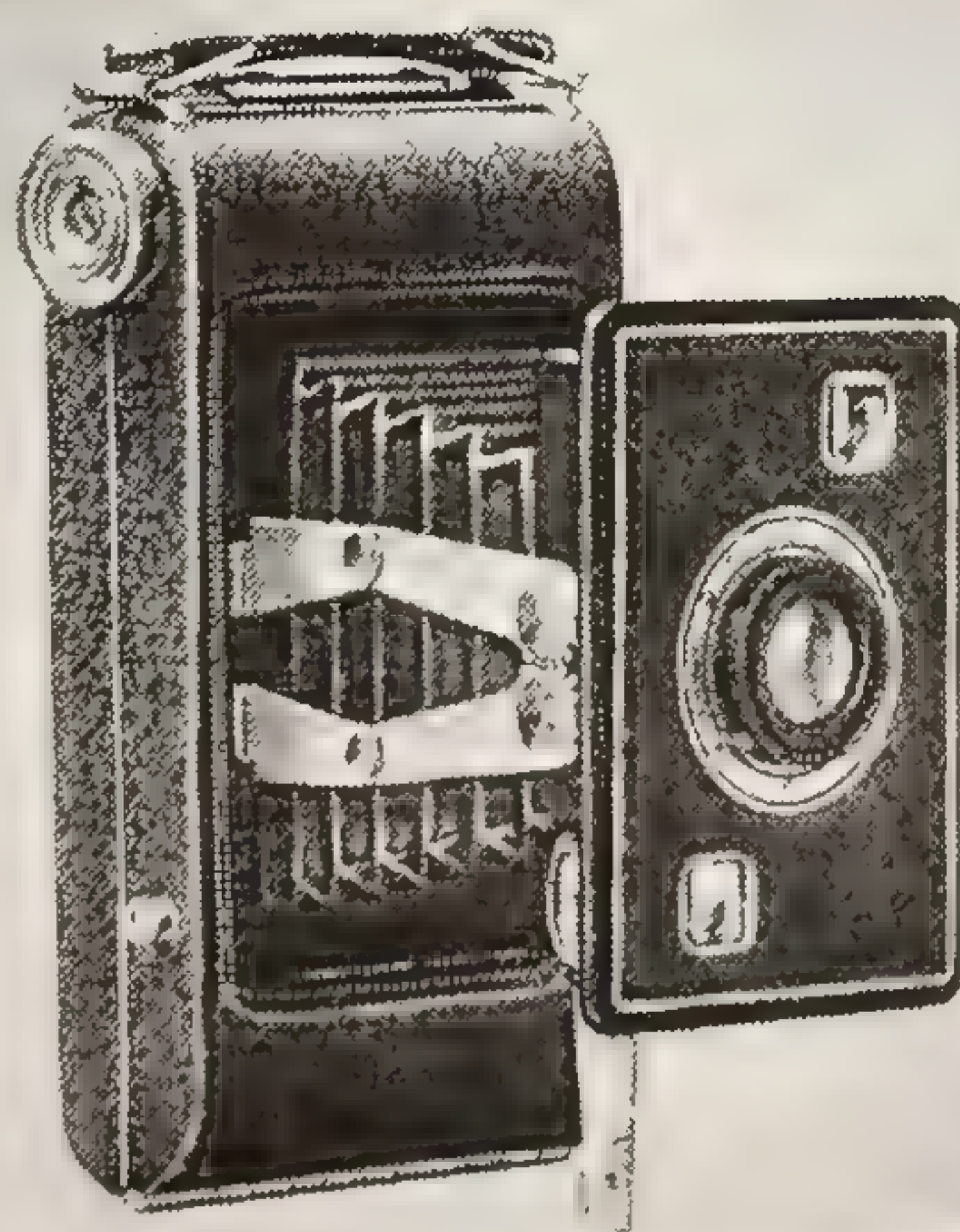
Betty Compson out with two sailors? No, it's just Milburn Stone and Harry Carey.

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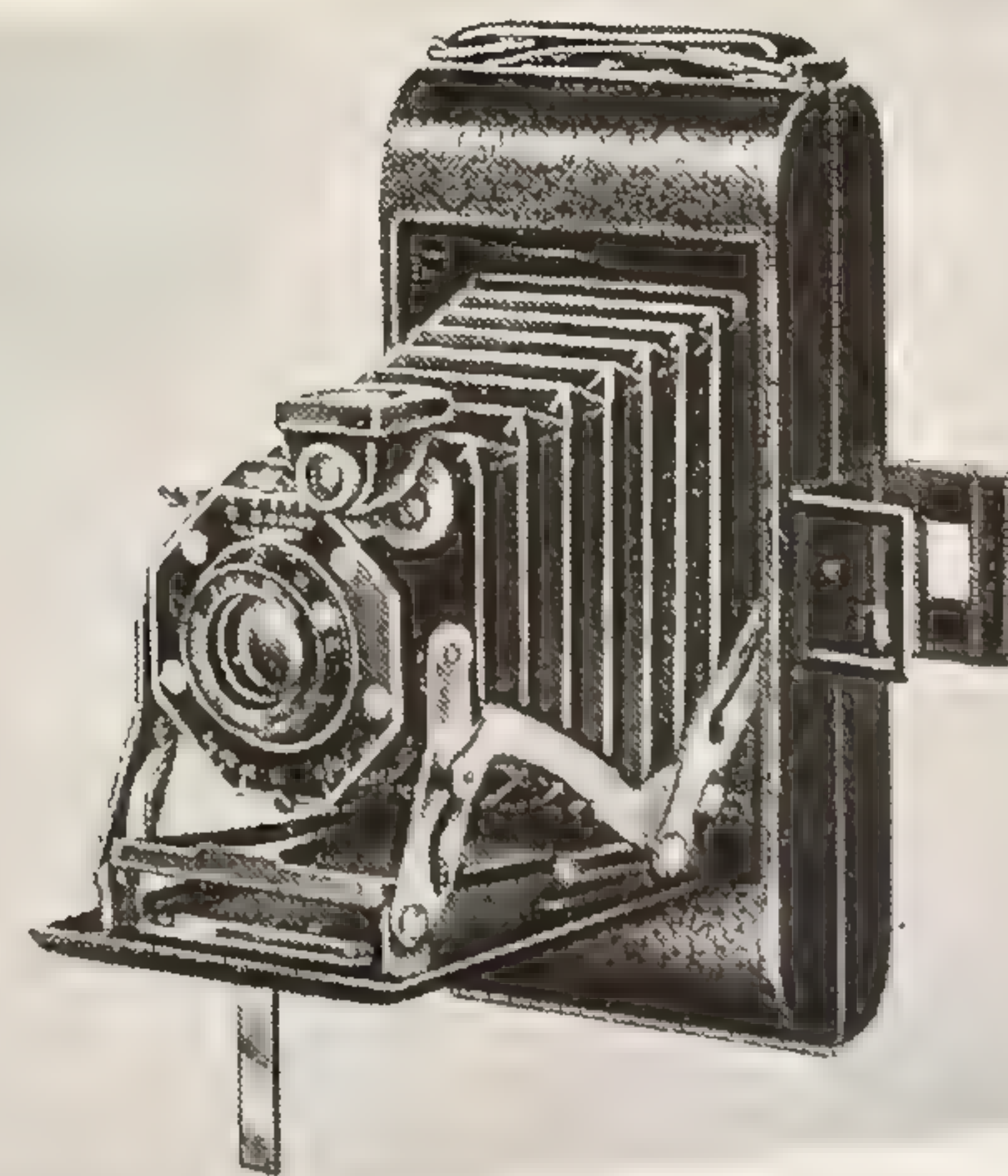


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WRECKING THOSE RUMORS

(Continued from page 37)



GLORIFY YOUR HAIR! Shampooing is not enough—follow each cleansing with Colorinse to bring out glossy highlights that rival the sun!



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is all right," said Sonja, dismissing the subject, "if all you want is romancing."

Further proof that Sonja isn't nursing a broken heart is that, while romance rumors seem only to bore or amuse her (you get the feeling that the Tyrone Power romance is ancient history to her), there is another set of rumors about which she feels very differently—the rumors that she has gone temperamental and high-hat.

When she answered questions about romance she was a little reserved, but when she swung into her own defense, she became warm and animated. Her vivid brown eyes, that contrast so oddly with her blond hair, flashed, and she went directly and simply to the point.

THOUGH she laughed about them, she was very much hurt by the cruel and silly stories that circulated during her stay at Miami, where she gave a skating exhibition. As the New York newspapers had made a target of Robert Taylor just before he sailed for England, so the Florida newspapers made a target of Sonja Henie. It all arose through a series of misunderstandings—through stories that had a bit of truth, but were mostly pure fiction.

"When I arrived in Florida," said Sonja, "I found that I was booked for all sorts of affairs, and that every minute of the day was mapped out for me. Every time I opened a newspaper I would find a new announcement that Sonja Henie was going to appear at some affair. Often, the first indication I had that I was expected to attend was the appearance of an advertisement in some newspaper. But I knew that if I stayed away from any of these affairs, after the newspapers had announced that I'd be there, the public, not knowing the circumstances, would think I was becoming temperamental. So I went through with everything that had been arranged for me.

"For example, when I saw the announcement that I would appear at a certain swimming exhibition, I was panicky, for I had another appointment which conflicted with the time set for this exhibition. 'I couldn't possibly stay very long,' I told the people who were managing it, 'for I've got to keep this other appointment.' They told me it would be perfectly all right if I stayed only five minutes, and then left. Instead, I remained an hour and a half, which was all the time I dared take, and then went on to my other appointment. The next day the newspapers criticized me for being so blasé that I couldn't sit through the exhibition.

"One day at the beach someone asked me if I wouldn't like to see the horse races at Hialeah that afternoon.

"Since I was wearing only white slacks and a white coat, and had no time to change, I asked if it was all right to appear at the clubhouse like that, and was assured it would be. Since you can go almost anywhere in slacks in Hollywood, I gave it no further thought.

"Even when we were stopped at the clubhouse, I thought it was because we didn't have any tickets, and that my companion had gone to make arrangements.

"When I learned that my slacks were the real reason we had been stopped I was very uncomfortable, for I didn't want to violate the rules of the place. I decided to sit down as inconspicuously as possible, hoping that my white coat would hide the slacks. But while I was sitting there, word came that the governor of Florida wanted to meet me."

Sonja Henie turned miserably to her companion. If she went down in her slacks to meet the governor, she would have to pass thousands of people, all of whom would notice her informal attire, and possibly criticize her as an exhibitionist.

"Please," she begged, "tell the governor why I cannot go down to meet him. Please explain to him about the slacks."

The next day the newspapers said, "Sonja Henie refused to leave her seat at the races to meet the governor. She said, 'Why should I go down to meet him? I am just as important as he is. Let him come up to meet me.'"

Another story which circulated about Sonja was that a group of youngsters had thrown snowballs at her. The insinuation was that Sonja had made herself disagreeable to them. The truth is very different. On the first day of Sonja Henie's exhibition, a group of youngsters who had never seen snow or ice before went up to the rink just as the exhibition ended.

"I saw one of the youngsters edging toward the artificial ice," Sonja told me, "and I knew right away what was going to happen. I said 'Goodbye' very hastily, and went straight home.

"The youngsters began to throw snowballs at each other, and before long they were involved in a regular snow fight. Trying to stop the fight, one of the workmen threw a snowball at one of the boys. In revenge, they grabbed the doll house from which I had made my entrance in the 'Toyland' scene of my ice ballet, and began tearing it to pieces.

"The next day the newspapers said that the boys had thrown snowballs at me, but I was, of course, safely home when it happened."

DISMAYED by the unfavorable publicity she had received, and growing weary of having every minute of the day charted out for her, Sonja hinted to someone connected with her troupe that she would prefer not to have a press agent follow her around all the time. No doubt this was undiplomatic of her. Someone older and less sincere than Sonja might have found a subtle way of handling the situation, but Sonja is nothing if not direct. Her honesty is her greatest fault, and her greatest charm. After the Florida exhibitions were over, the press agent wrote a vitriolic open letter to Sonja Henie, which was published in a newspaper.

"Her letter was very funny," said Sonja, but there was a hurt look in her brown eyes as she spoke. I later learned that the press agent from Sonja's own studio simply adores her, and finds her the most cooperative star imaginable.

Laughingly, Sonja denied some of the other rumors about herself. There is, for instance, the persistent story that she has "lucky boots" which she always wears. Hollywood even said that when Royer designed a set of gorgeous costumes for her first picture, "One In a Million," she told him regretfully that she could not wear them because they would not go with "lucky boots" which she wears at all important events in her life.

"There are no 'lucky boots,'" said Sonja. "I change to new boots every five months, regularly."

Then there was the story that in "Happy Landing" she wore a beaded cap, beaded bodice, and embroidered skirt three hundred years old, which had been in her family all that time, having been passed down as part of a girl's dowry from one gener-

ation to another. According to the story, when Sonja Henie's mother heard that she needed such a costume for her picture, she made the supreme sacrifice of giving it to her daughter. Sonja chuckled merrily.

"How could I wear a dress three hundred years old? The silk would all be torn, wouldn't it?"

But, oddly enough, the story that the most exciting ice skater of our generation has never been on roller skates is true. Sonja is still as modest about her acting as ever.

"I do not act," she says. "When you try too hard you are not natural."

Now that she is on top, Sonja has no desire to tell the studio how to handle her. When asked what kind of pictures she would like to make she said, "Just the kind I have been making. Of course, it would be nice if they would film a skating picture in technicolor. But no matter what they do, I shall keep on giving skating exhibitions between pictures."

SONJA added modestly, "I do not think that at first the studio liked my making personal appearances. Perhaps they were afraid I wouldn't look just right, for many people at the studio had never seen me give a skating exhibition, and didn't know what to expect."

Sonja's studio knows now that they need have no fears about her, for the magnificent little lady of the skates will always acquit herself beautifully in anything she tries. Her tour set a new record for repeated triumphs. No other sports figure ever played to such packed houses as greeted Sonja Henie everywhere she performed.

Yet Sonja is as natural and unspoiled as the day she landed in America. Though she has given command performances before King George and Queen Mary of England, before Mussolini, ex-Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm of Germany, and King Haakon VII and Queen Maude of Norway, she has none of the airs and ridiculous posturings that you so often see in girls with not one hundredth of her claim to fame.

In the middle of our talk, she had turned to me, with that appealing directness of hers, and asked, "Am I bad copy? Someone told me I was bad copy."

Here she was, a world figure, the queen of ice skating, and a sensational success in pictures, and she was worried because someone had told her she was "bad copy." She has the simplicity of the truly great.

"No, I will never change," said Sonja. "I know that fame means very little and goes very quickly."

For some people, fame does go quickly. But not for the Sonja Henies of the world, who wear their crowns, their glories, and their triumphs with such disarming modesty.

Answer to Puzzle on Page 14

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The wonderful new Odorono ICE is based on a brand-new principle. A gentle, cooling ICE deodorant that goes on like a vanishing cream and disappears completely. It is not greasy or sticky.

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After the first application you'll understand why so many of the women who have tried it prefer the new Odorono ICE. You'll never have another moment's uneasiness about underarm odor or perspiration.

Try this sure, easy way of guarding your charm. Get a jar of the new Odorono ICE tomorrow . . . only 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments.

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FAREWELL TO FRANCIS

(Continued from page 41)



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HOW NERVOUS WOMEN CAN SLEEP EASILY



By Dorothy Blake

Being a woman myself, I know that many women, as well as men, find it extremely difficult to fall asleep for hours after they retire — that others become fully awake after they have slept for just a short time, then find it almost impossible to go back to sleep.

The next day they are nervous, unstrung, highly irritable. Before retiring I take one or two TREMS tablets. That's ALL I do. In about 15 minutes, tense nerves are completely relaxed, that taut feeling goes and I get a good night's sleep. All ingredients in TREMS are U. S. P. tested. Why put up with another sleepless night or nerve-racking day when you can enjoy glorious relaxation with TREMS? If your druggist does not have TREMS, send your name, address and 10c to TREMS, St. Louis, and 25c Introductory Package will be sent postpaid.

cream on my face, a pretty sight. My door was locked, but reporters and photographers broke it open, and there I was! "I told them," chuckled Kay, with relish, "that I was a strong girl who made a twelve-second mark for the one hundred yard dash in school, and that I would be likely to break their cameras over their heads if they dared take any pictures. They didn't, though one lad observed that there were some ladies who liked 'being photographed in pajamas!' There simply is no privacy for a star.

"I loathe trying to live up to slogans, and I just won't do it. 'The Screen's Most Beautiful Siren,' 'The Screen's Glamor Girl,' 'The Best Dressed Woman in Hollywood,' things like that. Absurd. Fantastic. Untrue. And very uncomfortable when they are pinned to you.

"I abhor having to show off. I detest sycophants. I avoid gossips as I would the plague. And this business is ridden with all three pestilences. I hate all the attention a star is supposed to give her precious self. I do nothing in particular to keep physically 'fit.' I do not diet. I have no beauty secrets. I wash my face with soap and water when it needs washing, and let it go at that. I don't know yet what is meant by 'glamor.' I'll be so glad when September comes, and I won't have to worry about what others think I should or should not do about myself. I want to get fat," declared Kay with feeling. "I want to do nothing. I want to sit on my back porch, in a rocker, and not even think. I can't imagine anything more divine than stepping off a gangplank one of these days, and looking down into a sea of faces to find them all staring blankly away from me, disinterested.

THIS business of being a star is really spoiling my disposition," sighed Kay. "I used to have a fairly placid temper, but now I lose it every now and then. The strain is too much for my lazy nature. A star is expected to be a social entertainer, besides being an actress. They bring everyone from royalty to Shirley Temple's French 'double' onto the set while a star is working. They bring on the Army, the Navy, football players, basketball players, baseball players—and the star is expected to stop in the middle of a scene, and be gracious to the visitors. They bring on newspaper men, who may grill you for being 'temperamental,' if you refuse to meet them, and will almost certainly grill you for 'slipping' if you do a few bad scenes as a result of the interruptions. Either way you lose.

"I guess I'm just not an exhibitionist," said Kay. "I not only do not enjoy seeing myself on the screen, but I don't even see myself any more when I look in the mirror at home. Even the pleasures of a woman's vanity, the fun of 'prinking' are mine no longer. It has all become mechanical, impersonal, and boring. I look in the mirror, and I know there's a face there. And it's probably mine. I know that I must go through the motions of pulling it together, and I do, but I have no personal pleasure or interest in the process.

"I've only seen one shot of myself on the screen that I really thought beautiful. And even that was more a matter of lighting than of my face. It was a close-up in 'One Way Passage,' the picture Bill Powell and I did together a few years ago. It was beautiful because Bob Kurle, the cameraman, (he's dead now, poor dear) took so much time and trouble shifting his

camera fifty different ways, experimenting with light and shadow. When I saw that, I felt the one pang of pure pleasure I've ever experienced when I've looked at myself on the screen.

"Usually I'm afraid to look. When I go to previews of my own pictures I feel like cowering in my chair like a kid afraid of a bogey-man. I'm afraid that I'll see myself walking with a slouch, or that I'll see a run in my stocking, or my clip won't be on straight, or that I'll be running my hand through my hair, or a dozen and one other things.

I KNOW that I've got one special quality to 'sell' on the screen, as most of us have. The fans expect sincerity from me, a certain warmth and 'sympatica.' And if they don't get it they howl. They didn't like me in 'First Lady' worth a cent. They told me so, by the hundreds. They don't want me to be flibberty-gibbetty. And so there is the strain of being sure I have the right character to play. Of course, that's every star's major problem. But it's too major for my shoulders." And Kay wiggled her's as though shaking off the too-heavy burden of stardom.

"I wonder," I said, "whether you'll be able to stand the let-down when the tempo of your life changes, for a star's life is a feverish one, with phones ringing incessantly, conferences, interviews, stories to be read. What will you do with yourself?"

"Let-down," what a lovely word," laughed Kay, "lovely and lazy." And she laughed again, so happily, so convincingly that there was not even a wisp of doubt in my mind but what Kay is, indeed, saying goodbye.

"There are so many things I want to do," she said. "So much blessed doing-nothing to catch up with. I won't have 'stories to read,' no, but I can read Hemingway, and Schnitzler, and my 'moider' mysteries in peace. I've always run my own house, pretty competently, if I do say so, but now I'll have time to fool around with the linens, and rearrange the books, and do things with flowers.

"You know," said Kay, "I am the laziest woman in the world. Really. I agree with Alice Brady when she says never to stand up if you can sit down, never to sit down if you can lie down."

I tried to switch around to the subject of love, by asking Kay if she is romantic. I reminded her that psychologists say people who marry more than once are romantics, or they wouldn't. Kay evaded. She saw through my little ruse. She grinned and said, "I know what you want me to say, that I'm 'forever blowing bubbles,' or 'looking for the rainbow,' or something. I'd much rather talk about being lazy. I am energetic when there's a job to do, I'll say that. I attack it with what is known as vim and vigor. I go to bed every night at nine o'clock. I accept almost no social engagements, allow nothing to interfere. But I hate it. I force myself to work. I should have been born in a harem," said Kay, luxuriously, "with slaves to wait on me, even to feed me. Never to raise my little finger again is my idea of heaven."

"But," I gasped, "won't you miss anything of all this, anything at all?"

"Yes," said Kay, and now she was not laughing. "Yes, I'll miss my crew. I'll miss the boys and girls who have been with me on so many pictures, the props, and carpenters, and electricians, my hairdresser, my script girl, all of the people

who have been my very good friends. I'll miss them terribly. Perhaps such good-byes would be too painful, if I did not know that I shall see them all again, here in Hollywood. As for my friends among the players, naturally, I'll keep on seeing them, perhaps more often than I do now. But I can't," said Kay, her eyes seeming to look backward now over the nine bright years of her stardom, remembering all the fame and flattery, the tangible rewards, the achievement and acclaim, the glitter and the glory, taking stock of it, and finding it somehow wanting, "I can't," she repeated, "think of any other thing I'll miss. Not one thing."

The woman was saying good-bye to the star. It is we who are left who will have the regrets when, in September, Kay Francis bids us goodbye.

DON AMECHE'S SECRET HAPPINESS

(Continued from page 39)

it's quiet, can't go to bed before one or two in the morning, because I'm too keyed up to sleep. It's not exactly soothing syrup, working in pictures.

"And if," he said gravely, "if I did not feel my work to be a vocation, a doing-for-others, as well as for myself, I'd often crack up in the middle of a picture, and just tell them to take it away. There are tremendous compensations and rewards, of course. The money is important, naturally. I know that we couldn't make this money in any other way. But even the money wouldn't keep me going if I didn't believe that what I'm doing really matters.

"I get letters from shut-ins, from children who are crippled, from the blind, telling me how they love our program on the air. I get letters from the old, who tell me that, as they watch pictures, they live their lives over again, find their lost youth, and the dreams that, for them, never did come true. I get letters from married couples telling me how they were on the edge of a nasty battle, then went to a movie, and, when they came out of it, forgot what they were going to fight about.

THE great majority of letters I get are just this kind, from the sick, the discouraged, from those who would have no life at all unless we gave it to them. Out of some 2500 letters, I daresay, there will be only ten which could be classified as 'mash' notes. Why, if it were not for these other letters I wouldn't keep on. I couldn't.

"Because," said Don, "they confirm my belief that entertainment is as necessary as food and drink. There has always been entertainment, of one kind or another, since the world began. There always will be entertainment, because it is an absolute necessity of life. And if I couldn't feel that I am helping to provide one of the absolute necessities I'd feel unnecessary, and that's a very bad state of affairs. Entertainment is food, and drink, and rest for the tired and the sick at heart.

"I consider Charlie McCarthy one of the great benefactors of the human race. Just think of the thousands of people, tired, harassed people, fretting over their problems all week, strained people, who sit down of a Sunday evening and listen to Charlie for an hour. As they listen, the tired lines in their faces smooth out, the dullness of their eyes brightens, they find that they

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have not forgotten how to laugh. Think of the fun and the forgetting Jack Benny and Mary, Burns and Allen, Harold Lloyd, all of them, give to others. Why, the writers of detective novels and 'molder' mysteries are benefactors. The makers of games and toys, the cartoonists, all are great humanitarians, whether they know it or not. And when the final rewards are handed out, I'll bet that the clown will be there right beside the philosopher.

"I haven't any ambition to make pictures that are 'artistic successes.' I don't want to play in Shakespeare. I don't care whether I make 'B' pictures, or 'A,' or 'Z,' so long as I play in pictures that have the greatest appeal for the greatest number of people. So I can't be disillusioned about my work," smiled Don, "as long as I feel that I'm giving illusion to others."

I'd never heard the likes of this, but I carried on, and tried again. I said, "How about Hollywood? Hollywood is said to have disillusioned many a strong man, broken many a stout heart?"

"No," said Don emphatically, and he can be very emphatic indeed. "No. I had my notions too about Hollywood, before I came here. Everyone has notions about Hollywood, I'm sure, what with all they hear and read about it. I wondered about this 'playing politics' I'd heard so much about. That didn't sound too good. I'm not a politician. I can't say what I don't mean. I can't scheme and manoeuvre. But I haven't had to. I wondered about the publicity. I wondered about the so-called 'temptations.'"

I said, thinking of all the litesome beauties I'd seen Don working with, "But how do you keep your feet so squarely on the ground, for there must be plenty of temptations in Hollywood. What is the anchor to windward? Your happy marriage, I suppose?"

"Yes. And my religion," said Don.

He went on, "And so I wondered about all this talk of having to do the 'right things' in Hollywood, if you want to make the grade. Doing the 'right things' seemed to consist in having a palatial estate, giving huge, swank parties, having 'glamor,' even though married, spending money drunkenly. I didn't see where Honore and I, with all of our obligations, would fit into such a pattern. I wondered, too, how people would treat me, an outsider, a newcomer into what I'd heard was a furiously competitive business. I'd read that foreign importations were not exactly given the fatted calf. And while I could not be considered a 'foreign importation' (saving my Italian blood) I was certainly an outsider.

"Well," said Don vigorously, "I've never been an outsider. Not for one single instant. From the very moment I stepped foot on the lot I was made to feel welcome, as much one of the family as any of the old-timers are. It may sound all sweetness and light to say that every one from the producer down was simply swell to me, still are simply swell to me. But I can't help how it sounds. If anything, it's an understatement of fact.

"Honestly, I don't know what people mean when they speak about the 'hard heart of Hollywood.' It's a big country, this California, it's a big industry, this movie business, and the people in it are big, too, big of heart and generous of spirit. I mean every word I say. I'm not theorizing. I can give you facts.

"Take Tyrone Power and me, for instance. Tyrone and I should certainly be rivals if any two men in this business would be. We are on the same lot. We are often tested for the same role in a picture. Sometimes Ty gets it, sometimes I do. But we never get out our Boy Scout knives, whichever way it falls. We play together, our parts fairly comparable in importance, as in "In Old Chicago," and now in "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Yet I feel nothing but friendliness for Tyrone. I'd do anything I could to help if he needed help. I know that he'd do the same for me. We often give each other 'tips,' we think might help one another's performance. We clown together on the set, lunch together, play golf together. We are friends.

I DON'T mean," laughed Don, "that we all are too good to be true, like angels in Arcadia. Certainly not. It's our business to look out for ourselves, and we do. But I mean that we are not forever going about with knives in our make-up kits, just waiting for a fellow actor's back to be turned. You often read that an actor has 'stepped out of a picture' because he didn't get as good a part as some other fellow. The chances are that if you could read the script, you would know why the actor had stepped out. A million to one it had nothing to do with the other actor.

"Bill Powell," said Don, suddenly, and when he said it he sounded like a small, earthbound boy speaking of a Lindbergh, "Bill Powell is one of my screen idols. If I'm a hero-worshiper at all, and I guess I am, then I hero-worship Bill, Ronald Colman and Spencer Tracy, among others. Well, one night not long ago, I was introduced to Bill at a restaurant in Beverly Hills. We both had stopped in for a cup of coffee after work. We started to talk, and we sat there the whole night through, just talking. We talked about our kids. Bill told me his ideas about bringing up his son. I told him what Honore and I try to do with our boys. Now, there's no reason why Bill Powell should take an interest in me. There's nothing I've got that he wants. But the point is that Bill did take an interest in me. And the bigger point is that that's Hollywood, friendly interest, not rivalry, a pat on the back, not a knife. I left Bill that dawning with more respect for him than I'd ever thought possible. I found him to be just as witty, and charming, and polished, and real as I'd thought he would be. Disillusioned?" Don threw back his dark head and laughed, "I'll say I'm not!"

"Jack Benny and Mary are among our best friends out here. And I mean friends. Do you know what Jack did a few weeks ago, when I was ill? He drove out to see me one Sunday morning, a drive of some thirty miles from his house in Beverly Hills to our place in the San Fernando Valley. When he got there I was asleep, and Honore had gone to church. He wouldn't let Annie or Irene, the girls who work with us, disturb me. He said 'I'll

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just sit in the parlor and wait.' And that's just what he did, for an hour. Then he strolled into the kitchen, asked if he could have a cup of coffee, and sat there at the kitchen table, drinking it. When I finally woke up, an hour and a half later, he came up and sat with me for another hour, and then drove home again. Now, the thing is that Jack had two radio broadcasts to do that day, his own, and a guest appearance he was making. He was also leaving for New York early the next morning. But he took all that time to come out and see me, because he is a friend.

THEN," Don went on, "Jack and Mary, George Burns and Gracie, Lum, of Lum and Abner, and his wife, Harriet, Honey and I, we're all so happily married that we all go places together, talk about our homes and our kids, and are as plain folksy as old shoes. Take Bing and Dixie, and their well-known four boys, or Eloise and Pat O'Brien. They certainly don't hide their family life under any bushel of glamor, and certainly it doesn't decrease their popularity. I've never known people to care so much for children as the folks in Hollywood do. The bigger they are, the more precious they seem to find that 'patter of little feet.' If they haven't children of their own they take children into their hearts and homes, which seems to me to be the height of unselfishness. Hard-hearted, you say?

"Just the other day," said Don, "one of the carpenters on the set died. It was discovered that he had left a widow and seven children. Immediately a collection was taken up, with everyone from the director to the prop boys contributing. There was enough money collected on the set to buy a lot out in the Valley. Then the carpenters and the electricians offered their spare time (for nothing) to build a house on that lot. The result is that soon the widow and her seven children will have a house and lot, all free and clear, thanks to 'hard-hearted Hollywood.'

"Nothing," said Don, "nothing that has ever happened to me has had the power to disillusion me. You really can say that I still believe in Santa Claus, and you won't be so far wrong at that!"



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(Continued from page 43)

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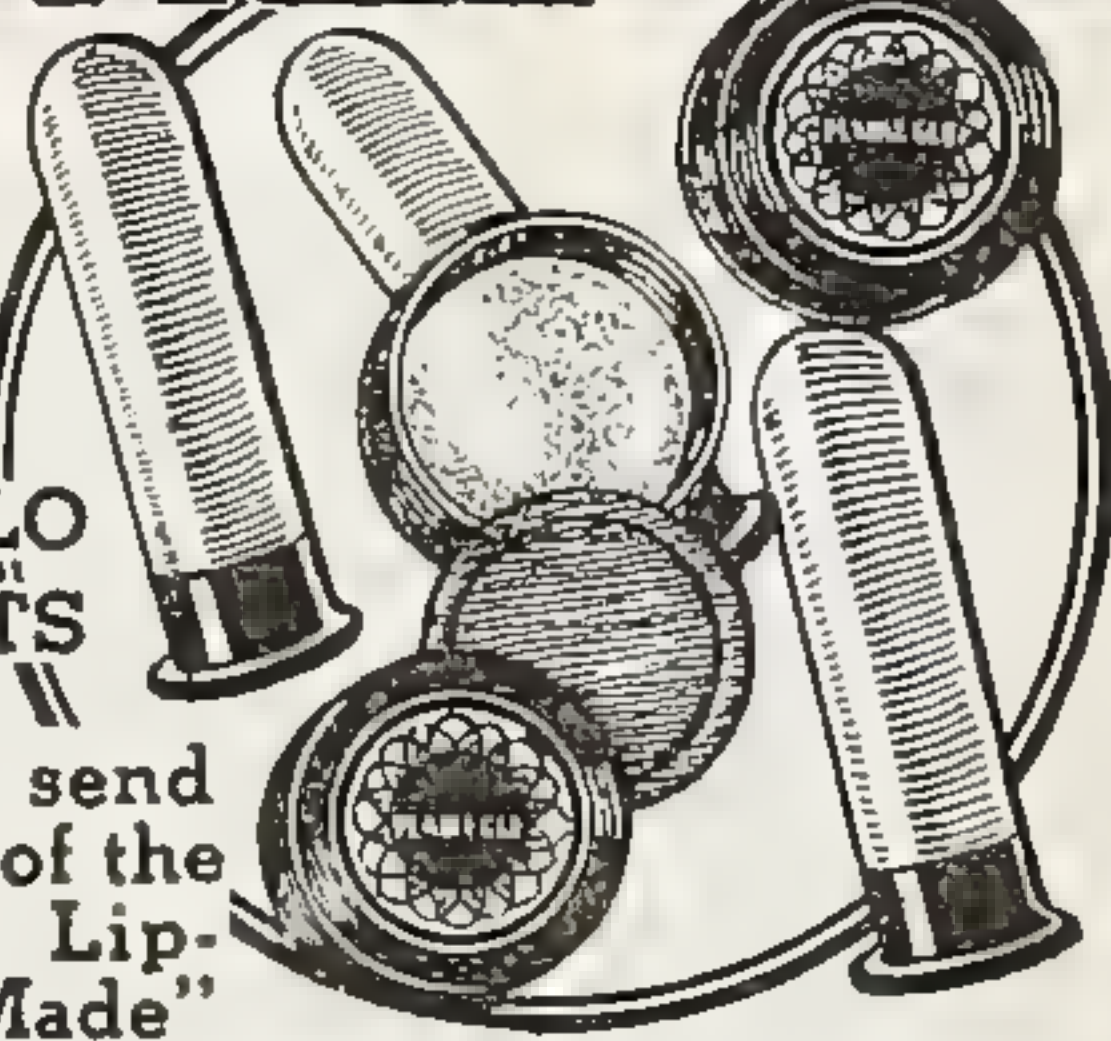
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around doing brisk, tissue-busting exercise, when what you need is slow, muscle-strengthening exercise. See what I mean?

All right, then. Here are two good general exercises, all-purpose streamliners which are not difficult. They "get you" at waistline, abdomen and hip, the three spots most popular with fatty tissue.

Lie your little self down on the floor, on your back. Flex the left knee. Bring it up to a right angle, and at the same time twist your body at the waist, and bring the left knee over the right leg. Touch your left knee to the floor. Keep your right leg straight, and, most important of all, try to keep your upper body flat on the floor. Reverse the procedure. Repeat five times with each knee for a starter. Work up to two dozen times. You won't be able to keep your upper body flat at first, but it's the trying that does the good work. When you begin doing this exercise, have your arms over your head, in relaxed position. Later, bring your arms down to shoulder level, bending them at the elbows. This is harder. Do the whole thing slowly.

Another general exercise: lie on your left side on the floor, the under arm extended, the other bracing your body. Legs together. Then swing the legs vigorously in a scissor kick, as wide apart as possible, and bring them together again. Do this five times on your left side, then turn over on your right side, and repeat. Work up to twenty times.

Both these exercises are more for the girl who wants to keep in trim than for the really bulgy miss who needs to correct figure faults.

Here are three exercises which combine good results for posture, gracefulness and a supple body. Do one or all if you stand badly, or are awkward and ill at ease when dancing. The first one isn't so much of an exercise as a check-up on posture, especially helpful to those of you who think you're too large behind, but who are really a wee touch sway-backed.

STAND, in few clothes, or none, side-wise in front of your mirror. Stand the best way you know how. Now, imagine that there are four dots on your body: one each on shoulder bone, hip bone, knee joint and ankle. These four dots should be in a straight line. Are they? If the hip dot is too far forward, you're sagging out in front and your bust line is going to blazes, too. If the hip dot is too far back, that's an indication of sway-back. Tuck your buttocks under, turn the pelvic bones out, tense the muscles of your thighs. Your chest automatically comes up, so does your head. Every time you get a chance at a full length mirror, check up and see if the four dots are in place.

Here is an original exercise for grace and suppleness. The French star, Danielle Darrieux, who, gawd knows, has no figure troubles at all, contributes this. She does it for ten minutes a day, just to keep limber. Kneel on the right knee, and extend the left leg back, and to the side, as straight as you can. Reach as far as you can with the left foot. Place the right hand firmly on the floor, arm stiff. Flop your upper body over, limp and relaxed as you can, left arm swung across your chest. Now slowly, as if you were dragging a great weight, bring your left arm and your body and your head up and back. Return to original position and repeat ten times. Reverse. You can do this exercise vigorously, also flinging your arm, head and torso up and back. But do it slowly at first.

Here's one which is kind of fun. It's very good for balance and posture, and serviceable at keeping hips trim, too. Place a matchbox or something small a good big step in front of you, and a good big step behind you. Stand in correct posture, with the four dots in line. Bend your left knee, and extend your right leg straight forward, touching the match box with your toe. Bring the right leg in circle fashion to the side and back, and touch the matchbox behind you, straightening the left leg as you do so. Reverse. The point is to make as wide a circle as you can with each leg without wobbling, and without losing the upright carriage of the upper body.

Before I come to the more popular subject of reducing derriere, thigh, hip and stummick, let me get a word in edgewise to the thin girls. Ginger Rogers, who isn't what you might call thin, nevertheless is apt to lose eight to ten pounds when she's working on a dancing picture. Going at high tension and working so hard, she used to have trouble getting to sleep. She'd find a certain nervous irritability creeping up on her at the end of the day. She found that the following stunts helped a lot. During the day, whenever she could spare five minutes, she'd get on a bed, knees up under her, and chest down as flat as possible—and just stay there. That's all. At first it seems awkward, but you'll quickly find it restful. And it's a swell cure for small backaches, too. At night Ginger, after a warm bath, religiously does the following exercise: lying flat on the back, without a pillow, raise the left arm. Let it flop. Raise the right arm. Let it flop. Raise the legs, one at a time. Let them flop. Sounds silly, but first thing you know, you begin to feel nice and drowsy.

Now, we come to the hard part. Hips, stummick, fanny, thigh, waistline, diaphragm (oh yeah), fat back, and that wail that's always with us, "What can I do about a sagging buzzoom?"

Hips first. This one isn't so difficult to do, and it's mighty efficient. Lie on the floor, on your back, legs straight and together, arms extended, shoulder height, to the sides. Now, with plenty of "umph" swing your left leg up, over across your body, and up to touch your right hand.



Barbara Read was delighted, too, when Edgar Bergen received a special award for creating Charlie McCarthy.

Return to original position, and do the same thing with the right leg. Keep your upper body as flat on the floor as you can while you do this.

Here's a rather difficult hip reducer. Lie on the bed, with your hips just slightly over the edge—not too far over so that you lose your balance. Your legs are in jack-knife position, knees up against your chest. With plenty of that "umph" again, extend the legs out straight, make a wide circle with each of them at the same time, and return to original position. Start out on this "werry, werry easy."

FOR the derriere and upper thigh, here are variations of the same exercise, not difficult to do, but a bit rough on the friendly old hide. Do them only a few times to begin with, working up when your rear and hip can stand the punishment. Sit on the floor, feet flat and knees up, arms behind to brace yourself. Now, if you'll pardon my plain-spikking, bump the rump on the floor. Not too tenderly, but you needn't kill yourself. For the chunk of fat on the upper thigh, lie down on the floor, turned slightly onto the left side, right leg bent up to brace yourself. With a push up from this right foot, raise your hips up off the floor, and then bump down on the rump. Bump five times, then reverse. Five times will be enough for a starter. Later, do it ten times.

A bulge below the belt is assuredly an unsightly sight in any language, but, believe me, here is the cinchiest figure problem of them all. To iron out a hip takes hard work; large or pendulous buzzooms are difficult to reduce and firm. But if too much tummy is your only trouble, take cheer—and get to work.

Is it excess fat or poor muscles that's the trouble, and how can you tell? This way

you can tell: pull in your midriff as flat as you can. If you pull it in nice and flat, but have trouble keeping it so, then it's dollars to doughnuts your muscles are flabby. They need toning and strengthening with exercise. If, after pulling your abdomen in as flat as possible, there is still a bulge forward, then it's excess fat, probably aided and abetted by poor muscles, that you must fight. In the latter case, cut down on your food, but don't starve yourself. Watch your liquids, and never drink anything with a meal. Take coffee, tea or water at the end of the meal. Walk about for half an hour after meals. And roll, sister, roll. Lie on your back, and roll over and over across the floor, and put plenty of energy into this simple exercise if you want to smash off that extra fat.

TO tone abdominal muscles, here is a fine exercise which is not strenuous nor difficult. Lie on the floor, on your back, with your feet raised on a stool or some low piece of furniture. Raise your body up until you are in a straight line from head to toe. Hold the position while you count slowly to five, and return to the first position. Pull as hard as you can on those abdominal muscles while you count. You can do this exercise twenty times right off the bat and you'll have no stiffness or soreness next day.

A more difficult exercise is this one which I've written down several times: lie on your back on the floor, raise both legs, keeping the knees straight, to a right-angle position with your body. Lower the legs slowly, but do not let them quite touch the floor. Lift them slowly up again, and repeat, resting after the fifth time. Take your choice of these two exercises or, better still, do them both, taking it easy on the second one until your body is con-

ditioned to exercising. Wear a good girdle. The best type is one which is quite snug and firm, with some strong material in front but, and this may surprise you, no bones. If you bulge in front, it's almost too much to ask of flabby muscles not to slacken at times, and when they slacken, those bones bend into an ugly curve and stick into you. Don't expect a girdle to do everything. It will help, but you must do the rest.

That first tummy exercise, let me add before I forget it, is also good for slimming the waistline.

A figure problem which isn't as common as the above-mentioned concerns the diaphragm. You know, the territory which lies just north of the waistline and south of the bust. Fat has been known to settle on this spot, thickening the waistline, spoiling the look of tightly fitted dresses and giving that "spare tire" look. Dorothy Lamour, whose figure is perfect, goodness knows, has an unholy horror of the unnecessary padding which might some day—who knows?—settle on this portion of her nifty chassis. Somebody told her once that gals who sing are prone to have this figure problem, and Dottie is taking no chances. She religiously does the following special exercise. It reduces the diaphragm and firms the figure generally.

Kneel on the floor. Bend the upper part of your body over, pulling the tummy in, hanging the head down, and making a hill with your back. Now, put your hands firmly on the floor to brace yourself, bring your head and chest up and pull down with your back muscles—all in one motion. Back up, back down, back up, back down, to a rather slow count.

Lessee now, time is getting short. What have I left out? Ah, to be sure. Bust. The knottiest problem of them all. If

Lucky the Bride

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you're heavy all over and go on a slimming diet, the bust will reduce to some extent along with the rest of your figure. Along with reduction, almost inevitably goes a sagging of the muscles and a spoiling of the youthful contours of the bosom. Sagging muscles also come to the slim and shapely gals who do not maintain correct posture. Having babies and nursing them is looked upon as a sure fire way to ruin youthful contours. That "ain't necessarily so," as is proven by every single movie star who has had a baby. The thing to do about this part of the body is to prevent, rather than to try to cure.

Frankly and honestly, you can't "cure" one hundred percent, though you can do a little to repair the ravages of neglect and self indulgence. The two exercises which follow are dancer's exercises, contributed by Jean Parker. She has one of the prettiest and most feminine figures in Hollywood, and certainly sagging muscles are none of her funeral. She does these stunts simply to keep her graceful and supple body as graceful and supple as it is, but they are stunts which, incidentally, do wonders to keep breast muscles strong, and they will, to some extent, firm muscles which have been neglected.

YOU can stand for the first one. Is that a relief or not? Stand with your weight on the left foot, knee slightly bent, and right leg and foot thrust out to the side. Bend your body to the left, your right arm raised and flung across your face. Now shift your weight onto your right foot, sweep your arm across and up with as fine and graceful a movement as you can, pushing up, up, up, with the right palm. Repeat, five times, then reverse. The amount of good this exercise will do depends upon the vigor and "push" you put into that upward fling of the arm.

This second exercise is more difficult. Take it easy. Sit on the floor, with your feet crossed close in front of you, and your knees extended as far apart as you can get them. Arms are relaxed, with your hands in front of you. Now, bend to the left, letting your left arm rest on the floor. The right arm stretches up over your head, straight, and making a straight line with your body. Keep the arm well back, and close to the side of your head. Come back to the first position and reverse. Do it slowly, and put plenty of "umph" into that uplifted arm.

Here is an exercise for a fat back and fat upper arms. Lie on the floor, your knees bent up under you, arms extended a little way out to the sides. Now lift the friendly old hips up from the floor, and wiggle around on your back and upper arms. Not a very refined looking exercise, but who cares, if it takes the fat off where you want it off?

As usual, umpteen things I wanted to say will have to be left out for that good old editorial excuse, "lack of space." But I do want to add one thing, a caution to "little women" about trying to streamline their figures too much. By "little women" I mean the gals who are five-feet-two or under. To be streamlined in the Hollywood manner, you would really have to be emaciated. Your health would inevitably suffer, and that would be a wicked price to pay for a few pounds. If you have a tendency to be a little "on the plump side" don't, of course, let yourself go and become a little butter ball, but don't on the other hand, sacrifice your health, your disposition, and get that haggard look in the face from lack of food. This goes especially for small women who have passed the first flush of youth. Make it a habit, if you can, to stick to fruit for desserts. Curb yourself with an iron hand when it comes to pie, cake, ice cream and the like. Leave alcohol alone, except for very, very rare

"party" indulgence. And learn to be smart about clothes and lines and corsets. If you're not slim, as well as short, beware of the exaggerated boleros which are so popular this season. And wear your skirts a little longer than is currently regarded as fashionable.

Big girls, who run to some "hippiness" and who are told by their pals, "Oh, well, you're tall. You can carry it," should, of course, do their hip exercises and watch their diets, and they can do a lot, too, with proper corsets and clever clothes to conceal their particular figure fault, and play up their good points. Get a girdle that is long enough, big girls, even if it costs a coupla dollars more. Be careful about dresses that have a seam at the waistline. Often as not, these styles are too short in the bodice for you. Similarly, you can't buy cheap blouses and cheap sweaters, since cheap attire of this type is always cut on the skimpy side. A too-short bodice will thicken your waist and add ten pounds to your figure. Avoid too-tight skirts.

And how about a word to the girl who really has a nice figure? Folks are apt to think that she's just too bloomin' lucky to rate any sort of advice. Well, for what it's worth, let me tell this girl not to be afraid of extreme styles. Dramatize your good figure with everything you've got. Beware of only one thing: don't try to over-emphasize your slimness. Up-and-down stripes and too-plain black dresses—no. Play up your slimness in a subtle manner, next time you buy a party dress. Have it full and flowing, full, blousey blouse, and much gathered skirt, all pulled in to a tiny, tiny waistline.

I gotta stop now. Will be doing business at the same stand next month.



A topper and tails may be okay with you, but give Lloyd Nolan the good old days of slouch hats and comfortable cowhides.

THE SKIPPER AND HIS LADIES

(Continued from page 45)

marvelous and cosmopolitan older woman who knows all the ins and outs of Hollywood, and has enough worldly background never to lose her perspective.

Unavoidably, the world being what it is, false and ridiculous rumors got about, attributing Jon's success to his friendship with the Countess di Frasso. The truth is that he never even saw this charming woman until three weeks before "Hurricane" was released. His hair was cut, the picture was in the can before he met her. There was never anything but friendship between them, never the romance that the newspapers tried to imply.

JON HALL has reason to resent this story, for it presents him in a light utterly at variance with his true personality. Jon is not an opportunist. I have never met a man so eager to forge ahead on his own, so determined not to pull those mysterious strings which are supposed to get you places in Hollywood.

Had he wished to pull strings, his life might have been very different; he could have gone to his cousin by marriage, James Norman Hall, who wrote "Hurricane," and ask to be suggested for the part of "Terangi." Instead, he went through almost incredible struggles in Hollywood when his first tiny role in "Charlie Chan in Shanghai" failed to make any dent on the public consciousness. Convinced that he was not the stuff from which film idols are made, the studio let him go, and he started all over again, playing

tiny "bit" parts in unimportant "quickies."

Finally, he applied for a technical job on "Hurricane," realizing that his familiarity with the South Seas would qualify him as a technical expert. When he was asked to come to the studio, he thought it was in reference to this job for which he had applied, for he had heard that Joel McCrea had already been chosen to play "Terangi." Even when they screen-tested him, Jon still did not let himself hope too much. He thought perhaps he was being tested to see if he could double for Joel in the diving scenes. Actually, Joel had turned the role down, feeling that he wasn't qualified to play a Tahitian.

The urge to get ahead entirely on his own has dictated Jon Hall's romantic history as well as his career.

"When I was nineteen, and traveling in France, I fell madly in love with a very beautiful girl whose face was framed by soft, prematurely gray hair. In spite of the gray hair, she was young, courageous and gallant, and I knew and adored her for three and a half years. Perhaps we might have married, but she was very wealthy, and I knew that I couldn't be happy unless I could provide beautifully for her," Jon Hall told me.

One day the girl Jon loved, and with whom he had spent some of the happiest and the most miserable moments of his life, because they were so deeply and hopelessly in love, was killed while flying. An aviatrix in the days when flying was far less safe than it is today, she died

as gallantly as she had lived, leaving Jon with nothing but a memory.

There followed a long period when it seemed as if icicles had formed in his heart, making it impossible to fall in love again. Then came the struggle to find himself; disillusionment at discovering it would cost more than he could afford to attain the diplomatic career for which he had hoped; after that his return to Tahiti, and finally Hollywood—and Andrea Leeds.

FOR a time they went everywhere together, and were rumored to be madly in love with each other. In a published story he said, "We have such a lot in common. We drive together, swim together, dance together, go to movies, watch 'performances.' We're both here on the Goldwyn lot, you know, both beginning. We have a lot to learn about pictures, and it's fun learning it together."

Now all that is over. He still says of Andrea, "A grand person, and a swell actress." But there's no flame in his eyes as he speaks, and you know that the glory and romance have gone out of their friendship.

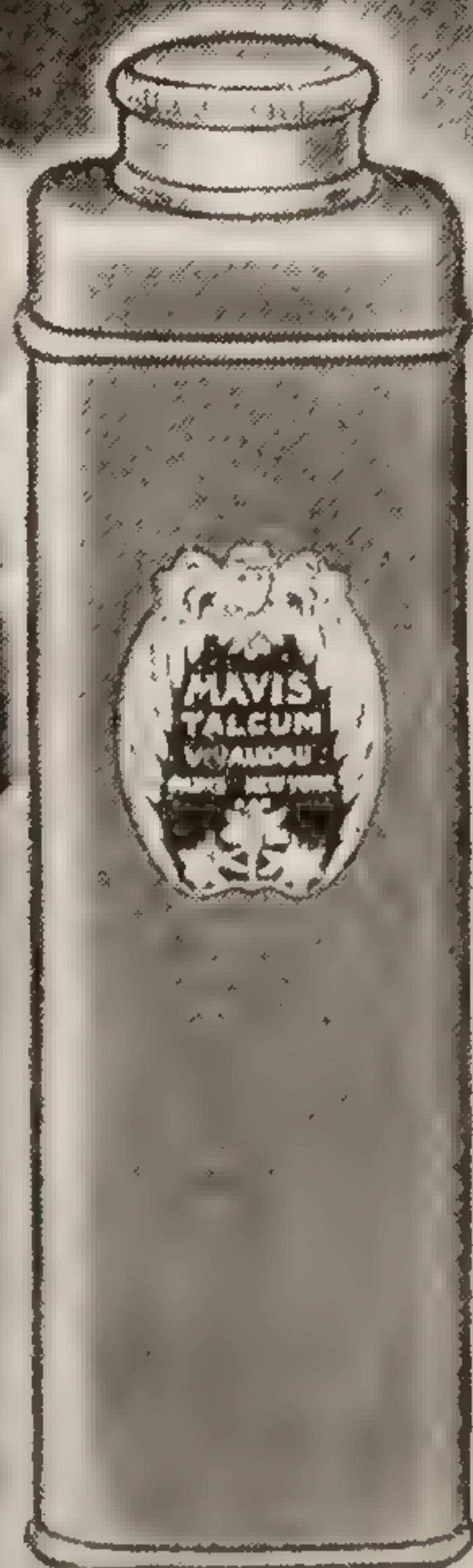
There are other rumors now, clustering about his name. For instance, Walter Winchell's girl Friday announced in her column recently, "All those tips you ignored on Jon Hurricane Hall and Dorothy Sperber are correct. They confirmed the news in person at '21' last night."

Vigorously, Jon Hall denies the implication that he is engaged or married to Dorothy Sperber. Emphatically he said,

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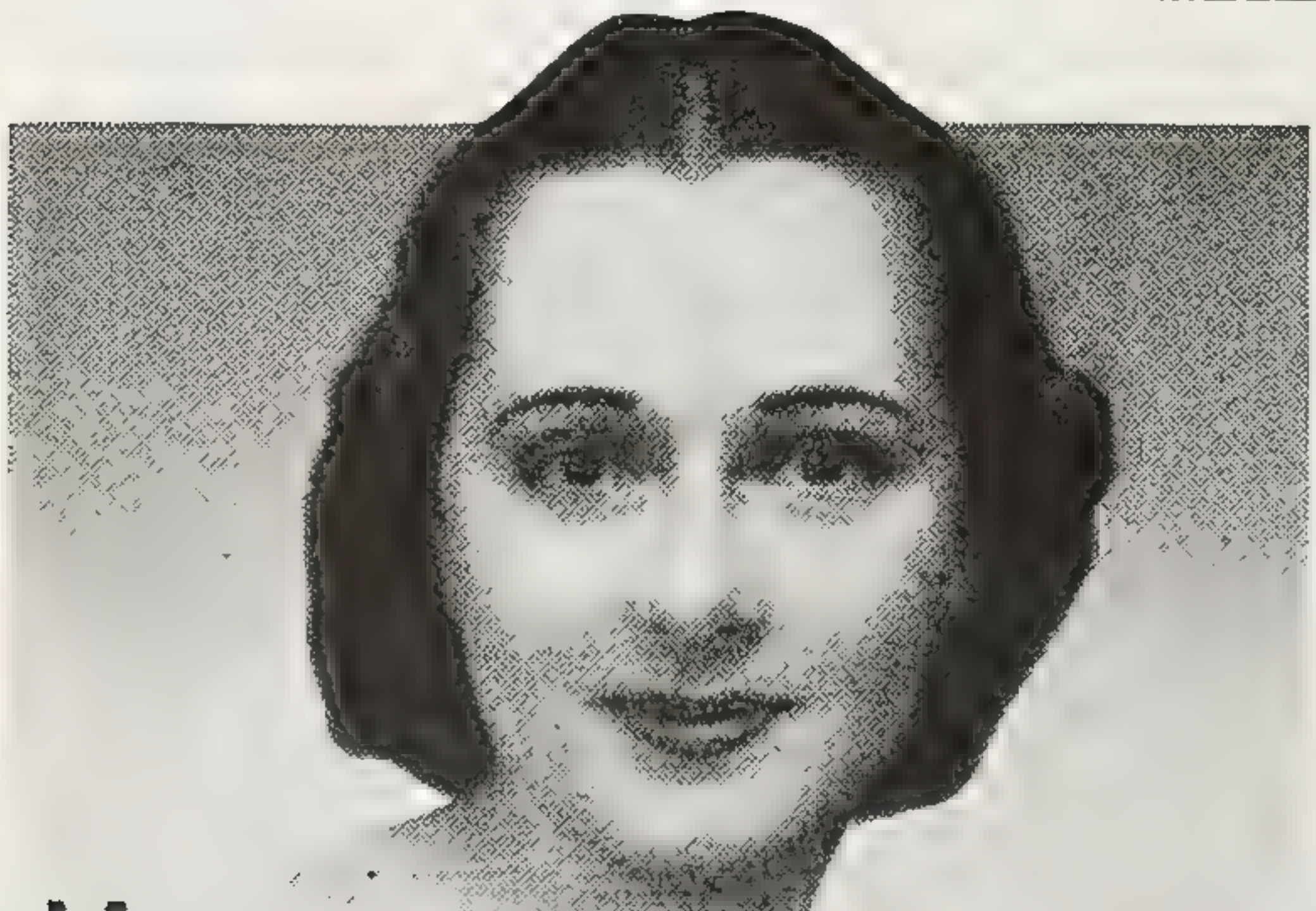
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"It is just Winchell's way of saying that Dorothy Sperber and I were at '21' one night, which is true enough, but doesn't indicate anything serious. As for confirming the 'news,' there was nothing to confirm. There couldn't be, for I am too much attached to Frances Langford."

YOU mean that when you're in Hollywood you see her every night?"

"Well, practically every night. We go to movies, parties and dances together; sometimes I come over to her house and a group of us plays bridge or rummy. When Frances is my partner, you can be quite sure that there are never any arguments over a game of cards."

Frances and Jon met for the first time when he appeared on the "Hollywood Hotel" radio program on which Frances sings regularly. Watching this tiny, half-pint singer, with her brown hair, brown eyes and the shy appeal of her manner, Jon fell in love with her almost at once. Analyzing it now, he says he thinks it's because there is something about Frances that is reminiscent of his mother. Even her mouth has the soft, sweet curve of his mother's mouth.

Because he was so deeply stirred, and going out with Frances would have meant so much to him, Jon was afraid to ask her. In spite of all the beautiful women who must undoubtedly have pursued him, as they pursue every handsome, eligible man in Hollywood, when he found his own affections involved, he hesitated to say anything to Frances, having no reason to believe that she would agree to see him again.

"On one of the few occasions when I did go to the Trocadero," he told me, "we danced together, but I still couldn't summon up the courage to ask if I might see her again. But somehow or other, she struck up an acquaintance with my sister, who invited her to dine at our home one evening. Although I had other engagements, the moment I heard who was coming over, I cancelled everything else."

"Frances is the kindest, most sympathetic girl I have ever met. She has been perfectly wonderful to her family, and I could tell you dozens of grand things she has

done, if I didn't know that she would hate to have them publicized. There is no other girl to whom I would rather turn when I am worried or troubled about something. She is so patient, and understanding, and helpful."

"But would you be willing to marry a professional woman?" I asked.

"Why not?" Jon Hall countered. "I think it is good for a woman to have a career. So often it gives her a sense of values, teaches her how to get along with people, and how to live on a given income. Among women who have earned their own way, you are far less likely to find wives who are so wildly extravagant that they drive their husbands to desperation by their unreasonable demands. A woman who has earned her own livelihood knows that money doesn't grow on trees, and that it has to be earned before you can spend it."

NOR would Jon Hall have objections to his wife's continuing her career after they were married, so long as he remained "the man with the long pants."

"Two careers in the home are swell," he said, while I thought of all the people who insist that their marriages had ended because two careers couldn't exist under the same roof. "Many women would be bored to death if they had to give up their careers, and would consequently become very uninteresting and dull marriage partners. As long as a woman is doing something which keeps her interested, she remains interesting."

It's been said that Jon Hall would like to go to Tahiti to live, there to raise a family, and bring up sons and daughters amid the blessed peace of the South Seas. But he denies that such is his idea of the perfect life.

"Tahiti is just like any other place in that, if you spend all your time there, you lose your sense of perspective. For me the ideal existence would be to spend six months a year making pictures, and six in Tahiti, where I am building a home."

"What sort of a picture would you like to make next?" I asked.

"Another adventure picture," Jon said, "but not another 'Hurricane.' Next time I hope I'll have a chance to wear clothes."

TEMPESTUOUS TENOR

(Continued from page 47)

I not only didn't collect salary, but wasn't allowed to do any radio work or make records. Well, finally they changed my part considerably. You know, there is a certain contingent on the coast that feels an actor doesn't know what is good for him, and maybe they're right. They've plenty of proof at that, what with Gable's experience in 'It Happened One Night,' and other shining examples.

"However, I felt the picture was bad for me, and that's one of the reasons I'm doing personal appearances while I'm east. I think the fans should hear me sing, because some of them may think a voice is dubbed in for me. Then, too, if they see me maybe they may like my pictures more. They've been educated to believe that unless you're starred in a picture, you can't be too good. That's one reason 'The Firefly' wasn't such a boost for me. People were used to seeing MacDonald and Eddy starred in all those musicals, so when they saw Jeanette starred, with Jones in the supporting cast, they figured they were being cheated."

Then Allan began reminiscing about his early days. His experiences provide a story the film industry would do well in making.

"You know the way my family discovered I had a voice?" Jones asked, as he fired up his pipe. "I used to imitate my grandfather's voice, and finally Dad, who appreciates music in any form, decided to give me lessons. He was foreman in one of the coal mines in Pennsylvania. After school and summers I worked as a carpenter's helper to make a little extra money. Finally, a few years later, a big strike occurred and I got a job driving the men to work. I picked them up before dawn, and packed a gun I never used, the main reason being I was too darn scared of it!"

"One morning the steam shovel operator didn't show up so I took a turn at it, and found I was pretty good. Then I really got into the chips, making about seventy-five bucks a week. Much to my chagrin, the strike was soon settled, and I was out. So, I went back to being a carpenter's helper and worked double shift, sixteen hours a day, to make the extra money. After I tried a couple of schools I was fortunate enough to find a fine teacher."

"Each summer he taught in Paris, so, with the first green sprigs of spring, I'd gather up enough greenbacks to get me

across the Atlantic. Once, before departing, I wired Dad to see if he could arrange a concert in my home town. He answered, 'Have two thousand men working for me. Make plans accordingly.' Well, I made money there, and, with what I had saved, hopped a boat for France. With plenty of hard work, and some concerts, I landed a job. You see, I didn't make much money, but it was pretty swell. Maybe that's the reason I accepted an acquaintance's invitation for cocktails one day after a matinee.

"The man was interested in Americans, having married a San Francisco girl. We got to be friends and so he asked me to sing at a party he was giving. There he introduced me to Mrs. Armstrong. Right off the bat she said, 'Young man, what are you going to sing for me?' I told her I hadn't decided. 'Do you mean to say you haven't arranged a program for me?'"

"This was getting me down so I excused myself and went over to try the piano. But before the first chord was sounded she told me that the acoustics were bad there, and to move to the other side. I wanted to tell her I knew the room pretty well myself, but instead I changed my place. Later she told me I sang nicely."

"Just before I left, my host brought her over and said, 'Allan, allow me to reintroduce Mrs. Armstrong. She asked that I use her married name so you wouldn't be nervous. I'd like to present Dame Melba!' A good gust of wind, and I'd have been out for the count! She was marvelous, and told me I had a fine future if I'd work hard, always keeping a definite purpose in mind."

I THINK we might venture so far as to remark, en passant, that our tempestuous tenor's career is colorful. At a glance it's easy to see just why Mr. J. is the object of his studio's affections—with plans what am *plans!* Handsome in a rugged manner, soft spoken and completely charming, he would be valuable to any concern dealing in entertainment. However, as he points out, the talkies have changed the industry from a personality market into one demanding, not only appearance, but talent with opportunity to display it.

"After my return from abroad, I went on the stage. I didn't play Broadway, but I did the sticks in a big way. There wasn't a flop opened on the road that Yours Truly didn't head the cast. We didn't last long, but we returned often, and there wasn't a town boasting a Shubert Theater that didn't know me by sight. It was slowly but surely driving me crazy, so I bought up my contract. It was then I went out to Hollywood and, except for a few uneasy moments, I've been darned happy ever since my movie debut."

THE LOVES OF LAMOUR

(Continued from page 46)

resolutely through two choruses of "Dancing on the Ceiling" in one key, while the orchestra indifferently accompanied her in quite another key. The laughing voices of thoughtless ringsiders completely drowned her timid solo, and continued uninterrupted while she bowed and waited for applause that never came.

Dorothy was in tears as she left the platform. Her humiliation in front of so many stars, her shabby treatment from the audience had crushed all of her hopes and dreams. While a few of us were trying to console her, a young man came over to our table. "I'm afraid I didn't catch your



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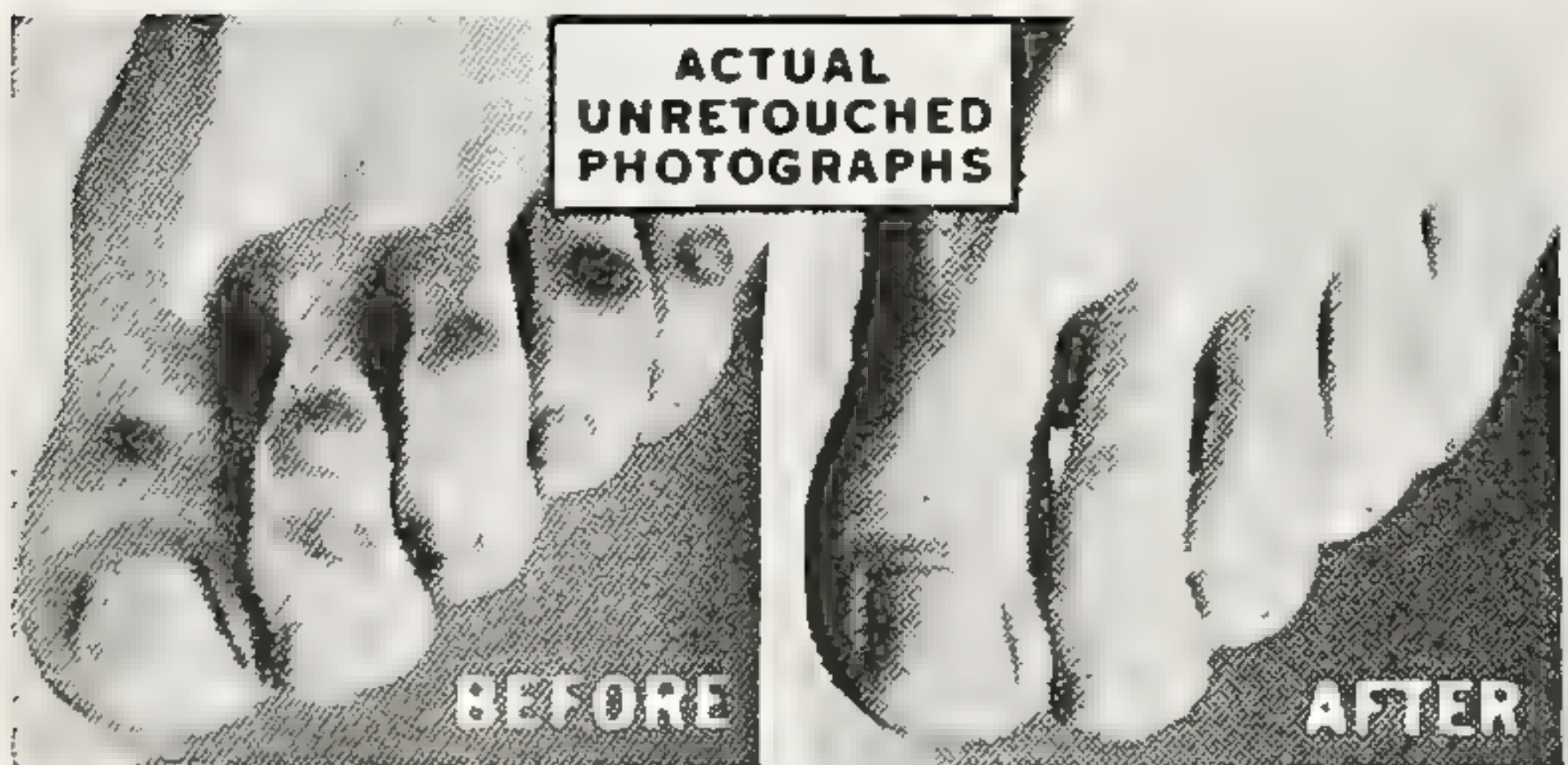
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left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

name," he said to her, "but Herbie Kay,
whose orchestra I manage, wants me to
bring you over to his table. He wants to
talk to you."

Later that night an exuberant Dorothy
burst into our apartment in a frenzy of
joy. The words tumbled out excitedly.
"I am in love," she said, "gloriously, hope-
lessly in love, for the first time in my life.
His name is Herbie Kay. I think he likes
me, too, but if he doesn't now, he soon
will." She paused. "He must," she
added quietly, earnestly.

Two weeks later the theatrical columns
announced that Herbie Kay and his or-
chestra were featuring a new vocalist by
the name of Dorothy Lamour. And when
the band departed for engagements in other
cities, I lost my room-mate.

For three exciting years Dorothy sang
with the orchestra led by the man she
loved. She developed poise, learned how
to meet people, and to radiate confidence
and showmanship in front of an audience.
She acquired a wardrobe that was smart
and becoming. Occasionally the gossip
columns reported that she and Herbie were
engaged, even secretly married. I was
convinced that Dame Fortune had singled
Dorothy out as her particular pet. Here
she was, in the constant company of the
man she loved, doing the work she had
always dreamed of doing, and earning a
good salary for the first time in her life.

BUT one night I received a telegram
which led me to believe Dorothy had
suddenly lost her reason. "Have resigned
from orchestra," it read. "Arriving La
Salle Street Station eight a. m. tomorrow.
Please meet me. Love, Dottie."

That dreary, rainy morning is still fresh
in my mind. A red-eyed, unhappy girl
greeted me. Over steaming coffee in the
the station lunch-room she recited her
tale of woe. She knew instinctively that
Herbie loved her as deeply as she loved
him. But Herbie, manlike, did not know.
He didn't even suspect. She had been with
him too constantly. She had been too com-
pletely at his beck and call. He had
never been given the chance to miss her, to
realize he would be a lot less happy with-
out her. Working with his orchestra
every night, rehearsing every afternoon,
she had had no opportunity to keep him
guessing. He took her presence and her
nearness for granted.

"He was very angry when I gave him
notice," she confided, "but I feel I am
doing the wise thing. Perhaps it is mad
to throw over a good job and a steady in-
come, to return to uncertainty and pov-
erty, but I must make him realize he loves
me. Love and marriage are the only vital
things in a woman's life, and they are
worth enduring hardships for."

Almost a year passed, and Dorothy
struggled on, accepting whatever engage-
ments she could get. Finally she drifted
to New York. There were days when
she actually went hungry, but she was
too proud to appeal for help, too stub-
born to admit defeat. Occasionally a let-
ter came from Herbie. She always waited
several weeks before replying. And she
took care that her letters were kind, but
cool and impersonal.

Gradually managers began to sit up and
take notice of the torch singer with the
low, emotional voice and the radiant good
looks. The Stork Club signed her for a
short engagement. The National Broad-
casting Company retained her as featured
artist on a small sustaining program. But
as the months went by, Dorothy began to
think that perhaps Herbie did not love
her, after all. She made one last des-
perate move. Receiving a letter from him,
she returned it unopened, together with
a brief note saying she felt it would be
best to stop their correspondence, and to

forget that they had ever known each other.

It took Dorothy Lamour almost four
years to prove to Herbie Kay that he
really loved her, but it took him exactly
two minutes to finally see the light when
that fateful letter arrived. He called his
first violinist. "Take charge of the or-
chestra," he ordered. "I have to fly to New
York immediately, but I'll be back in a
few days."

And that's how it happened that one
evening a very gay voice greeted me over
the telephone. "Dorothy," I screamed,
"are you phoning from New York? What
in the world has happened? Are you all
right?"

In a confidential whisper, Dorothy first
swore me to secrecy, then told me she was
in Chicago. I was to hop in a cab at once,
and meet her at a certain obscure restau-
rant. I arrived breathless, and there was
Dorothy, in a suit three sizes too big for
her, no hose, and evening slippers. Herbie
and Roz Metzger, his best friend, were
with her, grinning from ear to ear.

Bit by bit I heard the whole story. Her-
bie had flown to New York, begged
Dorothy to marry him. She had been at
work in evening clothes, but he had rushed
to one of the Broadway dress shops and
bought her a travelling suit, so they could
leave on the next plane. They eloped to
Waukegan that very night, and Roz and
I acted as witnesses.

Dorothy intends to keep Herbie's love
just as she won it in the first place—by
not letting him take her for granted. I
sincerely believe that is why she continued
to struggle for professional success even
after her marriage. It has been almost
three years since those "I do's" were
spoken, and, despite frequent separations,
caused by their careers, they are more in
love today than ever. Herbie is "Grandpa"
to Dorothy, she is "Dolly Face" to him.

Dorothy's one and only show of tem-
perament at her studio occurred a short
time ago when she asked to be allowed to
appear with her husband's orchestra at
the Coconut Grove. Shortly before that
the studio had turned down a personal ap-
pearance tour for her at \$5,000 per week,
so she was told kindly but firmly not to
go into the Grove. Dorothy pleaded. They
remained adamant. Finally they said,
"Look here, what means more to you, any-
how, your career or love?" "Love," she
answered stormily. She had them there,
so they consented to the appearance. She
will not be advertised, because she wants
Herbie to have all the publicity and ad-
vertising.

Dorothy's other consuming love is for
her mother, Mrs. Carmen Lamour, who
brought her into the world twenty-four



The sultry Dorothy Lamour will
fight for "Her Jungle Love"—
and no wonder when it's hand-
some Ray Milland.



Do you get "poodle permanents"? Hair all frizzy? Brittle, dry hair is usually the cause. You can overcome this by a simple home treatment. First, stop using all alkaline, sudsing chemicals. Instead try proved oil and scalp tonic treatment. Try Admiracion Soapless Shampoo. It not only cleans the hair safely and thoroughly but does not steal the natural scalp oils that keep your hair strong, elastic and healthy. Easy to use, Admiracion is a beauty treatment approved by thousands of beauticians. If you'd like to have a sample, send three 3-cent stamps. ADMIRACION LABORATORIES, HARRISON, N. J.

If you have finished with your October 1937 MODERN SCREEN, will you please send it to the New York Public Library, 5th Ave., New York City, in order that they may complete their files?

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If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

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years ago in the charity ward of New Orleans' Touro Infirmary. Their mother and daughter devotion is stronger than most, partly because of the hardships they have weathered together, and partly because Mrs. Lamour is still a young woman, capable of being a good companion as well as a grand mother.

When Dorothy was just an infant, Mrs. Lamour toiled as a cashier, cook and saleswoman in order to provide her baby with life's barest necessities. Today Dorothy is determined to repay her mother for those early sacrifices. When Dorothy began her first picture, and received a definite contract, she wrote me, "The first thing I'm going to do with my salary is to buy a fur coat for mother. She has never owned one."

Ironically, her salary on that picture, "Jungle Princess," went for no such happy purchase. Before the completion of the film, her mother was rushed to the Good Samaritan Hospital for a major operation. The studio was unable to grant Dorothy a leave of absence at that time, and every day she would rush to the hospital for stolen minutes between shots. The money intended for finery just about paid hospital and doctor bills, but Dorothy was more than rewarded by her mother's complete recovery.

Now, when I see Dorothy and Mrs. Lamour, resplendent in mink at an opening night, I feel a tug at my heart-strings. I am so happy for them in their hard-earned glory.

The sultry, primitive Jungle Princess of the Cinema happens to be one of Hollywood's most civilized girls, a wife who loves wisely and well, a loyal and devoted daughter, and a friend who has not changed with the years.

FUNNIEST GAL IN TOWN

(Continued from page 50)

would stay until she finished, she would cook for them. So they stayed, and Marie emoted.

Anticipating what was to come, her audience even gave her applause, sometimes so much of it she couldn't finish. But Marie was content. She was acting. And no star ever took an encore with more gracious ease than Marie took those bribed curtain calls.

The denouement however, was sudden and unexpected. Marie prepared an unusually long repertoire one day, and kept her audience an entire afternoon. They retaliated by making heavy demands. Marie strove to please, but in doing it, stripped her mother's cupboard of everything in sight, and borrowed all she could get from most of the neighbors. That was the end of the Little Theatre Movement for Marie.

From the moment she decided to be an actress, Marie never wavered from her course. She mapped out a plan of action, and stuck to it through everything. There are several highlights in her girlhood that bear the telling.

She was born and reared in the little farming-town of Anaheim, but she was wholly movie-minded. She read avidly all of the fan magazines, and attended the neighborhood theatre regularly. She decided that if she had some sort of a specialty, she would stand a better chance of becoming an actress.

At the ripe age of ten, she became acquainted with a little girl who could dance. Marie's parents could not afford to give

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her lessons so she bargained with her little friend to teach her a routine.

As soon as she had perfected her dance, Marie went to Hollywood, ostensibly to visit a cousin. However, on the second day of her visit, she slipped up the street to the nearest movie studio. She even succeeded in climbing over the fence, but she plopped into the office of an executive who was feeling low.

She closed the door behind her and went into her routine, but the executive was annoyed. He couldn't see any talent in the big-eyed, slim-legged little girl. He saw only an interruption in his busy day. He asked her for her phone number and somewhat irately demanded that her relatives come and get her. It was a cruel ending to her adventure, but it didn't make her relinquish her ambitions.

On the contrary, during that brief moment on the lot, she caught a glimpse of several beautifully gowned girls in make-up, and actor-knights in armor. That was all she needed to crystallize her aims. From that day, she knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that some day she would be a movie actress. The route was the only thing that remained dubious to her.

TWO years later, she discovered that a contest for a Jean Harlow double was being held at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Marie entered it.

She had white-blonde hair, and a small heart-shaped face, so it was not difficult for her to double for Jean. She wore a slinky, black velvet gown and a heavy necklace of pearls. In approved "vamp" fashion, she started to mince past the row of judges. Right then and there her necklace broke. And every one of those judges got down off the stand and helped her to find her beads.

She won first prize, but it availed her nothing. She had only two days to spend in Hollywood. The prize was a dual affair, being a visit to Jean Harlow's home, and a free trip to Catalina. Nobody seemed to know how to get her out to Jean Harlow's home, so she never went. It rained the next day, so she couldn't avail herself of the free trip to Catalina.

However, she had the satisfaction of knowing that she had won first place in the contest. Although sometimes she wonders if her beads didn't have more to do with it than her beauty.

There is one thing about Marie that stands out. She never fails to achieve her aim, but there is always a note of pathos tangled up in her success. She is very romantic, as comedians usually are, but the great moments in her life, the ones that should have been beautiful, have always been tempered with the ludicrous.

Like the moment she stepped forward with a bouquet of roses in her arms to receive her diploma, when she was graduating from Miss Page's School for Girls. Marie stepped too close to the footlights. When she reached out her hand for the diploma, she tumbled head first down into the orchestra pit.

She met the man she has promised to marry, under the most embarrassing circumstances. She had run out of gas and stalled her car half-way up the hill to her home. Traffic was securely blocked both up and down. While cars were honking to right and left of her, and she was trying to straighten out the tangle, Nick Grinde looked out of the window of his hillside home and saw her. The sight of the slim, big-eyed little blonde, waving her arms and shouting in an approved traffic-cop manner appealed to his sense of humor. She is a funny little thing.

Nick straightened out the traffic jam, and put some gas in the tank of her car. That was the beginning. Marie felt sorry for him, living all alone in that big house

of his, so she decided to be neighborly. She began to cook special dishes and take them over to him.

Nick liked everything she brought, and soon he found himself advising her about her career. Before either of them knew it, they had fallen in love. Some fine day, they will be married. And I am sure they will be happy, too.

Sympathy is a strong ingredient in Marie's make-up. She is sorry for everything and everybody, always has been. When she was eleven years old, a gray alley cat had a litter of kittens. Marie felt so sorry for them, when she saw how unkempt and dirty they were that she caught them, took them into the bathroom, and tubbed them all.

The bath almost finished the little kittens, and her mother had to help bring them around with hot toddy and various first aids. But, when they recovered, they were as beautiful as the grandest Angora in the neighborhood.

Marie's constant dream is to be the heroine in the immortal classic, "Camille," and to have a good looking leading man like George Brent. She thinks George is about the grandest, handsomest man on the screen, although she has only a speaking acquaintance with him. If she doesn't get to play "Camille," she hopes some day to be cast as the heroine in a drama, with at least three handsome leading men!

She'll succeed too. She always does win her point in the end. She is studying all the time to make herself ready for more serious work, when it comes her way. Meantime she has won for herself the coveted role opposite Jimmy Cagney in "Boy Meets Girl." And you're going to laugh loud and long at the comedy of this beautiful little blonde, with the dumb baby stare and the long-lashed big, brown eyes.

So much has been said and written about them, it is trite to mention that she has the longest lashes in Hollywood—probably in the world. Truthfully, they are so long she curls them back in order to see clearly. While she is at it, she breaks another record. She has the smallest waist in Hollywood.

You'd like Marie. She is something new under the sun. And although I like to laugh at her on the screen, I honestly hope that some day, she will reach her farthest goal, be "Camille" or some equally tragic lady—and have three handsome leading men!



Ann Dvorak, making a success of her picture come-back, is at home as a gangster's moll, a female horse-trainer, or a lady of quality.

SUIT YOURSELF

(Continued from page 49)

five times so that they can't possibly pull out, the legs are reinforced with gum rubber (more resilient and longer wearing than ordinary elastic), and the gussets are lined with Kleinert's softex to insure longer wear. The print in these suits is one of the gay hand-blocked California souvenir designs so popular this year. Other attractive prints are the Hollywood Studio print (complete with cameras, Kleig lights, camp chairs and other studio impedimenta), a smart fish print, and a variety of colorful floral designs.

AS a change from the maillot type of suit, Marie Wilson has chosen a two-piece dressmaker suit, bra and shorts of cotton, with Indian motif design (also very good this season). The waistband of the flared shorts is lastex gathered. Marie's figure leaves nothing to be desired, but perhaps yours does, and you're not at your best in a snugly fitted maillot. If this is so, then Marie's suit is the best type for you. However, if you simply can't resist the smooth, shining effect of satin lastex, you can have it in a solid color princess style suit, jersey lined. If you have a full figure, you undoubtedly know what wonders the princess line will do for you!

When you shop for your new bathing suit, there are two other Catalina suits (not shown here) that you must see. "Puckerette" is a one-piece Shirred cotton lastex in smart diagonally striped designs, more closely gathered round the midriff to give a flattering form-fitting effect. "Miss Ca-ta-lina" is a one-piece model of wool and lastex in gay floral designs, lovely on a youthful figure.

This combining of wool and lastex does away with the old worry of having your suit stretch or sag, particularly when it dries on the figure. Your wool suit now fits you as well as your foundation garment, with the same two-way stretch. Rochelle Hudson's smart wool and lastex

maillot fits her lithe lovely figure perfectly. It's made of Jantzen's new Wisp-o-weight fabric, in which soft lightweight wool is combined with lastex yarn. This suit takes its name, "Cherie," from the four red cherry buttons down the front. Dixie Dunbar, the cute little dancing star, sets off her trim little figure with the "Vee Tuck," also made of Wisp-o-weight. There are three different types of this fabric. In addition to wool and lastex in solid colors, you can have either silk worsted or pure silk, and lastex in underwater prints, tropical flowers, or California figures.

If you want to be conservative, you'll like the dusty pink B.V.D. suit that Eadie Adams has chosen. A nice note of contrast is added to the perfectly plain body of the suit by the white knitted straps. On the other hand, if you prefer a suit that's more of a novelty, if you're young and gay, you'll like B.V.D.'s "Fore and Aft," which is made in two contrasting colors, front and back, and is very smart and nautical looking, made up with navy front, red back and white rope halter.

Of course, you'll realize that the suits shown and described for you here are just a few of the many, many new and attractive models available. All these suits are priced to meet the moderate budget and are sold at department stores throughout the country.

Take your choice—skirtless maillot or suit with half, quarter or full skirt; one, two or three-piece suit; satin lastex, plain or printed; silk or wool jersey; Shirred cotton lastex; all-wool in brilliant floral or undersea designs; or solid colors in Bahama (royal) blue or aqua, dusty pink or Rio Red, maize or lamplight, white or navy; California, Egyptian, Indian, fishnet or Mickey Mouse prints—the selection is a wide one. Take your choice, suit yourself, get into the swim with fashion and Hollywood in a smart new bathing suit!

MR. B. GOES TO TOWN

(Continued from page 8)

about the worst picture breaks I thought it possible to rate, but felt that before I was entirely washed up, I would like to do one role that I liked. A friend told me about 'The Awful Truth' and said that they were looking for someone off the lot to play a good part in it. I wasn't familiar with the story so I couldn't tell exactly what it was going to be like. Anyway I promised to see Harry Cohen about it at once.

"I've been with him so long that I knew just what to do. In fact, I figured just about what he would say. He had promised me something better than the stiff characters that had been my lot, so I figured that if I told him I knew the story and it was just the sort of part I could do, he'd pick up the phone and tell the director he had a swell idea, and the job would be mine."

Ralph began chuckling as he explained, "I went in the next day and said, 'Mr. Cohen, I hear you're going to do 'The Awful Truth' and are looking for someone off the lot to play the part of the west-

erner. I've done the play and it's just the sort of thing I can do well, and I should have the part, especially since you've promised me a good role. It's just the thing we were talking about so I think it's only fair that you give it to me.' Cohen reached for the phone and said, 'Get me the producer! Hello, there! Say I've got a swell idea.'

"Then I figured, since the job was mine, I should know something about the story, so I asked for a script. They had written the part as an Englishman for Roland Young, but he would have none of it. Once I read it, I tried to do the same thing.

I WAS in a spot. Here I had begged for the role, and now I'd give anything to get out of it. Well, my pride didn't hold out long for I decided it was my career, so at least I should be washed up doing something I liked, which certainly wasn't 'The Awful Truth.' Back to Harry I stalked, but he couldn't and wouldn't understand how I could beg for a role and then turn it down. I was one smart guy, and that was that!

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"Finally Leo McCary called me for work. 'Bring a lot of clothes as we don't know how we'll dress this fellow.' Oh incidentally, 'Can you sing?' Nope. 'Can you carry a tune?' Never have. 'Good. You'll sing "On the Lone Prairie" with Irene Dunne.' So we took that scene first.

"By the end of the day I found Irene even unhappier than I was, and doing her best to get out of the picture. At that, Cary Grant's feelings made us both look like a couple of overjoyed kids. He had tried every way possible to leave, even offering to do a picture free if they'd let him out of this one.

"Cary stopped me and said, 'I'll tell you what, Ralph, let's get them to let me do your role and you play mine!' But, I wouldn't go for that!

"Each day Leo came on the set, with a little brown paper up his sleeve—the day's shooting! We worked it out later. It got to be a gag after the first day or so. Irene was completely miserable, saying, 'But, I've never worked this way before and I don't know what to do.' But, Leo knew, and after about four days, the story suddenly came to life. We three began apologizing, first to the producer, then, the director and so on to the grips and props. As things turned out, it was my lucky break, and it certainly taught me a lesson.

"Another arrangement Harry and I have is that I'm to direct some day. Recently, Jack Cohen told me they were doing a test of some youngster for the part of the xylophone player in 'You Can't Take It With You.' Here, I figured, was a good opportunity to begin directing. I wouldn't have the responsibility of a production on my shoulders and could try out some things I theorized upon. He agreed. I met the youngster, and found his wife was to assist him in the test.

"I don't know whether you're familiar with the usual procedure of a test? Usually they sit you on a stool, have you say something and move in for a close-up and it's finished. None of this for me! No, mine was to be a miniature production. I com-

bined some of the scenes from the play. The day of the test I talked with the kid only to find him so nervous that none of his readings made sense. I told them to get the set ready while we went over to the make-up department.

AFTER about an hour with him, I realized it was all pretty futile, as the boy had no experience and was so anxious to make good that he was defeating himself. Then I did a thing all actors resent—told him how to read his lines. Suddenly I realized in doing this I wasn't fair to the kid, nor to the company. For, once he was on the set, Frank Capra, who is to direct the picture, would surely send him home.

"Well, we spent five hours making that test. I didn't feel too encouraged. After it was cut we went to the projection room where Jack asked me what I thought of his possibilities. Needless to say, I spoke frankly, told him my honest opinion, and then the lights were lowered and we saw that test. When it was over, Jack cried, 'What are you worried about? Why, it's marvelous! He's a natural and worth a seven year contract!'

"Well, he was right. It was a knockout. The kid was a wow. He looked up at just the right times, lighted his cigarette at the right moment, and everything was perfect. That boy certainly went to town! What a break for him, for now he'll have confidence and deliver," Bellamy continued with a chuckle.

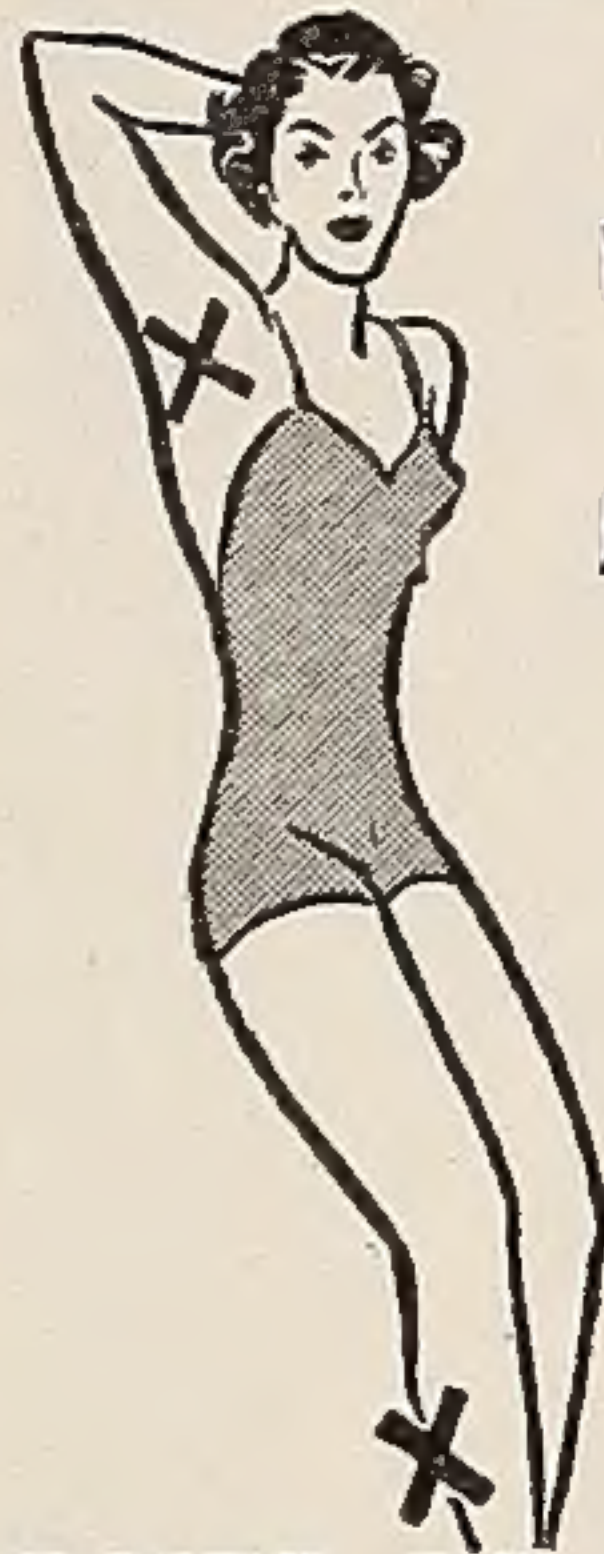
All of which goes to show that you can never tell how far a frog can jump by looking at him. Neither can you tell when your worst assignment may turn out to be your best break. For, in the case of Mr. Bellamy, the one film he felt would finish his picture life gave him a new lease, and such a boost that, in the last few months he's chalked up three good ones, yet to be released.

"They can't stop me now—if it's hard work that counts! I'm all set for it, and happy as a kid with his first jack knife," Ralph Bellamy concluded with a smile.



The Coogans before being presented at court! At Jackie's wedding, to be exact. Brother Robert and Mrs. Arthur Bernstein, the groom's Ma, congratulate him and his bride, Betty Grable.

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HIZZONER THE MAYOR

(Continued from page 6)

who died in a psychopathic ward! Another asked if I could possibly be Dogface Nelson, her long last brother! Then there was the time some lady came up to me on a set, looked at me carefully and asked, 'Aren't you Hugh Herbert?' I confessed, and she exclaimed, 'Oh! my heavens,' and rushed away."

A wise man once said, "All big men are essentially simple." We feel Hugh Herbert should have a front seat in this class. Not merely because he's one of our foremost comedians, but, in the words of his fellow actors, "He's one of the best." Even that villainous Basil Rathbone won't pass him without stopping for a kidding remark.

"One day Olivia De Havilland and I were sitting on the set swapping a few when Basil came over. You know how lovely Olivia is, and just as sweet as she is pretty, too. Well, along comes this Rathbone and says, 'Olivia, I'm surprised and disappointed to find you in such low company.' I sniffed around both sides of my chair, then looked up and said, 'I thought I smelled ham, woo-woo!' That started things!"

Yes, our Mr. Herbert is snappy on the comeback and has a way of winning the argument with a good-natured wisecrack. He's a philosopher—knows people as he knows his job.

So, you see why Hugh Herbert is one of those ever-in-demand thespians, for he does what he does better than anyone else. Lack of jobs will never be the cause of his giving a lusty "Woo-Woo!"



And, what's more, they say she can act! We're speaking of luscious Harriet Haddon.

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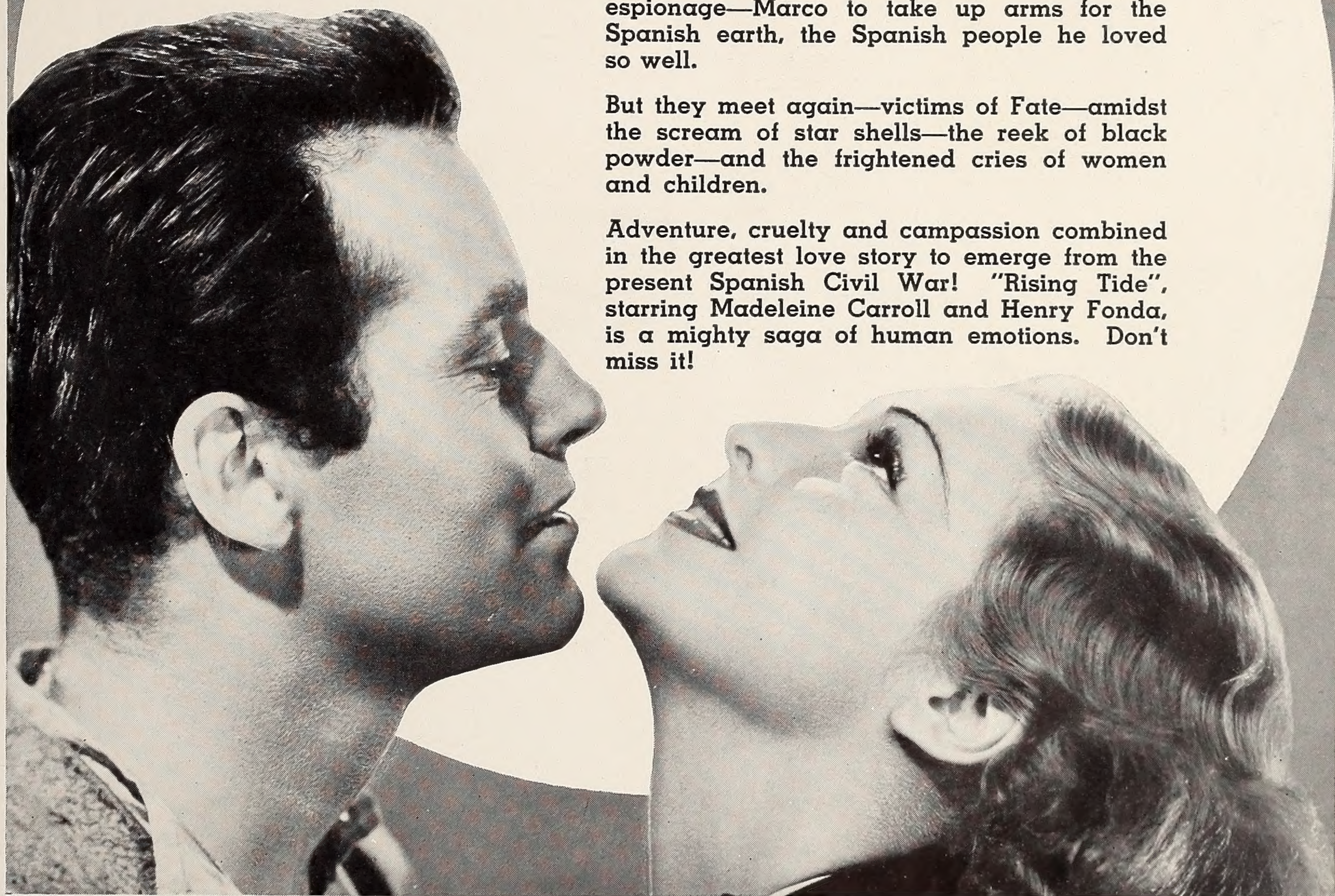
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